UNDER
THE NORTHERN CROSS
OR
PAROCHIAL MEMORIES

C. ERNEST SMITH

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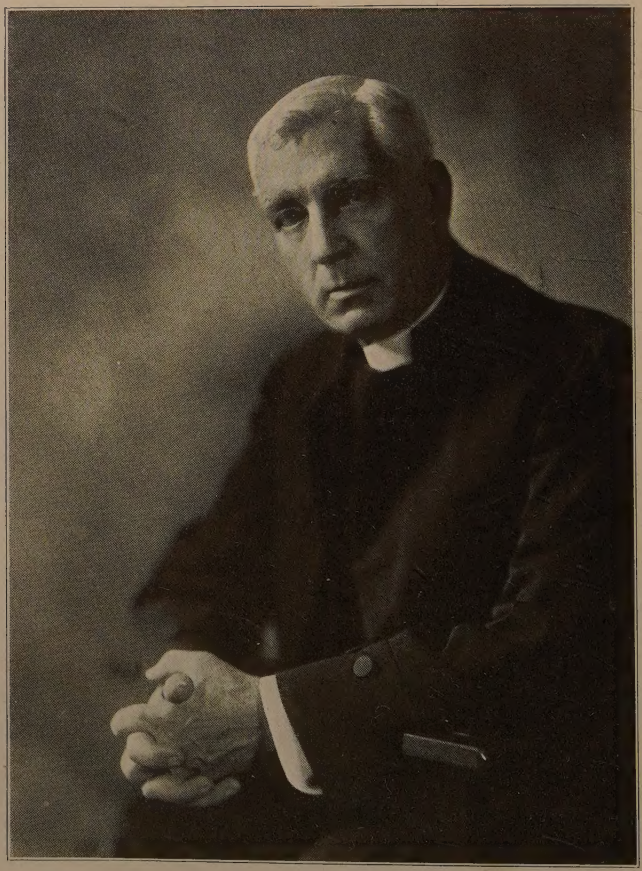

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UNDER THE NORTHERN CROSS

OR

PAROCHIAL MEMORIES

BY

C. ERNEST SMITH, D.D., D.C.L.

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

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CHAPTER I

Early Days

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I HAD the advantage—or disadvantage, whichever it may be considered—of attending a school kept by my own father. The advantage of such an arrangement lies in a rather more personal attention than one is likely to receive from another boy's father; the disadvantage in the parental disappointments you cause if you don't happen to be the star scholar of the school.

As a classical and mathematical scholar of no mean attainments, a prize man of Owens College, Manchester (now Victoria University), my father was in his element as the head of a private school for the sons of

gentlemen and others at Great Sutton, six miles from Chester, in the county of Cheshire, where I was born:

> "In God's croft twixt Mersey and Dee,
> Where a squirrel can hop from tree to tree."

And it was under him that as a small boy I made my first acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages.

On coming into possession of some encumbered property left him by his parents, my father gave up his school and settled down to the life of a gentleman, as a man without occupation was then wont to be described. Afterwards I was sent to a school in Chester. Later on I graduated at St. Boniface College, Warminster, Wiltshire, so named from the great Englishman who for Christ's sake gave his life for the Germans in the eighth century. Then later I also graduated at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, of which city Dean Stanley wrote that "when Oxford was a deep morass and Cambridge a tangled fen, Canterbury was a seat of learning." When graduating still later B. A. from University College at Durham University, I was given a pleasant surprise. I had gone in for a pass degree, and lo, I was awarded an "Honorary Fourth!" It was a case of having honors thrust upon one. It thus happened that I lived in three cathedral cities and had opportunity to learn first hand much about the life and worship of three of our cathedrals—a circumstance which probably accounts for my not being so enthusiastic about cathedrals as witnesses for Christ as are some of my brethren whose acquaintance largely consists of information gleaned from second hand sources.

Just what my father's early training in the Latin and Greek languages had to do with my youthful decision to become a clergyman, or whether it had any-

thing at all to do with it, I do not recall; but I know that I was expected to enter the ministry. It was also understood quite early that I was to exercise my ministry abroad, and this is how it came to pass:

One day a strange clergyman appeared in our parish church and made an earnest appeal for workers in the foreign field. He gained at least one recruit, for next day I called on my rector and told him that he could count on me as one of the first fruits of the sermon. Then a strange thing happened. The rector drew a dismal picture of service in foreign lands, and proceeded to throw cold water on my youthful enthusiasm. His benevolent interest in my physical welfare did not seem altogether fair to the recruiting officer who had spoken so well the day before in his own parish church. But we are not always consistent. I have heard since of another rector who, having urged any troubled in spirit (as bidden to do by the Prayer Book) to come to him or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's word and open his grief and receive the benefit of absolution, and having a visit next morning from a parishioner accepting his proffered services, was so greatly shocked that for awhile he was speechless. Recovering he dismissed his parishioner with these words: "Get thee behind me, Satan." And showed him the door.

After graduation I found myself on the eve of ordination the possessor of a "first class" in the Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Examination of candidates for Holy Orders, the certificate bearing the signature of Dr. Westcott, Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

Then just about this time the late Bishop of Newfoundland, Dr. Llewellyn Jones, happened to come on a visit near my home. He was appealing for men for

his diocese, and making Newfoundland my first choice, I volunteered to go there. If there were any hardships to endure in Newfoundland, unlike my rector, the bishop was careful to say nothing about them, and on April 27, 1880, I was on board the *Nova Scotian* sailing for Newfoundland.

Soon after coming on board I heard one of my fellow passengers say to another, "Thank goodness we have no sky pilot aboard!" As I was about to become a "sky pilot" myself—as that term some years back was always understood (it has been different since the advent of the airplanes)—I felt personally interested and forthwith opened up conversation with the speaker. There was, of course, nothing clerical about my appearance and it was therefore an easy matter to find out why he had no love for "sky pilots."

"What makes you think there are no sky pilots aboard?" I asked.

"Oh, I have been looking around the table in the saloon and there is no card with "reverend" on it, which those fellows are always so particularly careful to stick before their names."

"You don't seem to think much of the 'cloth' my friend," I said.

"Right you are; I don't. Besides they always bring bad weather, and as I am a poor sailor I don't want any of them on board this ship. It will be miserable enough as it is, for they tell me we are in for a wretched voyage. To be sure this is a beautiful day, but it's only a weather breeder."

"A sky pilot brings bad weather, eh? Well that's pretty hard on one who wants a sea trip himself and yet can't have one without the very elements raising their voices in protest!"

"All the same I don't want any of them playing

Jonah on this ship, though I don't take any stock of them on shore either."

Let me say here that the chief steward of the *Nova Scotian* had done what I then supposed was the usual thing (for it was my first trip) but which I have never since seen repeated. At each passenger's place at the table he had laid a lovely flower, putting it into an artistically folded napkin, with a card inscribed with the name of the passenger whose place it was. It was a graceful way of assigning your seat—so much better than requiring you to stand in line waiting your turn to interview the official who attends to that business.

"Ever had any conversation with a sky pilot?" I continued.

"Not I."

"Ever lived next door to one?"

"Not that I know."

"Ever know one?"

"Why, I can't say that I ever did. I did know a fellow once who was thinking of entering the ministry but he changed his mind and became a lawyer instead. When I told him he had shown good sense, and asked him why he had given up the idea, he only laughed and said, 'Oh I just came to the conclusion that I would practise instead of preach.' But I didn't believe him. He thought he could make a pile of money as a lawyer and he knew he could not as a preacher."

"Well," I said, "if you never knew anything about preachers—never even lived near one, never knew one —I suspect that that is one reason why you are a bit prejudiced against them, for I have always understood that they are very decent fellows. At all events I know

one or two myself and it always struck me that they were doing more work for the community than any other men would do for three or four times their pay. One thing I certainly know: I would hate to offer a plumber or cook the wages of some of them! there would be trouble if I did."

And there the conversation ended.

Coming into Queenstown before we actually found ourselves on the Atlantic, it happened that we were to be detained there six hours. With practically all the other passengers I went ashore.

Queenstown is built on a hill, and at the top were a number of "jarvies" with Irish jaunting cars. Hiring one of them I drove to Cork, where about the only thing I saw was a house burning down, the town being very much excited about it. An omen indeed! I was to know all about burning houses.

These "jarvies" are interesting fellows as I discovered in talking to mine. So did George C. Thomas, at that time Treasurer of the Episcopal Board of Missions, who, landing at Queenstown as I had done, wanted to take a drive. He was more particular than I was as to his "jarvie," and so, before engaging a driver, he asked if there was a Protestant among them. There was dead silence. Then presently one man said: "Your honor, I'm not a Protestant myself, but my horse is one and I wish you would take him."

"How do you make out your horse to be Protestant?" asked Mr. Thomas good-humouredly.

"Well, Your honor, you see he has never been down on his knees in his life," was the ready reply—in which there is more truth than poetry as any one may see for himself who looks on a Protestant congregation at "divine worship."

I spent some time in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Queenstown listening to a priest catechising several hundred children. It was an inspiring sight. That was where Rome was doing her most effective work and doing it well. I made up my mind, God helping me, that I would do the same thing for any children that should be committed to my pastoral care. Afterwards in Newfoundland I carried out that resolution to the letter.

On Sunday, at the captain's invitation, I conducted divine service in the saloon. As I stood at the extemporized prayer desk and pulpit combined, draped with the Union Jack and supporting a somewhat ponderous Bible, the face of the objector to the presence of a sky pilot was an interesting study. He was evidently recalling our conversation.

What were his real objections to travelling with the "cloth" I never heard. He seemed too intelligent a man to be the victim of the old superstition that every clergyman is a Jonah, sure to bring stormy weather. Diagnosing his case, I came to the conclusion that he was just an ordinary pessimist looking for trouble.

Happily we had a wonderfully fine passage, with calm weather all the way, so I escaped the hostility which befell the first "sky pilot" whose sad story has come down to us through the centuries.

My friend who had no use for "sky pilots" probably learned one lesson: that it is not always safe to judge from outside appearances. The cowl does not always make the monk and the lack of a cowl does not always mean a layman. Once I found unusual difficulty in getting into a Yorkshire cloth factory as a visitor. I was dressed faultlessly in clerical clothes; yet one would have thought I was a soldier trying to get into

an enemy fortress, or a harmless tourist, ten years after the Great War, carrying his camera into a navy yard. There was, however, a reason for what I regarded as unnecessary red tape. Two interesting "monks" only a few weeks before had been shown everything—all the newest designs; the best patterns; the latest processes. Later on it was discovered that those interesting "monks" were Massachusetts manufacturers in the same business!

When six days out we ran into the field ice. "Ice" has two meanings for sailors. It sometimes means the stately, majestic icebergs like floating islands—often in shape like some old-world cathedral or feudal castle, which are among the most beautiful spectacles ocean travellers ever see—sometimes those immense fields of ice formed by "pans" of greater or lesser thickness, but all so bound together in one mass as to look like trackless wastes of snow and ice stretching far away in immeasurable spaces towards their northern home.

It was into this latter kind of ice that our vessel ran, and for some little time moved slowly through it; but we had the privilege also of looking on one or two icebergs in the midst of it that gave it an even yet more Arctic appearance. For a time we seemed actually imprisoned by the ice with the prospect of our ship being injured by it, as many a good ship has been, even to the extent of having its sides crushed in by the moving mass. Finding it hopeless to keep his course direct to St. John's, the captain turned southwards and for some time we were running as if for Bermuda. Getting clear of the ice, we turned northward and presently we saw Cape Race, the southernmost promontory of Newfoundland. Afterward for six hours we ran along the coast. Forbidding in its barrenness, the land rose up before us. Here and there flourished a grove of fir trees,

but for the most part there was no sign of vegetation anywhere. Soon we came abreast of Ferryland, where Sir George Calvert, the founder of Maryland, made his ill-starred attempt at settlement. Its white-washed houses looked picturesque enough in their rocky setting. Boldly the dark cliffs in front of them bade defiance to the waves and promised protection to the villagers. But that iron wall would tolerate no interference with itself, no trifling with its majesty. Not far from Ferryland, but a league or two, lay all that was left of an ocean steamer which had run upon the rocks. Part of the ship remained upon the rocks apparently intact, but all the rest, the part abaft the engine room, had broken off and fallen into the sea.

When no one was expecting it we reached St. John's. A towering cliff, Cape Spear by name, stood over against us. A moment and then, Cape Spear past, we saw as if through a hole in this Atlantic wall, a city with dwellings and stores, public buildings and churches, all clinging like limpets to the rocky sides of the frowning hill on which the city is built. We sailed through "the Narrows." Then we were in the still waters of a land-locked harbor, and our ocean trip was finished.

On land we felt as visitors always feel in old Quebec, that they are in some ancient city of Europe—there is such an old-time fifteenth century air about it all. Save for the street cars there was nothing to dispel the idea. It was all of the old world and nothing of the new. Even the very names over the stores in the streets had nothing modern about them, at least to our ears. Almost in one block we saw Blackem, Laracey, Shortall, Noah, Trelegan, Ings, Mutch, Orner, Kawaja, Sharette, and such like names.

Though landing on Ascension Day, May 6th, we

were greeted with a snow storm. Amid the falling snow I thought of the spring that I had just left behind in England, where the flowers were blooming and the trees were all in their first fresh foliage, unmarred by dust or summer heat, and I could not help acknowledging that my rector's warning about physical discomforts was not altogether without reason. A more bare and bleak looking coast I could not conceive. And it did not improve on first acquaintance. Whatever might be the agricultural capabilities of the western portion of the island they were certainly not shared by the peninsula of Avalon on which St. John's stands. Great boulders, borne thither ages before on the ice floes, covered the land. Everywhere the smallest gardens only were in sight, soil for them having been carried from a distance, as the German vinegrowers carry soil for the vineyards on the Rhine. Such is Avalon. In all parts of it there are immense tracts appropriately termed "barrens" covered only with stunted pines and firs from which masses of lichen hang like banners. Even in the interior the solid rock breaks through the thin layers of soil or moss as if to proclaim its universal presence and to bid defiance to the farmer and his plow.[1]

Elsewhere, northwards and westwards, it is different. Broad acres; noble forests; mighty rivers; lakes as beautiful as Como, Loch Lomond, or Windermere, with scenes of exquisite beauty, are features of every landscape. But Avalon is on the eastern seaboard,

[1] It was here that Sir George Calvert, then an Anglican, settled in his first commercial adventure. Discouraged, he tried again, this time in Virginia, receiving from King Charles I the Province of Maryland. Subsequently this plain business venture has been transformed by our Roman Catholic brethren into a religious pilgrimage, and out of an emigration scheme, connected only with dollars and cents, there has been evolved the wondrous myth and legend of "The Land of the Sanctuary."

where at certain seasons a cold, clammy fog makes life miserable; fog so thick and blinding that once upon a time the penguins of Baccalieu Island, just off the coast, were protected by law because their cries served to protect vessels from being dashed upon the rocks; and where, to serve the same purpose, in the fortress of St. John's, a warning gun was fired every half hour.

The Indians of Newfoundland—MicMacs they were called—used to say that when Manitou, the Great Spirit, was making this New World, he found that he had much useless material left over, consisting of rocks and bogs and trees; and gathering it all together, he flung it into the sea as rubbish for which he had no use, and doing so called it Wee-Soc-Kadoo.

In those days it was a land unknown. Afterwards came Eric the Red from Norway, but stayed not. Then long after—in 1497—came John Cabot and claimed the land for Henry VII and named it Newfoundland. Nearly a century later came Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, and took formal possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth. But for many years men regarded it from the viewpoint of the MicMac Indians—as a land of no value. The day came when they knew Newfoundland as a country of the utmost value, having great mineral wealth, boundless forests, and an inexhaustible fishery Also they came more and more to know it as a land of exquisite beauty.

I was lodged at Queen's College in St. John's, an institution from which the diocese secures most of its clergy. The bishop was away in Bermuda—Bermuda at that time being in charge of the Bishops of Newfoundland. He was expected back at any time; meanwhile preparations were on foot for an ordination on

Trinity Sunday. The head of the examining chaplains was the Rev. George M. Johnson, who, taking time by the forelock, notified me to appear before the board for examination. I assured him there was not the slightest reason for my giving him or the other chaplains any trouble on the score of my proficiency in sacred studies, for I had passed very successfully the examination for Holy Orders held by Oxford and Cambridge Universities, having obtained a first class; and with that even the diocese of London itself would be satisfied. But my objections went for nothing. Newfoundland had its own standards, and what might do for the diocese of London might not satisfy Newfoundland. To do Newfoundland justice it really had a very good reputation for its examination standards. Nor was it a case where a rather imposing array of subjects went side by side with a candidate's somewhat slender acquaintance with others. If, e.g., Hebrew was one of the subjects, you passed in Hebrew or you did not pass at all. Happily I succeeded in satisfying the examiners. Afterwards Mr. Johnson was called to England to become a rector of one of those great parish churches in the county of Norfolk with a mere handful of people dotted over a large agricultural parish. There one Sunday morning shortly after his arrival he met his own churchwarden going down to the village "Bethel."

"Farmer John," said the rector, "I am sorry to see you going the wrong way."

"Rector," was the reply, "My heart's with you, though I won't be at your service this morning."

"John," was the ready repartee, "this is the first time in my life I ever saw a man's legs going one way and his heart another!"

When I heard of that witty reply I readily forgave

Mr. Johnson his refusal to accept my Oxford and Cambridge first class.

The ordination was to take place in the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, which owed its existence to Bishop Field, the apostolic Bishop of Newfoundland, the story of whose thirty-two years of self sacrificing service recalls the description which St. Paul gives of his own labors, in second Corinthians.

In the early days of this cathedral the bishop had placed a cross on its altar. Had he done what the French did in Notre Dame during the Revolution, what followed might well have been pardoned. The Protestant element would have none of it. It was up in arms, and the congregation was rent in twain. The only way to prevent a deplorable schism was to remove the cross and this the bishop did. At that time there was no east window in the cathedral, a great blank wall rising up behind the altar. On this in as large letters as possible the bishop caused to be painted the words: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Time went on. More and more their incredible foolishness came home to the members of the congregation, till at last they were glad to have the accusing scripture painted out and the cross restored to its place. Even a Unitarian could have taught them better, for it was one of that faith—Sir John Bowring—when on his way to his governorship of Hong Kong passing along the southern coast of China and seeing the ruins of a great cathedral which the Portuguese had built at Macao, wrote these words:

> "In the cross of Christ I glory,
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
> All the light of sacred story
> Gathers round its head sublime."

On Trinity Sunday, before a vast congregation which filled the Cathedral from end to end, and in the presence of the governor and his staff, I was made deacon, along with others, and read the Gospel. No more beautiful setting for an ordination service could then have been found on this continent—unless it were the cathedral that Bishop Doane had built in his see city of Albany—for St. John's Cathedral, the creation of Sir Gilbert Scott, wanted nothing in dignity, even on the occasion of a solemn ordination.

A few days later I accompanied the bishop as his chaplain to Conception Bay, there among other places to visit Harbour Grace, then a town of six thousand people and the next town in importance to St. John's, the capital, where it was my good fortune to settle as curate and to remain among a loving and attached people for well nigh a year and a half.

CHAPTER II

Curate of Harbour Grace

In charge of Christ Church, St. Paul's Parish.
Relations with the Rector of Harbour Grace.
In the role of peacemaker.
A dinner incident.
Relations with Roman Catholic clergy.
Father Falconio's promotion.
Bishop Carfagnini.
A prohibition speech by a Presbyterian minister.
Appointment to Heart's Content.

NEWFOUNDLAND is indented with great bays, arms of the Atlantic, which run far inland; and these, with innumerable fjords, as they are called in Norway, coves and inlets as they are termed in Newfoundland, not only make splendid harbors for shipping, but add their full share to making Newfoundland a land of great beauty. Newfoundland is in fact the Norway of North America.

On one of these great bays, Conception Bay, stands Harbour Grace, the second town in importance on the island. It is about thirty miles from St. John's, the capital, as the crow flies, but in Newfoundland one does not travel as the crow does, and it is a seventy mile trip from Harbour Grace to the capital.

The town possesses a fine old Anglican church, St. Paul's, one of the first built in the colony and for many years its only one. The rector, the Reverend J. M. Noel, was then in need of a curate and it was arranged that I should supply the need. For some three or four years previously the parishioners at the upper end of the town had been wanting a church in their own neighborhood. After some opposition they finally had their way and permission to build was granted. Being in haste to do this they had gone into the woods and had cut down fir and spruce trees and had sawn them into lumber. Then without waiting for the lumber to dry they had built a church which they named Christ Church, seating about three hundred, on which the parish church people looked with no friendly eyes. Since then the rector had been trying to minister to the churches himself, but this having proved unsatisfactory, my curacy, with the sole charge of Christ Church, was the result. In lines which I recall to this day, a local poet had thus ridiculed the builders of the new church for building it with unseasoned lumber:

> "And Russell shall paint, with the air of a saint,
> The noble astaragan church."

The word "astaragan" indicates a small, immature fir tree. The contrast was all the greater between the two churches for the parish church was of stone. But all the same those people had done a great work. Their enthusiasm and their spirit of coöperation had no limit, and ere long I knew that the lot had fallen to me in a fair ground.

My relations with the rector of Harbour Grace were always extremely cordial. I could have wanted no pleasanter man to work with. I had, to be sure,

little to do with the parish church, since my position was that of curate-in-charge—in reality vicar—of Christ Church, and to all intents and purposes its rector. Personally I would have been glad to be more under the practical oversight and direction of an experienced priest than I was, for the clergy learn little of their actual work in their academic course. They are supposed to learn all about it afterwards in parishes. But it's often a case of having to teach themselves and learning their work by practising on a suffering people. It is still one of the weak spots in our Church life today that the clergy have very little opportunity of taking what we might call a post-graduate course in pastoral theology. Some become rectors and even bishops when they ought to be curates under the training of an experienced rector. Consequently they go into parishes not knowing even how to baptize a baby or to bury the dead, or even least of all how most effectively to stand in the temple and declare unto the people all the words of this life, and the results of this lack of knowledge are manifest everywhere.

Christ spent three years in training His Apostles, and hence their success. But many of our clergy are as innocent of any practical knowledge of their work as are our modern plumbers, carpenters, and mechanics of every kind of theirs, who, since the advent to power of the great labor unions, have had no opportunity of learning their trade as apprentices; or to take an illustration from the other end of the social ladder—as are some of our modern statesmen, cabinet ministers, and other high officials who have been thrust into their great places without any personal knowledge of their duties and yet who, oddly enough, are apt to break into print a few days later as if to show how really

little they know. Thus, in the Church and out, it is often still a case of

> "Stick close to your desk, and never go to sea
> And you may be the ruler of the Queen's Navee."

I had been in Harbour Grace but two or three weeks when a parishioner said to me, "Do you know that the rector and Thomas Hayden are not on speaking terms?"

"I have heard it," I said, "what's the cause?"

"Well, I don't know, but I am satisfied the fault lies with Hayden and not with the rector. Hayden is a man who always likes his own way, and when he can't get it there is trouble."

"Yes," I replied, "I have met your Hayden type of man before; but I am sorry to hear it, for this particular Hayden has impressed me as a right good fellow."

"Oh, he is all that when things go his way, but just wait till they don't! Anyhow he has fallen out with the rector, who is his best friend, and now the two pass each other on the street as if they had never met before, and Mr. Noel is greatly distressed about it. Do you think you could do anything to bring them together? I have a notion that Hayden himself would be only too glad to be on good terms again, but his pride is in the way."

"Well, I'll try. What's the best time to find Hayden home, or rather, when is he generally through dinner? It's no use seeing a man on unpleasant business at any other time."

Having ascertained the best hour to see Hayden, I called at his house. Luckily I hit the favorable moment. Dinner was just over and Hayden was lighting a good Havana cigar.

"Delighted to see you!" he exclaimed when I was

ushered in. "Quite an unexpected pleasure. Draw up to the fire and join me in a cigar."

A good fire of birch wood was burning in the grate, for the weather was cold. Now it so happened that I had never been much of a smoker, for I still retained vivid recollections of a time when as a boy I had paid the penalty of a forbidden smoke with a bad case of nausea. But my cue was to break down the middle wall of partition that might be between us. I needed Hayden's good will and I wanted him to agree to what I felt would be difficult for him, which was to make peace with Mr. Noel. Yes, I would join him in a cigar, but I preferred a mild one. Producing a long box with cigars of all sizes and makes neatly arranged in different compartments, he picked out what he described as a mild one. Good gracious!

So we began to smoke, and I promptly came to the business on hand—the sooner the better for me, for that cigar began at once getting in its work. Hot flushes were coming and going. The roots of my hair were beginning to tingle as if on fire. I began to wonder how long I could hold out. At last when the room had taken to rocking like a boat in a storm I threw the "end" of that cigar into the fire, and the worst was over.

* * * * * * * *

Hayden appreciated my visit and felt kindlier to his one-time friend after it. That night I slept the sleep of the just, but when morning came and a servant came in to lay the table, I faintly told her I would not need any breakfast.

Time for lunch, but it found me with my attitude towards food unchanged. I preferred to fast. Dinner time, and still I had no desire. Then my landlady in-

terviewed me. Was I sick? She understood I had not eaten anything for two days. Yes, I felt sick, but it was nothing serious. Should she send for the doctor? Oh no, I would soon be all right. Her womanly curiosity was aroused. What was the matter? Oh, nothing but one of Mr. Hayden's cigars!

Fortunately she had the profoundest faith in the clergy, and I was saved from the suspicion which might have fallen upon me had I been a layman whose ways and habits were not well known to her. Certainly I presented all the signs of a man who had had too much. Well, I had! That was painfully true. But it was a case of too much cigar—a "mild" one at that. What a really strong one might have done I shuddered to think.

One of my parishioners was a young man named Munn—commonly known as Willie Munn. He was quite wealthy, for his father had left him a large and profitable business as merchant and shipowner, and once a year his steamers went to "the ice" to bring home "a trip of fat," which meant the pelts of seals, these, however, not of the Alaskan kind but just those which were sought mainly for their oil. Willie Munn and I were firm friends from the first and I often enjoyed his hositality.

One day I was dining at his house with a goodly company of notables, among them the Rev. William White of the Southwestern coast of Newfoundland, and who as priest of Fortune Bay for more than two-score years had kept God's scattered sheep over a coast-line of two hundred miles or more. He was a man greatly beloved, and considering both the office he held and that he was almost the only well-educated man in his part of the country, it is not at all remarkable that he wielded quite a unique influence and was in fact the uncrowned king of all that shore. I had heard many

good things about Mr. White—his great influence, his robust, masculine Christianity; a Christianity which did not mainly consist in telling men what they should not do, but rather what they should do.

The dinner was in Mr. White's honor. There was also present a prominent Newfoundland politician, Sir Ambrose Shea, who later on was nominated by the British government to be governor of Newfoundland. Unfortunately for Sir Ambrose, while probably the ablest man in the colony he was a zealous Roman Catholic, and just as soon as Downing Street had made known its intention to appoint him governor, there arose such a hue and cry against having a Roman Catholic in that office that the appointment was never gazetted. To make up for his disappointment the British government sent him down to be governor of the Bahamas in the West Indies. Before dinner Mr. White said to me, "Willie has some port wine which his father left him of—vintage" (let us say 1830), "and I am going to see what it is like."

"I know about that wine," I replied, "but you won't get any. It's only brought out on state occasions such as births, marriages, or christenings."

"We'll see," he replied. And presently dinner was announced. Port wine was served. Lifting up his glass and looking at it with the eye of a connoisseur (and he was all that) Mr. White turned to his host and said:

"Willie, this is excellent wine—almost the best I have ever tasted, but I think when you come around to Fortune Bay I can give you something you will admit is even better than this."

That was enough. I saw Willie turn to his butler and give an order, and I knew what was to follow. So did Mr. White, as he winked at me across the table. Then came the wine and Mr. White had his way. After-

wards he said to me, "I told you I was going to try that wine."

"Yes, you did, and there is a very common opinion among the laity, in the phraseology of the man on the street, that the clergy are easy marks, but no one will say that about you. Here the layman and not the clergyman was the easy mark."

The government in St. John's quite understood Mr. White's influence. No politician ever ventured to ignore any suggestion of his. The result was that for the two hundred miles over which Mr. White's jurisdiction extended, there were the best roads, bridges, schools, and lighthouses to be found in the country.

Often since—particularly since I have been in Washington—when I have heard complaints about one wrong or another, fancied or real—it might be about the undue partiality shown Roman Catholics seeking positions in the Government, or the presentation of a demoralizing play in one of our theatres and amazement expressed as to what the Church was thinking about to permit it, I have thought of Mr. White and the benefits he secured for his people, and noted how much people were losing here, not because they had no leaders but because they were unwilling to follow the leaders they had. Some day we shall be wiser, but that will not be until we realize that there can be no effective remedy for irksome conditions as long as they who are officially our moral and spiritual leaders are without followers.

Harbour Grace possessed a Roman Catholic Cathedral with a house adjoining for the bishop and his clergy, which by courtesy was called "the palace." "The palace," taking fire one day, was burned to the ground, and the cathedral, a really beautiful building which had gained a world-wide reputation for style,

finish, and size, went down with it. It had cost over $200,000—an immense sum for that town and especially for that time. It contained a chalice and paten which had been given by the late Pius IX and which I really think the bishop valued even more than the building itself, beautiful as that was. The loss of the cathedral was deeply deplored by the whole town, irrespective of creed.

When I was settled in Harbour Grace, the bishop and his clergy were very punctilious about calling on me, and of course I was equally punctilious about returning their calls. We were always the best of friends. The bishop was a right good sort of man and a fine neighbor, a Scotchman by the way, who rejoiced in the name of Ronald McDonald. Jokingly he once invited me to join his Church, promising me that if I would, I should some day be bishop in his place.

One of the curates of the cathedral was a Father Falconio, an Italian. Some years afterwards, after I myself had come to Washington, he came to Washington as papal delegate, outranking all the Roman hierarchy, even Cardinal Gibbons himself. Just how so remarkable a promotion had occurred as was implied in this transfer I never learned.

Before Father Falconio's day another Italian had been connected for some years with the cathedral, a friar of the order of St. Francis, named Henry Carfagnini, who eventually became the bishop of the diocese.

Carfagnini could only speak in broken English, and for that and other reasons he was never popular as a curate. Wearied by lack of appreciation, he resigned his position and made ready to sail for his sunny Italy. Then his people, struck with remorse, took measures to send him away with every display of affection and appreciation, and the "testimonial fiend" got busy.

Society after society, organization after organization, told him what a wonderful man he was, how successful he had been, what a loss his going away was to them all, how hopeless they were about anyone filling his place, and so forth. Delighted, he sailed for Italy with his armful of testimonials. Just as he reached Rome, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Harbour Grace, Dr. Dalton, died. When the authorities at Rome saw that stack of glowing tributes they felt there was but one thing to do, and that was to send Carfagnini back as bishop. And back as bishop he went. During the ten years of his bishopric it was never quite considerate to mention the word testimonial in a mixed assembly.

The Presbyterian minister of Harbour Grace did not believe in prohibition. His people, however, did, and were always trying to coax him to attend their meetings as a speaker. One day he accepted and after that he received no more invitations. This minister, Mr. Graham by name, began his speech by telling of an old lady who had called in her physician, and he finding her run down, had prescribed a little brandy as a stimulant. Greatly shocked she expressed her serious disappointment in him both as a man and as a physician, and added that she would need him no more. To her all spirituous liquors were just rank poison. The doctor knew that discussion with a person like that is apt to be unfruitful so he simply asked for a glass of water. This brought, without another word he bade her look through his microscope. Doing so a look of horror spread over her face as she saw the crawling animalculae which the microscope revealed.

"Why, it's alive!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it's alive" replied the physician, "but look now"; and he poured a little brandy into the water.

"Why, they're all dead!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Yes, the poison has killed them."

Then said his patient, now of another mind, "I'll never drink another drop of water again as long as I live."

A curious story this for a prohibition meeting.

In fifteen months I had run my course at Harbour Grace. The rectorship of the parish of Heart's Content on the other side of the spur which separates Conception Bay from Trinity Bay had fallen vacant. And while in common with four other parishes of the country the parish had the right to choose its own rector—all the rest being "missions" and as such subject to the bishop's direction—the congregation on this occasion had left to the bishop the choice of their rector and he appointed me to fill the vacancy. At that time I was only in deacon's orders, and with the usual self-confidence of youth I did not go through the form of taking the customary few days to consider the offer, but forthwith accepted it, and in two or three weeks I entered on my new work.

The parish of Heart's Content was perhaps the largest and in some respects the most important in the island, but Dame Rumour had it that it was a parish of somewhat exceptional difficulty. There were two entirely different sets of people, each living their own life: first, the "natives" who formed the great bulk of the parishioners—mostly fisherman, shopkeepers, and merchants; and next, the "staff" and their families gathered from all parts of the world—England, Canada, United States, Ireland, and France. For the most part, as I was glad to learn, they were Anglicans, and particularly was I interested to know that among my new parishioners, married to prominent men of the "staff" were two nieces of the martyred Bishop Patteson of Melanesia, who had in life done so great a work

for the islanders of the Southern Seas, and in death a still greater, for then as ever the blood of the martyrs had been the seed of the Church.

did not belong to the Anglican Church were either Roman Catholics or Methodists. In other parts of the country this proportion was often reversed; in some places the Roman Catholics being in the ascendancy, in others the Methodists.

To this tendency to group themselves in communities based on religious differences the colony owed its school system. The sum raised for educational purposes by the government was divided pro rata between the three great religious bodies: the Anglican, Roman, and Methodist. It worked well—exceedingly well. As rector of Heart's Content I was chairman of the local school board. To the credit of this board the government annually placed a sum of money and with this the schools were maintained. Once a year a government inspector examined the schools as to their proficiency in secular studies, the religious training being left absolutely in the hands of the Church authorities. Notwithstanding the fact that it was not only my right but my duty to go into the schools and give all the religious training I wished to give day by day, I felt that in addition the children of the parish should be gathered into church and there receive religious instruction amid Church surroundings. With four services every Sunday as my own quota out of the twelve which were maintained in the parish—the others being held by licensed lay readers under my care and direction—I was unable to have a Sunday service for children. So I instituted a children's service at ten o'clock on Saturdays and to that service the people sent their children most conscientiously. I kept it up for the entire time I was there.

Years afterwards its value was brought home to me forcibly by a letter from the then rector, to this effect: "You doubtless did many good things while here, but

pany, now the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. To lay these cables there had come to Heart's Content in early days the *Great Eastern* steamship of famous memory; also the *Scotia,* equally famous as the only paddle steamer crossing the Atlantic, while the *Minia,* a steamship owned by the company itself, was a frequent visitor. It was from Heart's Content that men first went to accomplish that most surprising feat of picking up in mid-Atlantic the ends of a broken cable, joining them together and then letting the repaired cable gently fall back again into its bed of ooze on the Atlantic floor.

The parish extended seven miles down the shore and contained two large villages with a combined population of about one thousand, each village having its own consecrated church. It extended "up the shore" some twelve miles and contained three smaller villages, with a population, in all, of about five hundred, with one consecrated church and a school chapel at its furthest end. Heart's Content itself had a population somewhat over a thousand. Here were St. Mary's Church, with rectory and school.

When I arrived, an old church was standing which was soon to be taken down, having ample galleries and capable of seating seven or eight hundred people. A new one had been started by my predecessor, who, after a brief rectorship of two years' had been called to the rectorship of Halifax Cathedral, Nova Scotia, and it therefore fell to my lot to finish the new Church, which had been designed on very ample proportions, capable of holding rather more people than the town itself contained.

The rector of Heart's Content enjoyed a position of much influence. Non-conformity was very feeble, being less than ten per cent. of the entire parish. Those who

did not belong to the Anglican Church were either Roman Catholics or Methodists. In other parts of the country this proportion was often reversed; in some places the Roman Catholics being in the ascendancy, in others the Methodists.

To this tendency to group themselves in communities based on religious differences the colony owed its school system. The sum raised for educational purposes by the government was divided pro rata between the three great religious bodies: the Anglican, Roman, and Methodist. It worked well—exceedingly well. As rector of Heart's Content I was chairman of the local school board. To the credit of this board the government annually placed a sum of money and with this the schools were maintained. Once a year a government inspector examined the schools as to their proficiency in secular studies, the religious training being left absolutely in the hands of the Church authorities. Notwithstanding the fact that it was not only my right but my duty to go into the schools and give all the religious training I wished to give day by day, I felt that in addition the children of the parish should be gathered into church and there receive religious instruction amid Church surroundings. With four services every Sunday as my own quota out of the twelve which were maintained in the parish—the others being held by licensed lay readers under my care and direction—I was unable to have a Sunday service for children. So I instituted a children's service at ten o'clock on Saturdays and to that service the people sent their children most conscientiously. I kept it up for the entire time I was there.

Years afterwards its value was brought home to me forcibly by a letter from the then rector, to this effect: "You doubtless did many good things while here, but

nothing you did has been such a blessing to this parish as your training of children on Saturday mornings. The children you trained are now the best Church people we have; the most intelligent, the most loyal, and the most devoted. We are all thankful for the work you did."

I was also chairman of the road board; a perfectly proper appointment, for I had those roads to travel incessantly.

The method of payment of the clergy was peculiar. Newfoundland depended mainly on its fisheries, and only once a year was there a settlement of accounts, this settlement taking place in the fall. By synod resolution, each head of a family paid $2.00 as a minimum for the support of the clergy; the boys in the family paying $1.00. Many of course paid more. To save both time and trouble all round it was customary for the clergy every fall to appoint collectors of their "dues." Towards the stipend of the rector of Heart's Content the Anglo-American Company contributed fifty pounds a year; the "staff" about one hundred pounds more; the natives of the place about as much again as the company and its staff, and this, together with a small endowment, brought the rector's stipend to something over three hundred pounds.

As my first Easter approached I had to choose a subject for my first Easter sermon. Assuming that my people were not as well acquainted with the evidences for an intelligent and reasonable belief in the Resurrection of Christ—that one essential and cardinal miracle of Christianity—as they ought to be, I devoted my sermon to the marshalling of all the evidence in its favor. I dwelt upon the testimony furnished respectively by the change which the reappearance of the risen Lord made in the disciples whereby from timid, shrinking

men they became veritable heroes. I directed attention to the fact of the Resurrection as evidenced by the breaking of the sealed stone and the terror of the Roman guard. I was especially earnest in describing the dilemma of the Jews in being unable to produce the body of Christ and in exposing their lame and impotent subterfuge that the disciples had come by night and had stolen the body, and so forth.Finally I brought the sermon to a close by expressing the hope that there was not one person there present who was not abundantly satisfied with the proofs of the Resurrection of Christ, and I retired that night to rest with the soothing conviction that I had done a good piece of work that day for the salvation of men and the honor of the Lord and Master.

Next day I met one of my parishioners, a man of influence in the community, older than I was and much wiser. He was coming towards me but on the other side of the street. So I crossed to his side hoping that he would have something to say about the wonderful sermon I had preached the day before. I was not disappointed. At once he began,

"May I speak to you about yesterday's sermon?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Perry; I shall be delighted," I replied, fully expecting him to offer very complimentary opinions about the sermon. Then he said—

"My young friend, there was not one person in the church yesterday who was not fully convinced of the truth of Christ's Resurrection. Therefore your eloquence in defence of it was a beating of the air. Next time try to give us something more practical."

I felt considerably chagrined—in fact I simply wilted. But I could not help feeling that my critic was right, and I have been grateful ever since for that Monday morning's comment on my Easter sermon.

My English friends used to think of me in that Newfoundland parish as out of the world. They were mistaken. I was very much in it. The news of the whole world passed through the great offices within a stone's throw of the rectory and every day in condensed form it was laid on my study table. Moreover, at any time I could go down to the central office and ask how things were going in Ireland where the cables landed. It was here too that they were using the 'phone long before it was used in Washington. And thereby a curious incident occurred. The head of the company in Newfoundland was a Mr. Weedon, a parishioner and communicant, but alas, a confirmed invalid and almost entirely confined to his room, but possessing a marvellously active mind. He said to me one day soon after I arrived, "I should like to hear your sermons, and if you don't mind I'll have a little instrument put up in your pulpit by which I can hear them."

I replied that I should be only too glad to have him do anything he wished, and the following Sunday in the pulpit there was what I now recognize as a telephone mouthpiece. But I had never seen or heard anything of the kind before, and to me it was so very weird to think of a man several blocks away listening to my sermon through that curious instrument in front of me that it was exceedingly difficult for me to concentrate my mind on what I was saying. For do what I would, I found my thoughts wandering off to that unseen listener, and not having any written sermon, I was thankful when I naturally came to the end. I had spent an uncomfortable half hour. Next morning I hastened to see Mr. Weedon to ascertain whether he had been able to hear anything, and to be quite frank I was hoping that he had not heard a word. But to my dismay he had heard perfectly. I groaned inwardly and

wondered what was going to happen next Sunday. However, it wasn't quite as disconcerting then, and I suppose had it continued indefinitely I should have become quite used to it. But to my relief, after three or four Sundays, Mr. Weedon confided to me that the strain involved in "listening in" was too great and the mouthpiece was removed. But please remember that this was precisely forty years before the radio had captured our imagination.

It was late in the year—two or three weeks before Christmas—when I took charge of Heart's Content parish, and within a fortnight I was to have my first experience of how far the Roman Church was the bugbear of some members of my parish. I had given notice on Sunday that I desired the men to go into the woods and gather boughs of pine, spruce, and fir, for the Christmas decorations. When giving the notice I observed a look of surprise on some faces. Next day Alfred, who attended my horse and garden, clearing his throat and prefacing his remarks with "of course it was none of his business and he didn't want to be interfering," but Long Charlie, master of the Orange Lodge, had been telling everybody that if the "parson" (as they always called me) put boughs in the church at Christmas that would be the end of his Church-going, and of many others beside. Asking what it all meant, Alfred said that they objected to green boughs because green was the Fenian color and that they couldn't stand any Irish or Roman Catholic colors in their church! Now here was a nice predicament for a young man not long out of college, and not even in priest's orders, in charge of such a parish as that. Naturally I didn't want to build up either Methodism or Roman Catholicism at the expense of the Church. But what was I to do? I couldn't go back and I could

hardly go forward. I seemed to be between the upper and the nether millstone. I might condemn the Orange Society as a bigoted institution, but that wouldn't help matters. Suddenly a thought came into my mind. I recalled the verse in Isaiah, Chapter LX, running thus: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary; and I will make the place of My feet glorious."

Next Sunday I stood up in the pulpit and told my Orange friends that I was thoroughly ashamed of them. They had been objecting to the pine and fir (there was no holly to use—it did not grow in the country) on the ground that they were emblems of Rome. Now it was painfully evident that they did not know their Bible, which for them was a very discreditable thing, as, unlike the Church of Rome, the Anglican Church puts the open Bible into the hands of her children and bids them read it. Let them all read Isaiah LX: 13.

Next day Long Charlie gathered his admirers together and said, "Boys, did you know that verse was in the Bible?"

They did not.

"Well, no more did I but the parson has us all right and we've got to bring him all the boughs he needs." And that they did with a right good will.

Anyone familiar with Shakespere who chanced to be in the neighborhood of Heart's Content the day before Christmas of that year could hardly have failed to think of the messenger's words to Macbeth:

> "As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
> I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought
> The wood began to move. * * *
> Within this three mile may you see it coming;
> I say, a moving grove."

Shortly after this an amusing incident occurred. We were building the handsome new church, and the spacious chancel rising seven steps from the Nave had been finished. When we came to place the altar in position, it was put on a footpace of its own. To save expense the floor over which the altar would stand was not wholly covered. The altar was ten feet long; there was left a well under it.

"Mr. Dickinson," said a parishioner to the architect, scenting ritualism, "what is this hollow place meant to signify? I am afraid it means something."

"It does, madam, it does."

"Ah, I thought so. What is its significance?"

"Madam, everything in this church is symbolic."

"Yes, yes, too much so. What is its meaning?"

"It signifies—but please don't mention it publicly—the poverty of this church. It would cost several dollars for good pitch pine or oak to cover up that depression, and we can't afford the money."

Exit the lady.

Later on I was to have several more experiences of this kind, and I soon found myself debating what it was best to do with people who were as loyal to their Church and clergy as it was possible for them to be, with the sole exception that where Rome was concerned they seemed literally to lose their heads—an attitude I have since learned is not at all confined to Newfoundland. But innovations had to come if our services were to be conducted with the slightest attention to the requirements of the Prayer Book and the traditions of the Anglican Church. In all matters connected with ritual and ceremony they had been and still were in the depths of Puritan bondage. Black stoles, Geneva gowns no surpliced choir, no flowers, no cross, no candles, only occasional celebrations of the Holy Eucha-

rist—altogether a thoroughly Protestant atmosphere. Such were the conditions, and it was my intention before I laid down my office to see to it that the parish church of Heart's Content should at least possess the accessories of a decent service.

Noting the intense loyalty of my people to their Church and clergy, I soon saw what was needed. It was an assurance that I was no more in love with Rome than they were themselves. Therefore before I made any change I decided that I would always preach a sermon on Rome's errors. My trumpet should give no uncertain sound.

The opportunity to test the value of this theory soon presented itself. The choir on entering the church always marched in procession from the vestry, but it had never been surpliced, and the spectacle of a solemn procession of men and boys, some in long coats, others in short jackets; some in checkered suits, others in black, was a curious one indeed. There was nothing harmonious or Churchly about it. I therefore preached a sermon on reverence and pointed out how much a surpliced choir would contribute to a more reverential service. But let them remember that surpliced choirs were not at all a Roman invention. Rome's choirs were commonly women, placed in a back gallery and hidden by red curtains. To be sure they had boys in Italian cottas of slender proportions, with tawdry false lace trimmings, but they were not choristers at all—only acolytes or servers; with more to the same effect.

The plan worked admirably. Next Sunday the choir were in surplices and all the comment was, "Well, if the parson wasn't so strong against Rome we wouldn't stand for this surpliced choir business. But you heard what he said last Sunday. There's nothing of the Ro-

man Catholic about him. I tell you he hit the nail right on the head!"

"He did that," was the rejoinder.

However, while I had no trouble with the congregation I had a prospect of trouble with the choir itself, although that, as Kipling says, is another story. But here's the story.

Sitting in my study one evening I heard a ring at the door, and immediately afterwards the maid came to say that Mr. James Davis wanted to see me.

"Tell him to come in."

Mr. Davis stepped into the study. He was a mechanic, one of the best in town, a member of the choir and possessed of a good tenor voice.

"I have come to see you, sir," he began, "about the choir."

"Yes, James," I replied, "I am glad you have come. To tell the truth I have been wanting to see you. I understand you don't like the idea of wearing a surplice."

"No sir," he said, "I don't, and I have come to see if you can't give up the idea of putting the choir into surplices and letting things go on as they have been."

Surpliced choirs are common enough now, but in Newfoundland they were a decided innovation. But while I had removed the suspicion that putting a choir into surplices was any following of Roman ritual, I had to meet in the choir itself that ultra-conservatism which hates change of any kind, and there were some members of the choir who disliked wearing surplices simply because they never had worn them. My visitor was one of these.

"Yes, James, I hear that you don't like change."

"No sir, I don't."

"Well, that's all right. Don't you bother your head

about it. Just go on in your own way, doing as you have been accustomed to do, and it will be all right."

"Oh, I thought I had to wear a surplice."

"Not at all. Those who wish to do so can enjoy the privilege, and those who don't wish to need not wear them. There is no compulsion."

"But do you mean that one half of the choir will be in surplices and the other half in ordinary clothes?"

"Oh, I'm not sure about the proportion, but no doubt some of the choir will wear surplices and some won't. You see this is a free country and we want everyone to do what he feels is right."

Now James had come for an argument. There was no doubt about that. But here there was nothing to argue about; so like a wise man he determined to enjoy his freedom and at the same time leave his brethren to enjoy theirs.

At length, rising to go, he said, "How about George?" (George was his brother.)

"Oh, he will do just as he wishes. We are not asking anyone to go against his conscience."

"Parson," said he, "this is mighty good of you. I was afraid I would have to quit, and I should have hated to do that, for I have been several years in the choir and love the work."

"Quit! By no means, James. We can't do without you. We would regard your leaving the choir as a calamity. Don't think for a moment that a little thing like a surplice is going to deprive us of your valuable services. And let me say I am very glad you came. A little personal chat commonly removes misunderstandings."

Sunday morning came and the choir assembled as usual in the vestry. The surplices were all hanging there ready for use. The majority of the men and boys

had not the least objection to wearing them. But James, George, and one or two others left them severely alone. Then came the prayer before service and the choir entered the church singing the processional hymn—"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

I can't say that the beginning of that service would have impressed anyone as particularly reverent. The congregation was too alert, I fear, to note the appearance of its choir rather than think about the words they were singing. And little wonder, for Falstaff's regiment was not in it beside that choir! Some in surplices; others in short jackets or long coats. In after years I saw men in London parks drilling to enter the World War. Some had on one piece of military uniform, some another. Here was one with a helmet, and here another who rejoiced in the possession of a belt. It was the best they could do—or rather, that the government could do for them. So it appeared to be with us that day.

One glance at the congregation showed that certain of its members were behaving in a very unseemly fashion. Who could blame them? It was not their fault; they were really doing their best to control themselves, but the more they tried the more hopeless became the excruciating struggle. However, "all's well that ends well," and things soon settled down, and in a short while the service proceeded in normal fashion.

After service a few congratulations were somewhat half-heartedly showered on the sturdy defenders of the traditions of their fathers who had stood out so bravely for Puritan simplicity. Alas for human steadfastness! Puritan simplicity lost its grip that Sunday morning. A man can stand anything but being laughed at. Ridicule goes through any armor. The heathen who tried to stop Christ's followers from spreading His

cause by putting them to death probably never thought of the effectiveness of a laugh. Had they done so, who knows what in some instances might have been the result? Even St. Paul could not stand up against laughter, for he never set foot again in Athens after the wise men of that famous city had laughed at him and his doctrine of the Resurrection from the dead.

Next Sunday James and the rest of the stalwart opponents of change were among the earliest arrivals and were actually trying on the unappropriated surplices to see which would fit best!

Thus the surpliced choir of St. Mary's, Heart's Content, came into being without the schism which the prophets predicted would rend the parish in twain, and it was not long before James Davis and the rest were trying to forget that they had ever disapproved of a surpliced choir.

This leavening process had been going on for two or three years, and the church was beginning to look more like an Anglican church than a Methodist meeting house, when I chanced to see our family physician on the street, a Scotchman and one time Presbyterian who had come into the Church from conviction.

"Parson," he said, "what change are you going to make next Sunday?"

"Doctor, what do you mean? Why do you think I'm going to change anything? To what do you refer?"

"Well, last Sunday night we had one of your anti-Roman sermons, and I have noticed that whenever we have one of them" (and his eyes twinkled with merriment) "the next Sunday we have more of the furnishings of the Roman Church."

"Doctor," I replied, "You're the only man in the

parish who has accurately gauged the situation; but don't enlighten anyone else!"

"Not I," he remarked, "but your anti-Papal fulminations have been fine!"

Forty years ago prohibition was a burning question in Heart's Content, from which it may also be inferred that what with its radio, its world-wide telegraph system, and its prohibition propaganda, it was so far from being out of the world that it was very much in it.

I had been rector but a few months when a deputation of men, all much older than I was, called upon me to ask if I would take the chair at a public meeting in connection with Local Option. I knew in a general way that an effort was on foot to end the liquor traffic and bring in the millenium. But it was not clear to me how the law was expected to accomplish all this. Above all I didn't quite see what use there was for legislation of that kind in a town in which there was only one inn, kept by a most respectable man, and which was of the greatest service to travellers passing through it. For the deputation told me that it was their intention to close up the inn as the only licensed house between them and the North Pole.

Giving the deputation a partial promise of my presence I hastened to consult my friend the doctor. Telling him of the visit and request I asked his advice. Was it a good thing to help? He promptly replied that he thought it was not and also that it was unfortunate that any such project had been started in the district; that he used to live in Brigus, Conception Bay, and that there they had tried the same experiment, which had, however, turned out very unhappily, for whereas up to the time when Local Option went into effect a

drunken man was rarely to be seen, it was very different afterwards.

"Oh then I'll tell them that I'll not preside at the meeting."

"Ah, don't do that," said the canny Scot, "you're a young clergyman just come among us, and if you do that they'll be sure to think you're a drinking man."

"Yes, Doctor, that's all very well, but I can't aid them in a harmful enterprise."

"Oh, ye haven't got to do that at all. Just go to the meeting; take the chair; introduce the speakers; and they'll do the rest themselves."

And so it fell out, and they shut up the only inn between them and the North Pole.

Then followed the Brigus experience exactly. Five places—"shebeens" they called them—started up promptly, and the "bootleggers" (this word was not coined then) made no secret about their business. A pole in front of a house with a spruce bough on top of it indicated to the world that spruce beer with a "stick" in it might there be obtained. For the next three years of the life of the Act we had a hectic time. At the end of the three years the people, disheartened, went back again to the old state of things, and again there was one licensed inn in the town, well-conducted, and under strict regulations, rather than five unlicensed places doing business both by day and by night.[1]

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[1] These Local Option Acts were, as the name implies, local in their operation. By those interested in giving a fair trial to what legislation can do in the way of preventing drunkenness it was justly contended that in a country where one district was wet and another dry no proper test of prohibition's efficacy could be had. Hence by and by came national prohibition. And for a second time, under new conditions, Heart's Content and other towns and districts which had tried it and failed, saw it again, but this time backed with all the resources of the country. What followed? The usual scenes of boot-

While these things were happening in Heart's Content, the bishops of the Anglican Communion from all over the world were meeting in Lambeth, from whence they sent an official letter to all the clergy in which reference was made to the efforts on foot to accomplish by legislation what Christ would have us do by His Church. I read that particular paragraph to my congregation and told them that I agreed with it entirely. In the last analysis an appeal to legislatures to use their power to make men sober was an appeal to Caesar—a thing Christ had forbidden and therefore doomed to failure.

One day my old friend Bishop McDonald, being in Heart's Content, called upon me and asked me to show him the church. As I showed him over it he was much struck with the font, an exceedingly beautiful piece of work of caen stone which had been given by the children of the parish, bearing this inscription, which I had suggested to them, cut in stone:

> "The work of little hands
> Dedicated to the Glory of God,"

and which I had just received from England. After asking me some questions about it he said,

"Whenever Your Reverence gets ready to sell out, I should like to buy this font from you."

I replied, "Bishop, you have a little chapel in this town and scarcely anyone to use it. So whenever you make up your mind to sell it I would like to buy it for a school."

It was only a Roland for his Oliver, but so it fell out, for some months afterwards I saw workmen on

legging, smuggling, manufacturing illicitly, until at last, wearied with attempting the impossible, Newfoundland legally repealed prohibition, simply because it had, as everywhere else, been repealing itself.

the roof of that chapel, and on inquiring what they were doing, I learned that they were taking the chapel down to make it smaller. When they had finished, it was a very small chapel indeed, and the bishop's chance of getting that font was more uncertain than ever.

Needing a horse one day, I went to Harbour Grace and bought one from an old friend, Judge Bennett; always a risky thing to do, for where a horse is concerned, conscience seems dead. It had one fault. Whenever I was in Harbour Grace that horse would persist in stopping at every saloon. Taxing the Judge with being given away by his horse, he claimed that it did nothing of the kind, for he himself had but lately bought the horse from Father McInness, one of the cathedral clergy, and he was afraid that it was during the father's ownership that the horse had acquired his unfortunate habit.

It was this horse which I was driving one day over the road from Scilly Cove to Heart's Content, when I overtook a traveller on foot and invited him to come into the buggy with me. Accepting the invitation he sat down on the seat beside me. He turned out to be a Methodist minister named Lewis. Observing by his pronunciation that he was a Welshman, I asked him if he knew such and such a place in Wales. He nearly fell out of the buggy with surprise, as he said, "Why that is where I was born!" How I came to know the name of that village—the only one I did know in all Wales—in fact the only Welsh word I knew of any kind—was singular. A Welsh boy had given me the name as the longest name of any town or village in Wales. It was afterwards shortened by Act of Parliament. I got him to repeat that name with me until it was imbedded in my memory.

Three miles from Heart's Content is the village

of New Perlican. With a new church being built in Heart's Content the people of New Perlican were ambitious to have a new church too. They certainly needed one. So calling a meeting one day I told those present how one could be secured. Just outside the village there was a tract of vacant ground covered with scrub pine and fir owned by the Government. I would write to Sir William Whiteway, the premier, and ask the Government to give us that land, that there we might build the church. This I did and the Government, acceding to my request, made us out the title deed. The next thing in order was to ask for a road grant, as without a road the site was useless. This also the Government granted. Then I called for men to volunteer as road makers, and had all the free labor I needed, and had that road made, but not a man drew a cent for his work. Each one brought his pay to me and I put it into the bank, there to remain till we should begin to build the new church.

The next thing was to commandeer the skippers of schooners, to go up the Exploit River, where the great forests were practically untouched, and there hew trees for joists and sills, beams and rafters, also for all the planks and boards that would be necessary, and bring the lumber back to New Perlican. And all this they did cheerfully without money and without price.

Then on January 1, 1886, we laid the corner stone, and for the next six months the men of that village labored day by day, not a man being paid, but a foreman, until six months later, June 29th, St. Augustine's Day, where a few months before there had been nothing but brushwood and stunted firs, there stood complete a beautiful church, with nave and chancel, tower and spire, its total length being eighty-three feet, with a width of thirty-five feet. It has a handsome chancel

screen and stalls of pitch pine, all made in the village. The windows were the work of Spence and Sons, Montreal, two representing the Ascension of our Lord, and a figure of St. Augustine of Canterbury. Not a penny of debt was on the building. The churchyard, entered through a lich-gate, bore the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord." I have now a memento of the laying of the corner-stone with this inscription: "A memento of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Augustine's Church, New Perlican, in the parish of Heart's Content, Newfoundland, by Mrs. C. Ernest Smith, on the 1st January, 1886." Perhaps no church of equal size and finish was ever built in Newfoundland in such a short space of time and with so small an expenditure of money. A singularly mild winter favored the progress of the work. But no praise can be too high for the men who labored week after week without pay or promise of reward. Often as I looked on them as they worked so willingly and continuously I thought of that far off scene in Jewish history, when a nation worked as one man to build the glorious temple which was to crown the height of Mount Zion.

CHAPTER IV

Ordination as an Object Lesson

THE following account of an ordination was published in the *Church Standard* of Philadelphia, which is now out of existence. The names are changed, and much of the detail must be taken *cum grano,* but the main facts are as I have recorded them, and are those connected with my own ordination to the priesthood. "Mr. Oxton" in the story is myself, I having taken the name of "Oxton" from the place in Cheshire whence we sprang; "Oxton" being the name of my maternal grandmother:

It was on the frontier. There was to be an Episcopal ordination, and the bishop had arranged that it should be held in Brigville. Now Brigville, as every one knows who has ever heard of the place, is at least fifty miles from anywhere else. In fact, except for a daily mail and two weekly papers published by a couple of editors, each of whom deemed it his solemn duty to warn the public against too readily accepting the statements of the other (neither of whom, however, disdained to borrow largely from the pages of the city dailies received through the mail, and to advertise as generously the latest remedies for falling hair and the really latest thing in patent medicines), Brigville might have been on another planet.

No railway went there. No stage connected the place with any other town. No one could tell you how to get there. Yet Brigville was satisfied with itself. Entirely so. To its people

there was no place like it. Had you suggested that possibly there might be some drawbacks even to life in Brigville, your prospects of being regarded as a person of good judgment and average common sense would have vanished forever.

Hence it was that while people at a distance were wondering whatever made the bishop select such an out-of-the-way place for his next ordination, Brigville thought the bishop's choice the most natural one in the world. Evidently the bishop was a thoroughly wide-awake man.

There were three candidates to be ordained: the Rev. E. Oxton of Columbia, who a year before had been made a deacon in the Episcopal Church and now was looking forward to full orders as a priest in that Church, and Mr. J. Sanderson of Silverdale, and Mr. S. T. Andrews of Poolsville, both of whom were to be made deacons. Silverdale and Poolsville were each about eighty miles from Brigville; Columbia rather less than fifty miles away.

It is over twenty years since that ordination took place, but the memory of it is still green in Brigville. It is well, for there is no prospect of the holding of another there, not at least in that good bishop's lifetime, and he is still living. Brigville itself with its stores and saloons and churches must pass away as a dream that is told ere that ordination service can be forgotten. It has become a tradition of the town, told and retold and treasured with as much care as the story of the miraculous escape of the one white child in the Indian raid two years after the settling of the town. Now this was the reason of it all.

Of late the Methodists had been rapidly increasing in numbers and influence, but do what he would the local Episcopal rector could not make any corresponding headway. This was all the more galling because from his point of view the Methodist ministry lacked the true apostolic succession, to which in theory at least it makes no claim. Indeed it rather ridicules the doctrine as a painfully mechanical theory in a realm where mechanical theories are woefully out of place. What can be more absurd than to suppose that ministers can only be made by ministers who themselves have been made by others through an unbroken chain of nineteen centuries of chance and change, persecution and death? But with that curious inconsistency which is so often seen in human affairs, that same doctrine receives its tribute of observance from the Methodist Church, since in practice it actually insists that ministers ordain ministers. A layman won't do. Why not? Why not

now and again let the pewholders conduct an ordination and let the ministers fill the pews? It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. Surely the position that ministerial ordination is necessary is all very well for the Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches, but illogical in every other. Here certainly is a very weak spot in the armor of those Churches that have done and still are doing a glorious work for the Lord.

It was this weak spot which the rector of St. George's Church had spied, and by favor of the bishop the inhabitants of Brigville were to witness a real ordination. So it was given out that on October 18th, at 11 A.M., an ordination would be held by the bishop of the diocese. As the time drew near invitations were sent out to the reverend clergy and a goodly number of the archdeacons, deans, canons, chancellors, and other officials of the diocese promptly accepted, as also a few of the less prominent clergy, the question of expense being an important item with many who otherwise would have gone. Later on the rector of St. George's courteously invited the various denominations of Brigville—the Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, German Reformed—and all the host of them to come in their full strength. To their ministers he tendered high places in the chancel. No admission was to be charged, but the doors were to be opened half an hour earlier than usual and a special collection would be made in behalf of the church debt. Chairs had been put into the aisles and the vestry and organ chambers had been prepared for the overflow. For six weeks the choir had been practising "How lovely are the messengers."

At last the day was at hand. On the morning of October 17th Mr. Oxton left Columbia, with his wife, to drive to Brigville. When two-thirds of the way there he called at the home of Mr. Thomas Brooks, of Harrington, an old friend of his, who would have been mortally offended had he passed by without calling. Mr. Brooks would not hear of his going further that day; Harrington was only six miles from Brigville, and the distance could easily be covered on the morrow. So at Harrington Mr. and Mrs. Oxton spent the night. Now just outside of Harrington, on the way to Brigville, there is a hill! none of your mole hills, but a hill worthy of the name. In some places it would have been called a mountain. From the top of that hill, five miles below lies Brigville. But just at present we are not concerned with the view from the top so much as with the ascent from the bottom. When Joker, Mr. Oxton's horse—so

named because a neighboring cleric's horse rejoiced in the name of Smiler—saw that hill his feet came to a sudden standstill as if he never meant them to move again. Mr. Oxton's heart sank. Had this been a moment in his life when, like Balaam, he wished for a sword, then assuredly he would have had to walk home. Never had so much depended on Joker's good behavior as now. The bishop was a stickler for time; Mr. Oxton knew he would not wait a minute for his arrival, and it would mean a delay of several weeks in his ordination if he did not get to Brigville on time. Joker did not often show the balky side of his disposition—and to think he would now of all times! It was perfectly terrible.

Lacking the sword, Mr. Oxton tried various less extreme measures—the whip; coaxing; feeding; then the whip again; coaxing again; then feeding again. All in vain. On the buggy seat sat Mrs. Oxton, fully as anxious as her husband. She chirruped and flecked the reins and cried "Gee up!" She might as well have tried to persuade a marble horse—Joker was there to stay. Turning to his wife Mr. Oxton said, "Whatever can we do?" Aye! what could they do? What could any one do? At college he had been a fair sprinter, but sprinting to ordination was scarcely dignified, and besides he was out of practice, and he doubted greatly whether he could cover the ascent of that hill and five miles beyond in twenty-three minutes; yet in sheer desperation he intended to try. So, handing the reins to his wife and throwing his coat into the buggy, he started up the hill. Arrived at the top, he saw the town and the church in the midst of it standing out boldly in the clear, bracing air of the early fall, and he could hear the summons of the bell. But neither the scene nor the sound of the bell made him particularly cheerful. He felt doomed to failure. However, he started off and soon astonished himself by some of his old-time speed.

Presently a sight was his which made his heart leap with joy. Ahead of him was a wagon bearing a contingent of goods to one of Brigville's saloons. "Hello!" he shouted to the driver, "can you give me a lift to Brigville?" "I guess so," was the answer. Almost before it was finished Mr. Oxton was seated on a barrel beside the driver. "Now I have,' said the passenger, "exactly eighteen minutes to reach Brigville. It is a matter almost as important as life and death. I want to be at Brigville Episcopal Church before eleven o'clock; here are ten dollars if you get me there on time." Then the driver cracked his

whip and the big wheels began to turn rapidly until finally they acquired a terrific momentum. The horses, two powerful creatures weighing nearly 2,000 pounds, were soon at a gallop. No fire engine team travelled faster or its driver showed more recklessness in driving. Fortunately the way was fairly clear; but it was an odd sight. The driver, like an ancient Roman charioteer, was standing up to his work, and the coatless parson perched on his barrel was clinging to the front of the wagon as the fields shot past and trees and fields and fences rapidly became one continuous green. Two of a startled flock of geese failed to escape the mad rush of the team, and several chickens would not claim their share of the evening meal. As the horses warmed to their work the parson's hope rose high. With watch in hand he cried, "You'll do it! you'll do it!" and the driver, seeing ten dollars before him, left a larger and denser cloud of dust behind him. Still they were a mile away, and the main road through Brigville was not perfect as a race-track. Soon they had experience of that. A house stood in such a position that a corner bulged beyond what had been known as a sidewalk. To turn that corner quickly was not possible, neither was it now possible to slow up. A collision was inevitable. By skilful driving only the weatherboard was struck. Being old, it gave, and the wagon went on with no greater mishap than the parson knocked off his barrel and the angry householder shaking his fist in impotent rage at the vanishing team. One minute yet remained. Still faster flew the wheels. The horses were covered with foam. Next moment, just as the clock was about to strike, the team swung into the open space before the church, and the race was won. Pale with excitement, but rejoicing with the feeling of a man who has come triumphantly out of what seemed certain failure, Mr. Oxton leaped to the ground. As he did so that clock struck eleven. On and around the steps leading to the vestry the bishop and clergy saw the strange arrival. So did half Brigville.

Then the organ began to play, and while the clergy were falling into their places Mr. Oxton hurriedly vested. Alas! his troubles were not over—his wife, dear, good soul, had thought she would like to wash, starch, and iron the surplice he was to wear. So she had done her best and had placed the surplice in the valise with the other vestments. Now washing and getting up surplices was not her strong point, and no one had told her that a surplice does not need as much starch as a pair

of cuffs or a collar. Consequently, when that valise was opened, the surplice, which was on top, positively sprang upward as a released spring. Archdeacon Bowman, seeing the condition of affairs, suggested sprinkling it with water. No sooner said than done; but the spotted-leopard appearance seemed to indicate some special initiation ceremony and it was not a success. There was no time for more experiments; so, with his surplice crackling and taking on all kinds of angular shapes, and with sundry projecting corners which forbade a near approach, Mr. Oxton fell into line and passed down the church in solemn procession, the only candidate for ordination, for Mr. Sanderson, as it turned out afterward, had failed to locate Brigville on the map, and Mr. Andrews had taken a train to a better-known Brigville just over the line in a neighboring State, and both were in consequence unable to reach the service in time.

With some skilful management the bishop was able to get near enough to Mr. Oxton, notwithstanding his bristling surplice, to lay hands upon him, and Mr. Oxton entered into the full orders of the Episcopal Church.

Following the ordination, the good rector of Brigville and his people entertained the visitors, Mrs. Oxton included; for Joker, shortly after Mr. Oxton's departure, had taken it into his head to travel, and when he did travel he was the fastest thing on the road. So it came about that Mrs. Oxton was at the service and saw the starched surplice and the situation it created. Perhaps if Joker had stayed a little longer or travelled less rapidly, she might have felt more comfortable. As it was, she made a mental promise to get up no more surplices.

Then came the speeches. The gist of them was that the ride had eclipsed the ordination in importance; so evidently the bishop thought as he gave it out that in his opinion a country town fifty miles from any other place was not exactly the best place for teaching apostolic succession. As for Mr. Oxton, he thought "All's well that ends well," but he decided to sell the horse, with David Harum's recommendation—"that it would stand without hitching."

CHAPTER V

Following Parishioners to Labrador

Sailing of fleet for Labrador fishery.
Three kinds of fishery.
Bishop anxious for priest to visit Labrador.
Leave Heart's Content for Labrador.
Arrive at Battle Harbour.
Reverend Edwin Weary.
Visit to the "south'rd."
Go "nor'rad."
Population: Indians or Esquimaux?
Icebergs and whales.
An Esquimaux' pathetic request.
Celebration of the Holy Eucharist.
A fisherman's problem.
A deserter from the Royal Navy.
A Labrador graveyard.
An Indian's question.
Reverend Joseph J. Curling.
Hudson's Bay Post.
Mr. Fortescue, factor.
Cartwright—Reverend F. W. Colley.
Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell.
Labrador's debt to Anglican Clergy.
Moravian Missions.

ONCE a year an event of great importance took place in Heart's Content. This was the sailing of the fishing fleet for Labrador.

There are three kinds of fishery known to the Newfoundlander:

The shore fishery, followed mainly by the poorer class of fishermen—men who having no schooners, only small boats or fishing jacks, as they are called, are confined to the shore along which they dwell, and as the Newfoundland shores have been fished for two hundred years, the fish are not now plentiful.

Next, the fishery on the Labrador coast, which is part of the mainland of this North American Continent, as far as one cares to go towards the North Pole.

The third is the fishery followed on the "banks" of Newfoundland— submarine islands lying out in the Atlantic where the fish are found in greatest numbers. On these "banks" the fishermen anchor their schooners, from which they put out small boats or dories manned by two or three men, who, armed with long bultows, catch the fish and bring them to the schooners. It is fearfully risky work, for over these "banks" at all hours great ocean liners, like the *Titanic,* speed through the blinding fog, and woe be to the fishing craft in their path! Once I was on the *St. Louis* with the *Campania* slowly creeping up behind us. No sooner had we entered a dense and blinding fog than I was perfectly satisfied that, come what might, we were going to get ahead of the *Campania,* which we had seen hull down on the horizon.

"Are we not going very fast?" a dear old lady asked me.

"Very," I replied.

"What will happen if we run into anything?"

"It depends," was my oracular reply, "on what we run into. If a fishing boat, we shall cut it in two like a pack of cards and we may hear the cries of the crew,

but that will be all. If an iceberg we shall probably telescope and go down in five minutes."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed; "I wish I hadn't come!" But whether she was referring to the fate of the fisherman or to her own peril she didn't say.

As many of the fishermen of my parish went on these annual excursions to Labrador, I had had it in my mind to visit them some day in their summer homes, and it so happened that just about the time I was considering that it would be a good thing to do the coming summer, Bishop Llewellyn Jones came to Heart's Content. Chatting together about the spiritual condition of Labrador, which just then—save for one deacon at Battle Harbour—was without its usual number of missionary clergy, the bishop told me that one of the priests of the diocese, Reverend Frank Colley, had volunteered for work on the northern part of the shore and was due to take up his residence there in the fall. But meanwhile twenty thousand people were temporarily almost shepherdless. I assured him that it would be a pleasure to go myself, especially as I had had it in mind to visit my own fishermen if only some one could fill my place in Heart's Content. He undertook to provide a *locum tenens,* and one of the most interesting trips I ever made in my life was that trip which I took to the Labrador shore.

I left Harbour Grace on July 9th, 1884, for Battle Harbour, a town on the southern part of the shore opposite Belle Isle, where the Reverend Edwin Weary was stationed, expecting on the following Sunday to reach Battle Harbour, so named from the fact that once upon a time, as the story books say, the bleak, fog-laden rocks which form the Harbour looked down

upon a battle fought between the Indians and the Esquimaux. Therefore early on Sunday morning we came upon deck to see, if possible, the Labrador, and we were not disappointed. A far flung coastline lay on either side of the steamer. In the night we had entered the Strait of Belle Isle. On our left hand was the low lying shore of the northern coast of Newfoundland, and on our right, bolder looking but completely destitute of every sign of vegetation, with here and there great patches of snow, scarcely to be melted in the short summer, was the stern, forbidding looking coast we were bound for. It was not, however, until after midday on Monday that the steamer dropped anchor at Battle Harbour.

There I found Mr. Weary waiting for me who took me to his modest parsonage, which with church and schoolhouse made a very complete plant. For two years in this little Labrador settlement Mr. Weary had been exercising the office of deacon, where for some nine year in times gone by "good Mr. Hutchinson," as Bishop Field used to call him,

> "Kept God's scattered sheep
> Hard by the wintry main."

For twelve months previous to my visit there had been no celebration of the Holy Communion, and it was at once my privilege and duty to accompany Mr. Weary through his extensive parish and administer the Blessed Sacrament wherever there were any "ready and desirous to receive it." Roads of course there were none—at least in the summertime, although in the winter the snow and ice make the best of roads for the half wild Esquimaux dogs and their whalebone shoe comaticks, which glance over the icy path with racehorse speed. Our only path therefore was by water, and

accordingly, the day after my arrival, we embarked in Mr. Weary's little mission boat, *St. George,* for Henley Harbour, twenty-seven miles towards the south. Here we arrived two days afterwards, and here I began my work on the Labrador by holding a Celebration of the Holy Eucharist in the unfinished school chapel. This too was our actual starting point for the north—the "nor'rad" as they say there.

But what people are they which are to be found on these northern shores? Are they Indians? Or Esquimaux? What is their religion? Who and what are they?

First: There are the Newfoundland fishermen who annually resort in large numbers to Labrador. It is reckoned that from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand of the population of Newfoundland spend the summer months in seeking their living on the Labrador shore in pursuit of the cod and the herring, and every year they go further and further north until soon Hudson's Bay Straits will be their terminus—1,200 miles from their homes. They go early in June and do not return until late in October. Only those who are familiar with that coast can say what dangers they are exposed to during those five months. Wild as are the storms which sometimes beat against the shores of Newfoundland, they are not such as are sometimes witnessed there. Just after I left, a perfect hurricane swept the whole coast causing the loss of more than seventy lives and as many vessels. Hardly a craft, whether lying at anchor or under sail on the Labrador coast, survived that furious gale. In one place everything was packed ready for the voyage home and more than forty persons were actually on board when the storm came on. They were to start the next morning, but alas!—not one was left alive. In the morning their

bodies, bruised with the waves and rocks, lay along the shore. Fully two thousand persons were left without food and clothing by that pitiless storm.

Next: There are the settlers on Labrador—the "liv' 'ere's." Perhaps it is the risk and danger, the discomforts and sufferings attendant upon this annual journey to and fro in crowded vessels; and afterwards the life for months in such poor huts as they who are but summer visitors can afford to erect, that has been the main cause of the existence of these settlers. Twenty years ago these "liv' 'ere's" had attained to the number of twenty-five hundred; there are probably not so many now. Some of these settlers have married natives of the country and their children form another class. Also along the entire coast may be found many members of the Esquimaux race, said to be not only the most widely spread of all people but the only one common to both the old world and the new. They are to be found in great numbers within the limits of the Moravian Mission stations, some twelve hundred living between Hopedale, the most southern of those stations, and Ramah, the most northern. Beyond these, again, are others who have not as yet been brought under the influence of Christian teaching, but are still in heathen darkness lying.

The Bothek Indian, the true aboriginal inhabitant of Labrador, has long been extinct. But since my visit one of the Newfoundland fishermen discovered at Dark Tickles a grave in which were two skeletons of the tribe. They were laid between two large sticks carefully covered with birchrind and piled over with stones. One of the skeletons had on a cloak artistically trimmed in Indian style, and which gave rise to the opinion that he was a chief. The other was that of a female. A little wooden image, red-ochred and dressed in deer skin,

together with some tiny arrows, was found beside the skeletons. In and about the grave were also found hunting implements and culinary utensils which bore marks of the characteristic ingenuity of the Red Indian. Except by such relics as these and by the survival of a few of the names given by them to the capes and islands, with here and there strange erections of the dark red stone of the country—the stone houses of Labrador—there is nothing to remind the settler on Labrador that he is not the first to seek a living there, or that it had ever been the hunting ground of a race which has passed away.

Leaving Battle Harbour Mr. Weary and I sailed for the "nor'rad," reaching eventually Seal Island, the most northerly point of his parish. It was while we were at Seal Island, as I recall, that seeing at a comparatively short distance from the shore three or four large icebergs I persuaded Mr. Weary to go with me in a boat so as to make a closer inspection of the icebergs. A near view of those great masses of ice, solemn and grand, telling of the power of the frost in their northern home, is an inspiring spectacle. Birds were wheeling around them and alighting on the snows that covered them. Down their sides were running streams of water, not salt, as we might suppose, but fresh as anywhere in the world. It was a majestic sight. But while we were inspecting them, thrilled with the great sight, a school of whales came to inspect them too, and every now and then, not far from us, the dark back of a whale would break the water—looking for all the world as if an island had suddenly come up from the bottom of the sea. When we got back the fishermen rated us soundly. It was clear that in their judgment we might have been Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." Did we not know that those icebergs had a habit of turning

over without any warning? And then what would have happened to our boat? It would have been swamped without doubt! So also with the whales. They were peaceable creatures it was true, but not gifted with enough intelligence carefully to avoid our boat as they came up. It would have been a pretty spectacle had we been hoisted in air on the back of a whale! We saw the danger then, and of course wouldn't have rushed in, as we did, had we known it. But all the same we were glad we had had a sight at close quarters of icebergs and whales.

Gladly would the warm-hearted people of Seal Island have detained us longer, for living as they were sixty miles from the house of their pastor, it will readily be understood that they did not have the opportunity of seeing him as often as they could wish. But after a two days' stay amongst them I felt that I ought to be journeying onward to Shoal Bay Island where my own people were living, just six miles further along the coast; in fact a boat had now come to convey me to them. At two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon I left Seal Island for Shoal Bay Islands and Mr. Weary returned to Battle Harbour.

Owing to a strong head wind it was not until nearly eight o'clock that I arrived at Shoal Bay Islands. Here for the first time since my landing on Labrador I was amongst familiar faces. I saw the little huts, at the doors of which were the figures of those whom I had last seen in Heart's Content. How strange the little fishing village looked, in which for twenty years and more Heart's Content people had found a summer home! The place might well have been called "Little Heart's Content," for with the exception of three or four families of Esquimaux, not a single person lived in any of the three islands which form the group at

Shoal Bay, who did not belong to my own parish. Here indeed, if anywhere on Labrador, I could feel myself at home. A question soon presented itself; "Where could services be held?" At Seal Island there was a consecrated church; at other places where I had been, if not a church there was a schoolhouse, or at least a large room in one of the dwelling-houses; but at Shoal Bay there were only huts in which it was just possible to stand upright, and these were of the smallest dimensions. The only way of meeting the difficulty even partially was to hold two or more services, and this I did, and touching in the extreme it was to hear in that lonely spot on bleak and stormy Labrador the *Magnificat* and the *Nunc Dimittis* of the Anglican Church, and well sung too.

At Shoal Bay Islands was an Esquimaux named John Phippard, a deeply religious man, whose wife was the best shot along the shore. To shoot a deer far off, or to bring down a northern diver or loon on the wing, was to her a very simple matter.

Two or three years before I arrived, John Phippard had received a couple of tracts; probably from the Reverend W. C. Shears,[1] another of our clergy, who in previous years had done often what I was doing then, namely, holding services, baptizing, marrying, and burying wherever necessary. But this year he was in his own parish of Bay Roberts, Conception Bay. These two tracts John Phippard had loaned to some

[1] Mr. Shears has since been settled as rector of Forestville, Prince George's County, Maryland, where he has been doing very acceptable work for these twenty years past. He is now over eighty-five years of age. His pension from the Clergy Pension Fund will be $400 per annum. Think of it! After over sixty years of active service under trying condition $400 per annum! He can't get more because his years in Newfoundland do not count. And yet should he resign tomorrow and become a rector in Newfoundland again, he could not get any pension at all, he being still in active service. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

stranger, and they had gone the way of a borrowed book. He was greatly distressed at their loss and wanted to know if I could replace them. He gave me their names; one was *The Story of the Jedore Ledge*; the name of the other I forget. After my return to Newfoundland I wrote to the Religious Tract Society of London to know if they could send them to me. I received them from the Society in due time, and the next year I forwarded them by a fisherman to Phippard. When Phippard saw his two old friends again he almost wept with joy, and as a sign of his gratitude, sent me by the same fisherman a magnificent pair of horns of a Caribou deer which he or his wife had shot. Think of it! Two little leaflets valued so highly. But it is ever thus among people whose religious privileges are not many, and certainly in that region they were not.

On Sunday morning I celebrated the Holy Communion, holding the service in the open air at an extemporized altar at the foot of a high rock which rose perpendicularly out of the ground. Before it the land sloped gently away to the beach, and on an even surface covered with heather the congregation took their places, while beyond, the broad Atlantic reflected the blue sky which looked down upon it all.

Before leaving Shoal Bay Islands, a case of conscience was submitted to me. A chief man among the fishermen, one Noah Rowe, and a Heart's Content parishioner of mine, said to me:

"Parson, the other Sunday I went out to look at my cod-trap. It was chock full of cod-fish. Of course being Sunday I didn't haul the trap. But when first thing next morning I went on the fishing ground to haul my trap, there wasn't a tom-cod left in it. There had been so many that they had broken the net. Now parson,

what I want to ask you is this: Do you think it would have been wrong for me to haul that trap on Sunday?"

I reflected a moment. These people were deeply religious people. They believed that Sunday was God's day, and on it no secular work should be done, other than those three kinds of work which the Church has allowed from all time— works of necessity, mercy, and religion. Under the circumstances I think I should have been inclined to believe that this was a work of necessity, the case of a man having his horse or his ass fallen into a pit on the Sabbath Day. But I knew that such was the respect in which the judgment of the clergy was regarded that it would not do to promulgate any radical ideas.

"Noah," I replied, "before I answer your question I want you to answer one of mine. What business had you on the fishing-ground on Sunday?"

"Parson," was the honest reply, "I had none."

Noah Rowe considered his question satisfactorily answered.

My next stay was at Domino, about twelve miles to the north. As I passed under the frowning cliffs of the Isle of Ponds which guard the entrance to Domino Harbour, I little thought that scarcely three months afterwards those cliffs would look down upon shipwreck and death in the very waters of the Harbour itself. Yet so it was. At Domino at the time of the great gale there were several English schooners lying which had come from England for a cargo of fish, all of which were either sunk at anchor or driven against the iron-bound coast. But all was peaceful then, and the setting sun cast a warm glow over the placid waters of the Harbour.

About one mile from Domino lies Spotted Island,

where, perhaps, the largest number of Esquimaux, south of Hopedale, are to be found in any one settlement. In a house to house visitation of the island I counted not less than sixty-nine Esquimaux. More than a dozen children were unbaptized, except by some well-meaning Newfoundland fisherman; nine couples, living together as man and wife, had never been united in holy matrimony, except by the same unauthorized agency; and altogether it was difficult to realize that the settlement was not somewhere on the Dark Continent so far as the urgent necessity for enlightenment in gospel truth was concerned. During the morning I baptized twelve children, and married the couples who had been living together, and while on the Island gave such other services as time and circumstances permitted.

Before continuing my journey northwards I tarried at Domino some days, spending a Sunday there and celebrating the Holy Eucharist. On Wednesday morning I was again on my way north. At one place I came upon a soldierly looking old man—an Englishman—whose bent frame did not conceal the fact that he had known something in earlier days of a soldier's life. It appears that he was a deserter and had settled down on Labrador, beyond (as he thought and as time had shown) the reach of any British warship. Poor old man! He had even cut off one of his fingers to prevent the possibility of his serving again. He had an Esquimaux wife and five sons, all married when I saw him, and every Sunday he gathered his little colony together, and like the patriarch of Pitcairn's Island in the far-off Pacific Ocean, acted as father and pastor too, in default of one more worthy.

Beyond, to the northward, are two large bays—Sandwich Bay and Groswater Bay—along whose shores

dwell the fishermen and trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company. On one of these, the more northerly Groswater Bay, or Invertoke, I had an all day pull in a whale boat. I found myself at a lonely place named Bluff Head where another Englishman dwelt, Tom Oliver by name, whose fresh color offered a marked contrast to the dark complexion of the natives. At his home I found a son-in-law of Oliver's going the next day to the head of the Bay. He was a half-breed Indian with hair of the deepest jet, whose business from home was of a truly sad nature. He had come in an open whale boat nearly forty miles to bury his little child in the burying ground which his father-in-law had cleared and fenced. In that little graveyard were nine graves side by side, and over some the grass had grown, and green mounds were there. Oliver's wife was also buried there, and the old man told me with a tremble in his voice that beside her grave space had been left for his own body to rest in when his turn to die should come. Of all who were lying in that ground, not one had been committed to the dust by a clergyman. The old man himself had read the burial service over most of them, but his wife had been buried by a captain on one of Her Majesty's ships, who afterwards rose to higher command, Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock.

As I was bound for Rigoulette, the presence of this Indian was most opportune, for next morning in his open whaleboat he was returning to his home. He would be glad to take me, but could I row? For that would be necessary. Oh yes, I could row. So next morning at five o'clock we left Bluff Head for the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Rigoulette, forty miles away. Thus in an open boat, with a half-breed Indian as my only companion, I found myself on Invertoke, or Groswater Bay—an immense inland sea extending from the

Atlantic far into the interior. For hours we rowed together. Lonely in the extreme were our surroundings. Solemn white icebergs were everywhere. Great northern divers were winging their way overhead. Here and there on the banks we could see the smoke of a fisherman's or trapper's fire. As we rowed the Indian said, "Can you tell me the meaning of the verse of Scripture which says: 'Some men's sins are open going beforehand to judgment, and some men they follow after?"

"Yes," I replied, "there are certain sins—murder, adultery, drunkenness, lying, and the like, which all the world condemns. They are open; they go beforehand and precede the sinner. But other sins—hypocrisy and such secret sins as men commit unknown to their fellows—are not like these. They follow the sinner as a sleuth hound follows its prey, until eventually, when breath is spent and life is gone, they meet before the Judgment throne."

Some bread, eight or nine days old, was all the provisions which we had in the boat, and there was little or no prospect of getting more until we arrived at the end of our journey. We hardly knew when that would be. "It depends," said the Indian, "on the wind, whether we shall get as far as my house tonight, or whether we shall draw up the boat on one of the islands and sleep under it." This was a statement which I was thankful not to have to put to the proof, for at ten o'clock, hungry and wet—for the last four hours it had been raining steadily—we came to a small house by the water side, up a little creek, and our journey was over; we had reached the Indian's home. In the house all were fast asleep, but they were not long in getting up and letting us in. The children wondered who the stranger was their father had brought with him. Soon I had a change of clothes and a cup of tea.

But where were we all to sleep? As far as I could see there was only one bedroom, and as I did not want to deprive anyone of his own bed, I suggested that a place on the kitchen floor would suit me very well. This, however, would not do. They would listen to no protests against my taking the bed which the mother and children had not long before vacated. Perhaps I did not require much pressing, but in any case it was not long before I had crept in under a mosquito net and was fast asleep.

Next day across the waters of Invertoke I caught sight in the distance of a large schooner. Great was the excitement among the people of the few little houses which the daylight revealed near the Indian's cottage, as to what that beautiful craft was that was coming up with all sails spread towards the head of their bay. I thought that I could enlighten them and I did. In that wilderness where I had been for a few weeks doing the work of an evangelist, the Reverend Frank Colley was now due; and that schooner was none other than the *Sapper,* the trim yacht owned by the Reverend Joseph J. Curling, one of the Newfoundland clergy, who was bringing Mr. Colley to his destination. Mr. Curling, a man of large wealth, had been an officer in the Royal Engineers, who, seeing the heroic labors of the clergy of Newfoundland, had dedicated himself and his great wealth to the Church and had entered her ministry. He was now priest of the Bay of Islands and Rural Dean of the Strait of Belle Isle. It has been the good fortune of the diocese of Newfoundland to attract many men of wealth, learning, and high social position, and Mr. Curling was one of these—one, moreover, of the very best.

The yacht was heading for the Hudson Bay Post at Rigoulette, three or four miles from where I was

then standing. Calling to a fisherman for a boat I started off in the same direction, but the *Sapper* beat me in the race, and when I got there, the beautiful yacht lay at anchor in front of the Hudson Bay post.

The agent, a Mr. Fortescue, was about to return to England, having resigned his position—I think largely under the influence of his wife, a very cultured woman, a daughter of a Dean of Chichester, who, little knowing what a Hudson Bay post was like, had brought her piano and other accompaniments of civilization to Rigoulette when, two years before, she had come as a bride. All around were the houses of the Esquimaux and the Indians, furriers, trappers, and fishermen. Afterwards I visited Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue in their lovely home near Torquay, Devon.

A day or two later we left Mr. Colley in charge of his parish—most of the upper part of the Labrador shore—and I sailed away in the *Sapper* with Mr. Curling as far as Battle Harbour, where I caught a steamer to Heart's Content. Afterwards Mr. Colley made his headquarters at Cartwright at the head of Sandwich Bay. Soon afterwards another priest of our Church, the heroic Stewart, took up work still further north, settling down at Ungava within the Arctic Circle.

All this took place exactly forty years ago. But even years before, the Church had been doing great things for Labrador. The bishops of Newfoundland, who were also bishops of Labrador, had from time to time called for workers on that shore, and devout men hearing that call at various times and in various places, had responded to it, sacrificing much to do so. In 1847 a Mr. Gifford settled at Forteau, the first of many missionaries to brave the winters of Arctic Labrador from that time on. Also the Reverend H. P. Disney had given up an Irish parish to settle down as a missioner at

St. Francis' Harbour on the Labrador. Then later "good Mr. Hutchinson" gave up his parish of Malvern Links, Warwickshire, one of the most attractive parishes in all England, to go out to Battle Harbour, where, at his own expense, he had built a church, and where for nine long years, amid great hardships, he lovingly ministered to a poverty-stricken people. Meanwhile Bishop Field, during his thirty-two years as chief shepherd in these parts, never failed to include in his regular visitations this Labrador shore, going in and out among the coves and inlets till the whole coast had been systematically visited by himself and his chaplain, and the missionaries strengthened and encouraged by the presence and the interest of their bishop.

On one of these visitations Bishop Field came to a tilt where a woman lay dying with three children crying beside her. She was an Esquimaux whose husband, a white man, had left her. Would the bishop close her eyes and give her Christian burial and see to the future of her helpless children? He would. After burying the woman, he took the three children back to St. John's, placed them in his orphanage, and trained them to Christian manhood and womanhood. One of these children he baptized by the name of Simon. His surname was Gibbons. At school Simon showed himself to be a boy of exceptional ability, outdistancing all his companions. Before he was twelve he had mastered the best works in Latin and Greek. He was also a finished speaker and, withal, a remarkable personality. He was ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Field and his praise was in all the churches. Few men that I have ever heard had the ability to speak as he spoke. He was equally at home on the platform and in the pulpit. Once in my hearing at a moment's notice he made an extempore address at one of our Church Congresses

here in Washington. We were sitting together hearing the appointed speeches and papers, when the Secretary, seeing him in the hall, came down from the platform and asked him to come up to the platform and say a few words to help out the speakers, who (the secretary didn't say just this) were dry as dust!

The moment he began to speak, Gibbons held his audience enraptured to the end. It was a speech of nearly three-quarters of an hour, full of pathos and of humor. When he had finished no man would have been willing to follow him.

He died early, as Esquimaux often do. On the night he died, so I was told by one who was in his house at the time, he said, "The Arabs have a saying that death is the kiss of God; I am very weary and I wish that I could have that kiss tonight." I believe that death to him was the kiss of God.

When Bishop Field was laid to rest he was followed by Bishop Kelly, who was soon obliged to resign the bishopric, being unable to stand the rough sea voyages and the privations of the life of a bishop of Newfoundland. Bishop Llewellyn Jones, who followed, remained faithful to Newfoundland for forty years, though he, as indeed Bishop Field also, was offered preferment elsewhere. He too remembered Labrador, and he also saw to it that those lonely settlers on that bleak shore and the many fishermen there for a summer only were not neglected.

Then as years went by there came to the diocese of Newfoundland, which had been so long cared for by the Anglican clergy (and not the Anglican only, for the Roman Catholic Church and the Methodist denomination had done their parts nobly), a doctor—Wilfred T. Grenfell, who had been working among the fishermen of the North Sea off the eastern coast of Eng-

land. He was supposed to be seeking similar work among the deep-sea fishermen along the "banks." If so, he soon found that work in the North Sea was one thing, and that on the Newfoundland "banks" quite another. On the "banks" perpetual fog reigns and the hoarse foghorns of passing liners are ever shrieking out their warning of unseen danger. Presently Dr. Grenfell settled at St. Anthony on the Newfoundland Coast. There, with the aid of funds generously contributed as the result of incessant lectures and advertising, he built a small hospital. Afterwards as funds came in he established other small hospitals too, one on the Labrador shore. But for a long time he was confined in his work to St. Anthony, many miles from the Labrador, although even there he seemed to many to be more of a summer visitor than anything else. But herein is a marvelous thing. The world today knows nothing whatever of Hutchinson and Disney, of Quinton and Colley; or what is stranger still, of Joseph J. Curling, who gave up his commission in the British Navy to toil at his own expense as a missionary on the most deserted part of the Newfoundland shores; the man who on the day of his ordination said to the bishop, "Send me to the most desolate spot you have"; and who was thus sent to the Bay of Islands, where for sixteen years he toiled, devoting himself and his wealth to the work! and strangest fact of all, the world knows nothing of Edward Field and Llewellyn Jones, who in the spirit of the first apostles labored to the day of their death at their appointed posts. But the world knows all about the comparatively small undertakings of Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D., for which others paid very generously. The work he did and is doing is excellent of course; all such work is; no one would wish to disparage it. But neither, on the other hand, should one

wish to exaggerate it, particularly at the cost of others who have done far greater things and even made his own work possible.

But great is advertising, especially when your press agent and your camera are always on the job and all other work in the same field is studiously ignored. And concerning all this work done by the Anglican and the Roman Churches there has been a silence, complete, thorough, death-like.[2] One would suppose from all that one reads in any literature connected with Grenfell's work, that Grenfell was Newfoundland and Labrador's only apostle. Listen to this: it is a quotation from a book by Fullerton L. Waldo entitled *With Grenfell on the Labrador*. But why Labrador? Grenfell's work, for the most part, was far away, in Newfoundland.

"If, to quote old Jacques Cartier, 'Labrador is the land God gave Cain' then surely it is the country that Grenfell returned to God."

Why do men write books on subjects of which they know little or nothing?

Sometime ago I wrote to a prominent man in St. John's, a native Newfoundlander, a man who knows his own country well, and Labrador almost as well, asking him to give me a fair, impartial and candid statement about Grenfell and his work. I told him in

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[2] Some years ago Dr. Grenfell was announced to deliver a lecture on Labrador in a Washington Congregational church. I went to that lecture not for the purpose of learning anything about Labrador from Grenfell, for I believed I knew rather more about it than he did himself, but for the sole purpose of hearing with my own ears whether he would acknowledge what others were doing. Never once did he so much as hint that there had ever been a missionary or philanthropist on Labrador except himself. He showed us Battle Harbour. There in the midst of the little town I could see the church "good Mr. Hutchinson" had built, for it showed up bravely. In it I myself had preached nightly for a week. Yet all he showed with his lecturer's stick was a small hospital he had recently built, and all he described was that. It was a sad confirmation of what I had often heard but could scarcely believe.

my letter that people here associate Grenfell with Labrador and know nothing whatever of all those who made Labrador a Christian land long before Grenfell was born. And this is what he wrote in reply:

"I am afraid that it will be very difficult to persuade the American public that the Church has ever done anything for Labrador. Our clergy, who have given their lives to that coast, have preached the Gospel and built small churches and schools. They have not had the money to build hospitals, run steamers, stores, etc., or employ scores of wealthy holiday-makers in social efforts.

"As far as I can judge, Grenfell has never spent a winter on the Labrador. Every summer he cruises along the coast visiting the hospitals, attending to patients who are brought to him from the fishing schooners; but most of his time is spent, not on the Labrador, but at St. Anthony where he has a hospital, a school, an orphanage, etc., and a large staff augmented in the summer by visitors from American colleges on holiday.

"He has undoubtedly done a great deal for the people who can avail themselves of the facilities supplied by his hospitals and the specialists who visit them from time to time.

"Some of the children in the St. Anthony Orphanage come from Labrador. I know of only one doctor wintering on Labrador. There are probably a few nurses at the hospitals up and down the coast.

"I do not believe Grenfell does any preaching worth while; but in his view ministering to men's bodily wants is practically the sole content of the Gospel. It is moreover popular, and can command practically unlimited cash. It is in this case run on undenominational lines, and this makes it more popular still."

On my last visit to Newfoundland the Synod of the diocese was holding its biennial session. I asked the privilege of speaking to the Synod on the subject of what the members of the Synod owed to themselves and to those who had gone before them in the service of Newfoundland and Labrador. I told them that where I lived the only name ever heard was that of Dr. Grenfell.

But considering the long line of confessors and martyrs who had made those countries Christian, and who in addition to spiritual teaching and secular knowledge had given them medical help—for long experience had given many of those missionaries a fair knowledge of medicine—that I thought they ought to speak out and tell the whole world it was not Wilfred T. Grenfell, but the Church of God to which all Newfoundland and Labrador was deeply indebted. And that in comparison with what the Church had done and was then doing, Grenfell's work was but as a bucket in the ocean. There were seventy or more clergy listening to me and an equal number of laymen, many of them prominent in the Government and in the mercantile life of the colony. Yet from all those men I heard not one dissenting opinion expressed either then or at any other time. Evidently I had put into words the thoughts of their hearts. Quite a number thanked me for telling the truth which, as they expressed it, needed telling.

One word more. No reference to Christian work on Labrador can possibly be complete without due acknowledgment is made of the wonderful work that the Moravian missionaries are doing in the far north. I have always regretted that when on the Labrador I did not visit their settlements at Nain, Hebron, and Hopedale. Probably there are no communities in the world where the old patriarchal life is still observed as it is in those interesting settlements. Religion there is the dominant note. All life is fashioned upon it. The Biblical names of the settlements themselves are but the keynote to the kind of life which the Esquimaux are leading under the earnest and faithful teaching of the Moravian missionaries. It would be ungrateful—almost an unpardonable thing in any review of Chris-

tian work done on Labrador—to say nothing whatever about this fascinating work, all unknown as it is to the world, which goes on day by day in these Moravian villages on the distant, bleak, and rocky coast of Labrador.

CHAPTER VI

Perils in the Wilderness: Perils in the Sea

Dangers of land travel in Newfoundland.
Berry pickers lost.
Hardships daily lot of clergy.
Bishop Spencer.
A struggle for life.
A second experience.
Dangers of the sea—prayer for those at sea.
Interminable delays.
Picturesque description.
A laughable incident.
Trip on H.M.S. *Druid*.

DUE to climatic and geographical conditions, nowhere in the world have the clergy of the Church greater physical difficulties to contend with in the discharge of their pastoral duties than in Newfoundland. Like St. Paul they can say that they are "in perils in the wilderness; in perils in the sea." Moreover, apart from the dangers that beset them in crossing the arms of the sea or journeying over some spur or headland separating one village or hamlet from another, theirs is a life of constant hardship.

The first Bishop of Newfoundland, Dr. Aubrey George Spencer, a grandson of the second Duke of Marlborough, on being appointed to the bishopric of

Jamaica, wrote this about the qualities necessary for the work of a priest or bishop in Newfoundland:

> "He must have strength of constitution to support him under a climate as rigorous as that of Iceland, a stomach insensible to the attacks of sea sickness, pedestrian powers beyond those of an Irish gossoon, and an ability to rest occasionally on the bed of a fisherman or the hard boards in a woodman's tilt."

Bishop Spencer, in this matter, was a very competent witness, for he alone of the first four bishops of Newfoundland had himself been a missionary in the diocese, having ministered in three missions of varying degrees of hardship.

When I lived in Newfoundland its population was about 200,000—less than the population of a fair-sized city among ourselves. These 200,000 dwelt on the coast. If you went a few miles inland you were in "no man's land." If, journeying, you lost your way and wandered from the beaten track, there was none to help you to find it again; you found it yourself or died. During my rectorship of Heart's Content a tragic illustration of this occurred. I had been to Harbour Grace, and returning across "the barrens," I met a number of men and boys who asked if I had seen anything of four women who had left their homes the day before to pick berries and had not returned. Unhappily I had seen nothing of them and for days search parties went out. At last they found the lifeless bodies of three of them; the fourth they were just in time to save. This was by no means an uncommon occurrence. Not infrequently an item in the local papers would bear the ominous heading: "Lost in the Woods."

The clergy, as a matter of daily duty, were often called upon to face risks of this kind. In the summertime the risk was not great, but in winter it was very

real and ever present. A man might start from one town to another a few miles off, and a storm would come on which would effectually prevent his ever getting there. He would be lucky if he could get back to his starting point.

It was in January, 1881, three months after I became rector of Heart's Content, that a meeting of the clergy was to take place at Harbour Grace, at which I was expected early in the day. I left Heart's Content with horse and sleigh expecting to arrive in ample time for the meeting. But the "barrens" were covered with newly fallen snow which, here and there, driven by the wind, had formed huge and impassable drifts. After battling with these drifts all morning and covering but three miles of my journey, due to the horse constantly sinking deep into the snow, I turned back, had something to eat, and then sallied forth to see if I couldn't get a team of dogs and make another start. This I did, and started off again, but the precise value of travelling with dogs harnessed to a primitive looking sleigh known as a catamaran, or, locally, "cat," which looked for all the world like an Irish jaunting car without wheels, I had not then discovered. But I soon knew all about it. The dogs went no faster than I could walk. After we had gone about half a mile I enquired of the driver, who was none other than Long Charlie, of Christmas decoration fame, if that was the best they could do.

"Yes," he replied, "until we get to the hard snow."

"Then you had better go back, for there is no hard snow ahead and I can walk quicker than this myself."

"But you are not going to cross country by yourself at this time of the evening!" exclaimed Long Charlie. "There is a storm coming on and you don't know either our climate or our country."

"Oh, that's all very well," I jauntily replied. "I'm a pretty good walker and I can make the journey to Harbour Grace all right." So we parted.

Then I tramped on alone until I reached the place where I had turned back in the morning; then on until I had nearly reached the top of the last long hill which lay between me and the "barrens"—the open wilderness—where the trees were stunted and dwarfed and great banners of lichen hung from their shrivelled boughs. But there still lay before me four miles of this desolate country over which few would travel on foot even in the day time when a storm was brewing. And now the snow began to fall, and soon it was drifting in all directions, blinding and stifling. Clearly I had made a mistake in persisting in my effort, but realizing a mistake doesn't undo it. Presently with the snow came the darkness, and I was thoroughly tired out with my tramp, for I had been battling with the snow since early morning, and it was now eventide, and I found myself wondering whether I could possibly reach the Half-Way House. This Half-Way House is a sort of St. Bernard Hospice, built by the Government to save the lives of travellers caught in the storms; but unlike the Hospice, the Half-Way House had no dogs to hunt for travellers lying out in the snow, and I was not at all likely to meet anyone in those solitudes. Therefore everything depended on my own strength to hold out and cover the distance to safety. I knew all this very well, and hence I was balancing in my mind the probabilities of my being able to reach the shelter beyond. But one thing I did know; that it would never do to sit down and take a rest, for he who rests in the snow wakes no more.

Soon the road itself faded away in the darkness, but fortunately for me, and for other travellers too,

the Government had erected at intervals of ten feet long poles to mark the road. Yet had the snow continued as it had begun, it would have been quite impossible to see those poles, and even as it was I frequently found myself wandering off the road, and then, not seeing the poles, had to retrace my steps to the starting point. Presently the snow changed to sleet and hail, and the air cleared considerably, so that the poles, which had been rapidly becoming useless as guide posts, could now be seen against the lighter sky. Meanwhile I had become as an ice man or an old warrior in his coat of mail, and had begun to drag wearily one foot after the other, and, more seriously than ever, was I speculating as to just how long I could keep going, when suddenly in the air I saw a burning brand of fire, accompanied by sparks, and I knew that that brand was what the country people called a "flanker," a brand flung up out of the wood stove caused by "firing up." In another five minutes I was at the door of the Half-Way House, and Charlie George and his wife were opening the door. Seeing me standing there, they could hardly have been more astonished had I been a visitor from another world!

Back in Heart's Content, Long Charlie was hearing some very plain talk about leaving me to go on alone.

"I did my best to stop him," he exclaimed, "but he wouldn't be persuaded or listen to reason. He's one of those Englishmen who will have his own way even if it costs him his life."

There was in Heart's Content at that time an old man whom everybody respected and loved, known as "The Skipper." Worried beyond expression, before dawn of the next morning the "Skipper" was taking

practical steps to save the life of the parson. Calling a couple of his men, he said, "Here Jonathan! Here William! Take this kettle and fire wood, these matches and some tea, and go into the country and look for the parson's body. You'll find it somewhere between here and the Half-Way House. Then make a fire and try to bring life into it again!"

Off they started, and they told me afterwards how they followed my tracks. Wherever I left the road, they did the same; whenever I retraced my steps, they did likewise. Where I went straight on, they did the same, and finally they reached the Half-Way House only to find that I had spent the night there and had just gone on my way rejoicing.

That was not the last time I faced uninviting journeys, not unattended by similar risks, across that wind-swept plateau, but I learned to reduce those journeys to a minimum during the winter months at any rate. On one occasion I set out to reach St. John's, hoping to take the steamer at Harbour Grace, but ice in Conception Bay and snow on land forbade my either going forward or backward. And in Harbour Grace I remained a prisoner for a fortnight, until at last I walked home again with just so much time lost.

A couple of years later, again in the month of January, I had promised to address a meeting in Harbour Grace. My wife wished to accompany me, and so, the day before the meeting, we started. For some three or four miles we were able to travel in our sleigh, but soon that method of travel became impossible and we abandoned the sleigh and trusted to our feet. For miles we tramped on through the snow until, tired out, we reached the Half-Way House, which again proved a good friend. During the night a heavy snow fell, and travelling in consequence was more than ever difficult.

Seven miles in front of us was the town of Carbonear, and Charlie George went before us to break the untrodden snow. I followed him carefully, treading in his tracks, and my wife followed me as carefully, treading in mine. Thus in Indian file we tramped on at the rate of about two miles an hour.

After four hours we reached Carbonear, where we were most hospitably entertained by the rector and his good wife, who bade us linger longer, and even told us it was our duty to do so for there were abundant signs of a coming storm. But again I was not to be persuaded, and sallying forth into the town, I hired a horse and sleigh to finish the journey to Harbour Grace. Then we left our hospitable host and hostess.

But we never reached Harbour Grace. Just as soon as we were outside of Carbonear, the sky rapidly darkened, and the whirling, powder-like snow came down as if from some gigantic pepperbox, and black night settled down upon us. We could not even see our horse! Barely could we hear ourselves speak. The roaring of the storm was something fearful! In five minutes we must have perished where we sat had we not been well wrapped in rugs and furs. The driver asked if he hadn't better turn back, which just then I was thinking was the wisest thing to do, when a horse and sleigh loomed out of the darkness close beside us, and we caught the words of the passing driver as he shouted; "You can't get through; the roads are blocked! The snowdrifts are fearful!"

Then I bade the driver turn his horses and take us back to the town. Doing so I very fortunately noticed the way the wind was driving, for as he turned, I knew that he had not turned sufficiently. The wind, which had been dead in front of us before, should now have been dead behind us. But it was not. He thought

I was wrong, but I knew better and insisted upon his obeying the order. It was well he did so, for in a few minutes we reached the welcome shelter of the town; otherwise we were heading straight for the open sea, where was the drift ice extending seaward miles from the shore!

For three days we were close prisoners in the rectory; none came in and none went out. The burial of a child, which had been arranged for that afternoon, was not held for three days, and the corpse, brought from the house, lay unburied within one hundred yards of the church until the storm had spent itself. We had had a somewhat narrow escape. Whenever afterwards I heard of strong men being lost out in the snow, as was the Reverend Mr. Boland, sometimes so near their dwellings that voices from those within could have guided them home, I had no difficulty in understanding how such things could be.

From the fact that Newfoundland is an island largely indented with bays and coves and cut up with mighty rivers, the work of the Newfoundland clergy requires them to travel more on the water than on the land, and since that water is often the Atlantic Ocean, the dangers are very great. This was forcibly brought home to me at the first service I ever attended in the colony. There was then used a special prayer for those at sea. In the English Prayer Book, save for the clause in the Litany on behalf of those who travel by land or water, there was no such prayer, and yet England is before all things a maritime country! Some of the best loved clergy have lost their lives travelling in boats from one part to another of their large parishes or missions. Thus died W. W. LeGallais; thus died William How. But, generally speaking, such risks were reduced to a minimum by the clergy doing much of their travel-

ling in the summertime. However, even then, if the risks were less, the delays were endless.

Some years ago, an English nobleman, Earl Dunraven, visited Newfoundland, and afterwards wrote an account of his visit in the *Nineteenth Century*. It probably was exaggerated and overdrawn, but at any rate it was typical of Newfoundland conditions of travel. Here is the paragraph, which is humorously descriptive, but undoubtedly it was anything but humorous to the traveller himself:

"I remember," said the earl, "we called in at some place or other—I forgot the name—on our way back to St. John's, and a clergyman came on board asking for a passage.

" 'I understand,' he said, 'that you are bound round the north end of the island to Halifax. It is rather out of my way to go there, it is true, for my destination is a few miles south of this; but I have been waiting here till I am sick and tired of it for a chance of a lift down the coast, and I shall be truly obliged to you if you will take me to Halifax, where I can get the fortnightly Allan steamer to St. John's, which will be better, at any rate, than waiting here indefinitely!'

"We replied that we were bound for St. John's and not for Halifax as he had supposed, and that we should be delighted to take him on board.

" 'Oh,' he cried joyfully; 'that is charming; it will suit me much better of course to go straight to St. John's. I have been wandering about for weeks and weeks trying to get to my parish, which is not far from here. I was staying in St. John's on a visit to some friends, when I received a message saying that one of my parishioners was dead and required to be buried. As the necessities of the case were pressing, I took my passage in the coasting steamer that left the following morning and might have arrived at my destination the same night. Unfortunately, however, a strong off-shore breeze sprang up, and the steamer, being unable to call in, carried me some distance up the coast to the next stopping place. Then I was delayed some days till I got a lift in a fishing schooner, but she was driven by stress of weather into a little harbour where no steamers called, and eventually went off in a direction that did not suit me at all! The same bad luck has pursued me all

along, and I have been wandering about ever since, taking every opportunity offered me by passing coasting craft or fishing boats; sometimes being carried away, sometimes getting pretty near, but never succeeding in actually reaching my journey's end. As the season is getting late and winter will soon be upon us, I made up my mind to abandon the attempt for the present and go round with you to Halifax, if you would take me, and so back to St. John's to finish my visit; for it is now a couple of months since my services were required.'

"We were much more astonished than was our guest at the extraordinary delays and troubles to which he had been subjected, but after becoming a little better acquainted with Newfoundland, we perceived that there was nothing so very unusual in his misfortunes after all."

There was, as I have said, nothing amusing about all this to the traveller, but here is a case distinctly amusing, which happened to the rector of a nearby parish. The clergyman to whom it occurred—the Reverend Robert H. Taylor, D.D.—was one of those men whose appointments were always most scrupulously kept, be the weather what it might. He was afterward the rector of St. Thomas' Church, Homestead, Baltimore, Maryland.

Late one winter evening he was returning homewards on foot from a distant part of his parish. Snow had fallen, and it was "over the fences" as the Newfoundlanders express it when much snow has fallen. In this instance it was over the houses—at least it was over one inhabited by a poor widow. Her one-story dwelling, called a "tilt," was not very high it is true, and all unknowing, the rector tramped across its low roof and would have passed on his way without being the wiser, but one step brought him to the capacious opening which did duty for a chimney; in another moment he was down, and like a black spectre or hobgoblin, suddenly appeared before the astonished gaze of the inmate, who, I imagine, if she believed in ghosts, as

most of her class did implicity, gave herself up for lost, believing her hour had come.

Towards the end of my Heart's Content rectorship, H. M. S. *Druid*, Captain Kennedy, R. N., came into the harbour. Inviting me to go on a trip around the coast, I accepted and went. The trip was without mishap of any kind, but two facts stand out in my memory in connection with it.

The *Druid* had just came from Haiti, and Captain Kennedy read to me a report he was going to make to the Lords of the Admiralty in England showing the existence of Voodoo worship in the island; the worship of the snake, with its accompanying sacrifice of the "goat without horns"—a euphemism for a child!

Years afterwards I met in Jamaica a Methodist minister who was then stationed in the island, and he confirmed all that Captain Kennedy had said as to the existence of Voodooism, adding, moreover, that he himself had once been a disguised onlooker on such worship, disguised because, had the natives known he was there, he would not have left that forest alive.

The other memorable fact was that this same Captain Kennedy shortly afterwards went into the interior and ruthlessly slaughtered some two hundred of the caribou. He was evidently proud of his performance for he told it on himself. The Colony thought otherwise, and by legislation enacted shortly afterwards, made such ruthless, wanton slaughter a crime. In this it did well.

CHAPTER VII.

Burned Out.

Rectory burned.
Bringing bad luck.
On S. S. *Egypt.*
Halifax or St. John's?
Fellow-passengers from U. S. A.
Sermon by Dr. Tidball.
Perplexing enthusiasm.
Extreme pessimism.
Calls to Nebraska—Maryland.
Hesitate to accept U. S. rectorship.
St. Paul's, Prince George County, Maryland.

THE 24th of February, 1886, was a wild and stormy day, with snow whirling in all directions. For the first time that winter no evening service could be held. Previously during the winter scarcely any snow had fallen, and that which had fallen had been speedily washed away by heavy showers of rain.

But the blizzard of February 24th seemed bent on making up for lost time. Paths soon hidden, and fences half obliterated, testified to the power of the wind and the quantity of the falling snow. At eleven o'clock we retired to bed, leaving everything, as we supposed, perfectly safe. Doing so, I remarked to my wife that I

dreaded such weather for two reasons: first, because of the dangers to vessels at sea, which the force of the gale might drive ashore; and secondly, because of the greater risk than at other times there was of fire.

Alas, in our own house the truth of my words was soon to be demonstrated! We had been asleep about four hours when my wife thought she heard a cry from our little boy, who slept in his crib in the same room. He was, however, quietly sleeping, and she was about to return to bed when she thought she observed a smell as of something burning, and asked me if I noticed anything. No, I smelt nothing of the kind; but not convinced, she opened the bed room door, and then indeed it was plain that something was wrong. She could hear crackling.

I ran downstairs and immediately saw that the house was on fire. Thin clouds of smoke were issuing from the room where we had spent the evening, and a bright light was shining beneath the door. With a forlorn hope I opened the door. It was plainly too late to think either of saving the house or even anything in it. Our lives were all that we could possibly save, for when once a fire breaks out in a wooden house, especially an old and dry one, it burns with terrible rapidity.

Returning to the bedroom where my wife was waiting anxiously for news, I could only tell her there was no time to lose and that we were even then over a room enveloped in flame and smoke. Wrapping blankets around us, and throwing a warm fur coat over our little boy, and awakening the servants, we went out into the night and the blinding snow.

But where were we to go? The drive, a fence on both sides, leading from the house to the main road some hundred yards distant, was packed with snow,

and any attempt to make our way through would be useless. Our stable, however, lay at no great distance, and for this we made as a place of refuge. Here I left everyone while I went into the church to ring the bell for help. But fast frozen was the door, and no strength of mine availed to open it.

I had neither shoes nor stockings on my feet, but feeling that I must by all means get into the church, and remembering that there was a door on the other side of the church sheltered from the wind and driving snow, I reached that door and finally the place where I could ring the bell.

But the roar of the wind quite drowned the sound, and seeing that it was useless to stay there longer, I returned to the stable. That, too, was threatened now, for the flames were now breaking through the house itself. Nothing else to be done, we started to cross our large garden and so to reach the road which ran in front of our house. At the bottom of this garden there was a board fence eight feet high; yet somehow we climbed that fence; but in our efforts to get over it our little boy nearly fell out of his cloak, and feeling the wind, he exclaimed, "All coldy, all coldy."

At length we reached the house of one of my people, and aroused them by long and repeated knockings at their door. Everything was there done for us and the alarm of fire given. But now indeed there was no need to cry for help. The rising flames were shedding a bright light all around, and burning pieces of wood and paper were whirling in all directions, evidence enough from one end of the town to the other to all who were not fast asleep, that a big fire was raging somewhere near.

In many cases so bright was the light that it awakened the sleepers. "Oh, John, we are all gone!" shouted

in alarm one woman to her husband. A boy cried out to his father, "Father, the house is on fire!" and then finding that it was not his father's house that was burning, cried out again, "No, it is the harbour!" meaning thereby all the houses in the town. And yet this was a quarter of a mile away from the rectory!

Soon men were found pouring in from all directions. The fire was soon at its height. Forty minutes more and it had burned itself out, leaving us without a home and even without clothing. Everything we possessed and prized was gone.

How the fire originated was a mystery, but the house was old and the chimneys badly built, and it is supposed that sparks, lodged in the chimney when we went to bed, were afterwards fanned into a flame, and that this in some way set the place on fire.

Though heavy losers by this accident, we were most thankful that our lives were spared from the very real danger which had threatened them. Beyond some trifling frost burns in the hands and feet, we suffered no physical ill effects from exposure in what was admitted to have been the wildest night in the winter of 1885-6 as Newfoundland experienced it.

The following incident is for the benefit of those who are interested in superstitions. About a week before the rectory was burned to the ground, a strange, gaunt dog came up our drive, and sitting on his haunches, looked at the rectory and then began to howl dolefully. Dr. Anderson, our physician, and I, were chatting together a few feet from where the dog was sitting. We both gazed in wonder at the strange hound. Then the doctor picked up a stone and threw it at the dog, saying, "Get away! You'll bring bad luck to the house!" I laughed and said, "Doctor, I hope you are not superstitious." He evidently was; but the dog

calmly trotted away, taking no notice of us or of anything else. After the fire I was never quite able to convince Dr. Anderson that that dog had nothing to do with the fire.

A house in the town was immediately rented by the parish as a rectory, everyone contributing furniture and other necessaries, for Heart's Content having no furniture stores, and, the "ice being in," no boats were going to St. John's, it was the only thing to do. Then for a time things went on as before save that a catastrophe of that kind leaves you timid about fire. It was therefore quite as a matter of course that about two or three o'clock in the morning my wife would tell me every night that she heard crackling; or that she smelled smoke. On my part I needed no second invitation to make a thorough investigation as promptly as possible. But this, after all, was not a pleasant midnight duty in an unheated wooden house in Newfoundland, and I began to think I had better cast my lot where they had no fires to fear. In the meantime, as our nerves were somewhat on the ragged edge—to be turned out of house and home at midnight in a Newfoundland winter with a furious blizzard raging is an experience apt to produce that condition—I deemed it best to take a trip abroad, and presently we were all on the ocean bound for England.

After some months in England, and the time being at hand, for it was now September, for me to return to Newfoundland, I set about securing a passage. But as I went from one steamship office to another and met the same response in every case—"Not a stateroom vacant; not even a berth,"—I began to despair of getting any passage at all. It was the year of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, and London was packed with people all due to return at the same time. At last the

agents of the National Line—since gone out of existence—said that, due to the many applications they had had, they were contemplating fitting up their steamer *Egypt,* which had been laid up in dock for some time, and if they should do so they would give me passage. In a few days they notified me that I could have a berth. They had temporarily fitted up a large number of "staterooms"—save the mark!—that looked like cattle pens, each with four berths in a room, at first-class saloon prices. However, necessity knows no law, and on September 15th I was on board sailing for New York.

The *Egypt* was a steamer 444 feet long and 4,000-odd tons. She carried 270 "saloon" passengers; 120 intermediate; and over 400 steerage. All were anticipating a speedy run to New York; but in this we were doomed to disappointment.

On Sunday, the 18th instant, while steaming at the rate of thirteen knots, and when about five hundred miles this side of Queenstown, the engine suddenly stopped and the ship was brought almost to a standstill. The ladies, of whom there were a goodly number on board, were much frightened, but their fears subsided when it was made known that nothing to cause immediate danger had occurred. The after crank-shaft was fractured. This is a steel shaft of about eighteen inches in diameter which, when broken, stops the ship. In the present instance it had not quite broken but had cracked nearly through. As quickly as possible repairs were effected. While these were being made, the ship was under canvas, sailing at the rate of about four miles an hour. After the repairs were completed, the rate of speed was almost ten knots. Whenever wind was favorable, canvas was set. This rate of speed was kept up and all was going well till Saturday morning at

nine o'clock, when a bolt in the cross head on the engine broke and the steamer stopped altogether. However, a new bolt was made and we got off again.

We had now been limping across the Atlantic for about ten or more days, with the sea fortunately as smooth as a mill pond; what would have happened had we had the equinoctial storms usual at that time of the year is impossible to say, for the calm weather lasted throughout the entire voyage.

It was our second Sunday morning out, when the captain called a meeting of the saloon passengers and told us plainly that he could not make New York; it had either to be Halifax or St. John's; and on our enquiring which was the nearer, he replied that St. John's was nearer, and the passengers voted with one voice that we go there. So the vessel's course was turned north and we were presently on the Newfoundland coast at one of its most dangerous points. But the fog was all around us and our progress was very slow. Just after divine service, which I had conducted in the saloon, the captain sent a steward to ask me to come on the bridge. Greatly wondering what the captain could want with me, I went to see him on the bridge. When there he pointed out in the fog a great, black mass of rock which I had not noticed before, and asked me if I thought it was Cape Spear, the most southerly cape at the entrance to the St. John's Narrows. I was confident it was not, for Cape Spear, as its name implies, is in shape like a spear running out into the ocean. But what the headland was I knew not and so told the captain.

"Neither do I know," replied he, "for I have never been on this coast before and I don't expect ever to be again."

We had a thousand people on that steamer, and I

found myself beginning to wish that I was on *terra firma.*

Shortly afterwards a fishing schooner came in sight, and the captain hailed her as to our whereabouts.

"Are we near St. John's?" he shouted.

"No; you're over thirty miles away," was the reply.

"Well, can you come on board and pilot us there?

"What shall I do with my schooner?"

"Tie on behind."

A rope was flung over the side, and in a few minutes we were under the guidance of the schooner's skipper, who, however little he might have been qualified for the position of pilot of a great ocean steamer, had at least the advantage of knowing the coast.

Towards evening we dropped anchor in St. John's Harbour. It was Sunday, and we had heard, at our morning service, a most inspiring sermon from Dr. Thomas A. Tidball, of Philadelphia, afterwards of the University of the South. Climbing down a rope ladder, I was the first to go ashore. These were days when there was little red tape in connection with customs or with immigration or health laws, and while the captain thought that I should be forbidden to land, I knew better. A dozen boats were ready to take anyone ashore, and getting into one of them, I was soon on land and made my way to the bishop's residence. He was at home and greatly surprised to see me. I told him that we had among the passengers five clergymen of the American Church, and that from one of these we had had a great sermon and I felt sure he or one of the others would preach in the Cathedral that evening if the bishop wished. The bishop, greatly pleased, begged me to invite Dr. Tidball or one of the others. As we had fared so well in the morning, I gave the invitation to the preacher, and he again preached the

same sermon to a congregation which entirely filled the great Cathedral. Next day a gentleman stopped me on the street to thank me for the sermon we had had the evening before. As we talked, I noticed that he was almost stone deaf, and I naturally wondered how he could be so enthusiastic about a sermon of which he had evidently not heard a word. I spoke of this to the bishop. At first he was perplexed; then, a smile lighting up his face, he said, "Oh, you see your American friend was very dramatic; we are just the reverse—too much so; it was not what he heard so much as what he saw that pleased him."

But it was more than this: Dr. Tidball, by suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, had preached a sermon which his deaf hearer had understood. Years afterwards I myself went to hear Sarah Bernhardt. She spoke in a language of which I did not understand a word. But all the same she interested me from beginning to end. We Anglo-Saxons pay far too little attention to the power of dramatic expression.

I was doubtless the only person on the *Egypt* delighted at landing in St. John's instead of New York, where eventually she arrived two or three weeks later, after necessary repairs had been made. Never dreaming but that I should be landed in New York, which my ticket called for, I had had visions of getting home via Montreal, Quebec, or Halifax, after the fashion of Lord Dunraven's passenger. But I was well pleased to leave the *Egypt*. Besides it was a piece of extraordinary luck to have had the steamer drop me almost on my own doorstep.

I have made voyages to Newfoundland several times since, but nothing quite so exciting has occurred,

though some trips have produced exciting incidents. I remember a trip with as genuine a pessimist as one could find in many voyages. He was my room mate, a Mr. Newman, a Devonshire merchant who, after the great fire which almost entirely destroyed St. John's, was going to Newfoundland in connection with his burned investments. He was a pleasant and agreeable companion in many ways, but undoubtedly afflicted with pessimism, having the disease in its most distressing form.

Soon after the trip began, I noticed that when getting ready for bed, he did so not by undressing but by dressing. Over his trousers he drew immense boots. A great overcoat followed, and then some kind of helmet which almost hid head and face. When thus equipped, he laid himself down to sleep. I frankly confess that, thinking my companion insane, for two or three days I was somewhat uneasy; also that for the first time in my life I tried the experiment of sleeping with one eye open, as the confined quarters—magnificently described as a "stateroom"—were no place to be shut up with a lunatic! Then, no tragic situation developing, I ventured one night, just as he had fully armed himself for bed and was looking for all the world like a diver about to descend into the ocean's depths, to say; "Mr. Newman, if you will allow a suggestion, you will find it much more comfortable to get ready for bed in the usual way."

Staring at me as one might stare at a ghost, he said with much solemnity; "Possibly; but I have a firm conviction that this boat is going down and I want to be ready."

"Really, that is interesting," I replied; "I hope nothing of the kind will happen; but if you and I are destined to swim for our lives, I prefer my chances to

yours, with all that heavy clothing. Why, you would sink like a stone! In fact you would disappear so quickly that no one would know you had gone."

All to no effect. He stuck to his great boots, his ponderous overcoat, and his wonderful headgear. A few days more and we landed safely. Next day, seeing my friend amid the ruins of some buildings he had owned, and while he was gazing on the destitution caused by the fire, I could not help saying, "Well, that premonition didn't work out." Again there came into his face the look of one seeing a ghost as he replied with much solemnity, "Yes, yes; I was mistaken so far; as you are living on this side of the Atlantic you can afford to laugh; but I have to go back."

Pessimism like that deserves confirmation. He was fully entitled to a shipwreck. Alas, he was the type of a large number of people who are always fearing that something is going to happen; that the bank will fail, or the bridge fall, or the business go into bankruptcy, or that a stray germ striking them in their weakest part will bring their days to an untimely end. "Cowards die many times: brave men but once."

That voyage on the *Egypt* I have since regarded as a very fortunate one. Had it not been for meeting my clerical fellow-passengers on the *Egypt,* I would probably never have been in these United States. For one and all they were most insistent that I should take a parish here. Perhaps I did not need any great persuading, for I had come to the decision while in England that when the rectory at Heart's Content was rebuilt I would cast my lot elsewhere where fires did not threaten one's peace of mind. With this in view I had consulted the bishop and we both thought an Indian chaplaincy the thing; but on enquiry we found I was a few months over age. The clergymen who were on

the *Egypt* with me were the Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, of Racine; the Rev. Wyllys Rede, of Westminster, Maryland; a Mr. Johnson, a great evangelist; Dr. Tidball, and another whose name I forget. On returning to their homes two or three of them were evidently writing letters on my behalf; at any rate, soon afterwards I had calls: one to a church in Omaha, Nebraska; another to Baltimore, and elsewhere. But they came when I was not ready to leave. However, later on came one to St. Paul's Parish, Prince George's County, Maryland, which I did accept.

It came, however, in the month of February, when it was physically impossible to get away. All around the coast, packing the great bays, and far out into the ocean, was the field ice, and we were fast frozen in, and would have to stay where we were until the ice left of its own accord; that is, until it was borne away by a strong breeze off shore. I had, moreover, under preparation, many candidates for confirmation, and did not feel at liberty to go anywhere until they had been presented to the Bishop. Later on when they were confirmed—206 in number—I could then sing my *Nunc Dimittis.* So I accepted the rectorship in Maryland, subject to a delay of three or four months in taking up my new duties. And to this the parish agreed.

The salary at St. Paul's was not large; they were offering but $600 and a house, and I saw myself, like Oliver Goldsmith's parson, "passing rich on forty pounds a year." As I was then receiving nearly three times that, and in a country where a dollar went as far as—well, nowadays, where I live, further than ten dollars; where good servants were to be obtained at two dollars a month and a charwoman was glad to come in at twenty-five cents per day; and where the necessaries of life were to be obtained at an equally

low cost; I could not be charged with having mercenary ideals. Having Newfoundland financial conditions in mind, I wrote in all good faith to the vestry to know if $600 was sufficient to keep a man out of debt with wife, two children, and two servants. They replied that the last rector didn't appear to have had any financial troubles to worry about. But that reply was slightly misleading. My predecessor was enjoying, in addition, the interest on $90,000! But all the same, at no time while rector of St. Paul's Parish did I regret the move. Furthermore, while $600 was all that was paid in money, I never met people who were so generous in every way; chickens, butter, eggs, turkeys, corn, oats, hay, poured in from all quarters. They could not do enough.

On accepting the Maryland parish, one thing gave me no little concern. The few preachers that I had heard from America were workmen who needed not to be ashamed; and, assuming that they were fair samples of their brethren in pulpit ability, I was somewhat afraid that as a preacher I might not satisfy my new parishioners, though I believed that in other matters I had little to fear. But of this more anon.

The closing days of May, 1889, found me waiting in St. John's for an Allan steamer to take my family—six in all: my wife and self, two children, and two servants—from Newfoundland to Maryland.

CHAPTER VIII

Rector of St. Paul's, Prince George's Co., Maryland

On Chesapeake Bay.
Baltimore.
Attend Church service and get erroneous impression.
Representative of vestry arrives.
Leave Brandywine for Aquasco, Maryland.
Another case of being burned out.
Ask for information about my new field.
Mrs. Thomas H. Perrie and President Lincoln.
Welcomed to the rectory.
Searching for Woodville.
First service in the parish church.
A choir incident.
A much-delayed burial service.
Materialistic method of appraising the clergy.
Easy-going Church ways:
Church attendance.
Parish register.
"A great falling away."
First Confirmation service.
Loyalty of parishioners.
First Convention—St. Peter's, Baltimore.
Bishop Paret finds a rector for a nearby parish.
Bishop Claggett Endowment Fund.
The Hipkins case.

AS I was leaving for my new sphere of work in Maryland, I received a letter from an old friend, Reverend John Hammond, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who had once been a rector in Florida but was then living in retirement in Durham, attracted there I think mainly because it was a university town and by the daily services in the cathedral—

> "Half house of God,
> Half castle against the Scot."

It was a letter of congratulation that I had been called to a parish in the United States. "You will enjoy your life there," he said, "and from my own experience I am sure that you will find the people kindness itself. I have always regretted that I did not stay in Florida, but it is too late for me now to return. One thing you will not find, for which you will be thankful; there is no Orange Society there, with its unlovely spirit and its bitter antagonisms."

The Ku Klux Klan was not then in existence.

On Sunday, June the first, we were steaming up Chesapeake Bay on an Allan liner for Baltimore from St. John's, Newfoundland. It was a delightful experience. I have been on Chesapeake Bay many times since, but it never looked more beautiful than it did then. The water was as calm as a mill pond; the air was very clear and balmy; the sun was shining brightly. Well-wooded shores on either side brought to my mind Groswater Bay on far-off Labrador. There was the same great expanse of water like a vast inland sea, together with similar scenes of surpassing beauty.

There was not, however, as in the northern bay, the same sense of solitude on the Chesapeake. On Groswater Bay you saw no living creature save birds of all kinds as they wheeled in the air or sported on the wa-

ters; not a craft of any kind was in sight. One felt almost as if he were the first to break upon that silent sea. On the Chesapeake there were few birds, but an abundance of craft which became more numerous as we approached Baltimore.

Towards evening we landed and found the city in the throes of excitement. A great catastrophe had just happened. Johnstown, Pennsylvania, had been swept away by an overwhelming flood. Boys were crying in the streets the terrible news. The dam above the town, seven hundred feet long and one hundred feet high, which kept back the waters of the South Fork of the Conemaugh River, had broken, precipitating a solid bank of water twenty feet high on a twenty mile rush down the valley, sweeping in its mad course Johnstown and seven other towns and villages to destruction, and hurling to their death between five and six thousand people. And Baltimore was all wrought up.

A letter from the vestry of my new parish, brought on board the steamer from the company's office, suggested the Eutaw House as a suitable hotel; and thither we went to spend our first night ashore. After dinner, leaving my family at the hotel to rest, I walked up Eutaw Street till I came to a church, which I found on inquiry to be Mount Calvary Church. The last service of the day had been held, but I learned that only a stone's throw away was Mount Calvary's Chapel—St. Mary's—for colored people, and this I entered, and finding service just about to begin, remained to worship. The service was of a much more advanced type than I had expected to find. It is common enough now, but at that time copes, red cassocks, incense, and the carrying of lighted candles in solemn procession, were almost as rare as the black gown is in the pulpit today. However, assuming that I had been attending a ser-

vice which was of the usual type in Maryland, I returned to the hotel to give an account of it and to add that apparently the standard of ritual in Maryland was very much higher than we had been accustomed to in Newfoundland, and I wondered what the Long Charlies of Newfoundland would have had to say had they been present. I soon discovered, however, that that particular form of service was not the norm of Maryland worship; that I had been witnessing the exception and not the rule.

On Monday a representative of the vestry arrived to escort us to our new home in Woodville, Prince George's Co. Next day we went to Brandywine on the Pope's Creek line, the nearest station to our destination yet twelve miles from it. At Brandywine two members of the vestry, each with a carriage and double team, were waiting for us—Mr. Thomas H. Perrie and Mr. Frederick Skinner. I had a seat in Mr. Perrie's carriage, and on the way down an amusing incident occurred. My choice of a Maryland parish had been entirely due to the belief that here we should find a tropical climate where fires would not threaten our peace of mind; and for the first two or three days we were in Baltimore, the climate fully satisfied every expectation in this respect. To be sure, the heavy, warm clothing we had on made us all thoroughly uncomfortable, for it was ill-suited to temperature in the higher eighties, yet as it meant no danger of midnight fires, we were all well content.

But as we were driving from the station, I noticed, standing in a field, what appeared in the fading daylight to be two tall monuments, and on inquiring from Mr. Perrie what they were, he replied, "Oh, just two chimneys."

"Chimneys!" I exclaimed, "What—in the middle of a field?"

"Yes, they are the chimneys of a house which once stood there."

"A house? What has become of it?"

"Why, it was burned down some time ago and has never been rebuilt."

"Good gracious, do you have fires down here? I might as well have stayed where I was!"

As I said this, Mr. Perrie, looking as if he thought I was a little "off," quietly asked; "How do you suppose we cook without a fire?"

"With charcoal, of course," I promptly replied; "are you not in the tropics? At any rate I was assured that here you are in the latitude of Madrid."

"No, we are not in the tropics by any means; there are severe winters in this State and good fires are very necessary for warmth."

"I am disappointed to hear that," I said, "but tell me; have you much cold weather? How deep is the ground frozen in winter?"

"Three or four inches."

"Oh," I said, much reassured, "is that all? Where we have come from it is frozen almost that number of feet."

That night we stayed at the "upper end" of the parish. Mr. Perrie was the most influential of the vestrymen, and a very loyal Churchman, and I was glad of the opportunity after dinner of chatting with him about parochial affairs; for coming into the parish a total stranger, I felt that I had much to learn. So I asked him to tell me frankly anything I ought to know, and to give me all the advice and information he could; and this he did in a very helpful way. Among other things I learned that the music of the

church was extremely unsatisfactory; that they really had no choir, although at one time they had had a good one; also that if I could get a Mrs. Turner from Bald Eagle to take charge of the music, all would be well.

Another bit of information which he gave me was to the effect that a certain woman who lived at "the other end" of the parish had been accustomed to run things, which was not at all agreeable to the parishioners. I should explain here that the parish itself covered about sixty square miles; that in the center of it was the parish church, one of those old Colonial churches built of English brick, which abound in Maryland, and that the parish itself was one of the original thirty-one parishes into which the State of Maryland had been divided a couple of hundred years before. The village of Woodville, in which we were to live, was six miles from the parish church, and this was "the other end," and had its own chapel—St. Mary's; also a second chapel, for colored people—St. Philip's. It was in Woodville where the lady in question lived.

Mr. Perrie, in his younger days, being an ardent Southerner, had fought in the Civil War on the Southern side. Early in the War, however, he had been captured by the Northern forces and put in a military prison. Prisons, under any circumstances, are never desirable places of residence, and during a war less so, I suspect, than ever. It therefore came about naturally enough that, due to close confinement and probably also to lack of good food and proper exercise, and, above all, to worry, Mr. Perrie contracted a serious illness and his life was, for a time, in jeopardy. Mrs. Perrie was a cousin of Dr. Charles H. Hall, the influential rector of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington. One of Dr. Hall's pewholders was Edwin M. Stan-

ton, Secretary of War, and a great admirer of Dr. Hall. It was arranged through Mr. Stanton that Mr. Lincoln should receive a deputation on Mr. Perrie's behalf. So, Mrs. Perrie, with other ladies, came to Washington to intercede with Mr. Lincoln for her husband's release. The ladies evidently made a very favorable impression on the President, but he was loath to grant their request, fearing, as he said, that as soon as Mr. Perrie recovered, he would return to the front. Moreover he would be deluged with similar petitions. However, finally he said that he would grant their request, although he "hated to do so and felt as ugly as the devil about it."

"Pardon me, Mr. President," said one of the ladies, "but your looks don't belie you at all." But Mr. Perrie got his release from prison notwithstanding.

Next morning we were on our way to Woodville, and there no reception could have been heartier. Several people were at the rectory to welcome us. The rectory was partly furnished (which was a good thing, for our furniture hadn't then arrived); even the table was laid, ready to serve a meal, which an excellent cook had prepared, while another servant was in the dining room to wait at table and wave over it an immense palm leaf to keep the flies away. Presently our new parishioners left us to ourselves, which gave us an opportunity to become better acquainted with our house and surroundings, and to note with much pleasure and satisfaction that the garden had been planted for us.

There was one thing, however, which was a little puzzling. I had understood that we were to live in a village; but, with the exception of two or three houses and a store, the "village" was not in evidence, and soon I went to look for it, but without success. Return-

ing from quite a walk, I asked one of my new parishioners in which direction the village lay. I then learned that we were in the center of it. So I inferred that a store, a post office, and a few houses hidden in the trees, constituted a Maryland village. A little later on I discovered a "city" some three miles from Woodville, Patuxent City, which had, I think, but one store, a blacksmith shop, and couple of houses, compared with which Woodville was almost a metropolis.

The following Sunday was Whitsunday, and the turn of the parish church to have morning service. Shall I ever forget that service in Maryland, with its crowded church, and roses and other flowers everywhere wherever a flower vase could be placed! The lady who was credited with "running the parish" had kindly offered to drive me to the church. I had accepted her invitation, but mindful of all that my vestryman had told me, just before the sermon I made an announcement something to this effect: That I had come to be their rector; and that while I was a stranger and had much to learn and would be glad to have advice and help from everyone, I should have to insist upon being rector, not in name alone but in fact; and that when I ceased to be so the parish would be vacant. It was just such an address as would have been resented by a "lay pope," that particular one or any other, if one really existed, and from all I had heard I shouldn't have been the least surprised if the parishioner who had driven me up had left me to get home as best I could. Far from this, however, when I entered her carriage she particularly complimented me on my address, saying that some people sadly needed just such a talk as that, and that she felt sure it would do much good! To do her credit I don't think she ever had the slightest idea of running the parish; she was just one of those

enthusiastic people who are at all times willing to help their rector. From that day onwards I never had a particle of trouble in St. Paul's Parish. The people were delightful in every way, and were as loyal as any people could be.

The question of a choir had next to be taken up. I felt it only right to go to the two ladies—mother and daughter—who had been furnishing the music, one playing the organ and the other the singing, to explain to them that changes were in prospect. My wife, I said, was an excellent organist, who had played for years in her home parish church (as a volunteer only), and she would take charge of the organ. They were quite agreeable to the new arrangements; indeed much relieved by it. Early next morning I was driving to Bald Eagle, a distance of some fifteen miles or more, to see Mrs. Turner, of whom I had heard such great things. I found her preparing breakfast, and telling her the object of my early morning visit, asked her to gather together a choir; also that if she could do it before the following Sunday and have a rehearsal I would be delighted, and so would the people.

"I used to sing in the choir," she said, "and would gladly do so again, but I am now married and have a little boy two and a half years old, but have no one I can trust to take care of him."

"Well," I said, "why not bring the boy with you? He could sit by your side."

"Oh, I'm afraid he would annoy you. He is just at the worst age."

"Not at all. I am used to children—Don't give that a second thought."

The result was that Mrs. Turner undertook to form a choir and to have them in place the following Sunday. She was as good as her word, and next Sunday

we had music which would have been a credit to any country church.

But alas! The service had hardly begun before a small boy came toddling up the aisle (I had previously noticed that Mrs. Turner did not have her little son sitting beside her), and seating himself on the floor beside me, proceeded to attract my attention. He tugged at my surplice; looked up into my face; walked around me so as to get a better view of my back; and incidentally did a few acrobatic feats on the chancel floor; then took a rest, but not for long. He was soon at it again. As I had passed my word to Mrs. Turner that her little boy should not worry me, I was determined that not even by any outward sign would I show that I even saw the youngster. But the thoroughly amused and entertained congregation must have thought that I had either the nerves of a statue or the patience of Job.

Happily, at length the little fellow tired himself out, and curling up at my feet, went to sleep, and I was able to finish the service and sermon in peace. Next morning, bright and early, I was off to Bald Eagle again.

"Mrs. Turner," I began as soon as I got into the house, "it will never do. I shall have to call it off. I really can't go through such another experience."

"What won't do—call what off?" she asked with a puzzled expression on her face.

"Our contract. I thought your little boy was going to sit with you, but whoever had charge of him yesterday didn't do a thing and you saw what happened."

"Do you mean that child who was breaking up the service?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why, you don't suppose that was my little boy do you?"

"Of course; to whom else did he belong?"

"No, indeed, my boy was at home. I got my mother to look after him."

"Then whose child was it?"

"I have no idea," she replied, "but you had wonderful patience. I wish I had something like it myself, for Tommy often tries me to the utmost. I have been telling Richard about it (Richard was her husband), for he was at Croome yesterday and could not be at the church."

"Oh, that was the contract," I replied; and then added, I fear with a touch of exaggeration, "but if I hadn't thought he was yours he would have gone through one of the windows."

Whose child that was I never knew, but I am satisfied about one thing; the greater part of that congregation went home saying, "The new rector is certainly not worried by children! What a wonderfully patient man he is. Did you see how his little son behaved?" Among these from that day forward I became a paragon of perfection. Doubtless a mother would often say to her husband, as Mrs. Turner said to hers whenever he was tempted to irritability by the children; "Now John, don't get angry with Jimmie; don't you remember how sweet and amiable our rector was when that little boy gave him so much cause to lose patience? My, if ever there was a saint our rector is one. There's a man who practices what he preaches!"

Thus easily are enviable reputations made.

I had been in Woodville about ten days when a rider on horseback, announcing himself as "Mr. James Wilkinson from Charles County," called at the rectory

and asked my services for a burial. Expressing sympathy with him in needing me for such a purpose, he quickly said, "Oh, the death isn't anything recent."

Amazed, I asked him when it had occurred. He thought about two years ago.

"And is the body not buried yet?" I asked, somewhat alarmed.

"Oh yes, the body is buried" (it was that of a little boy—a nephew of his wife's) "but the funeral has never been preached and my wife and I would both be very glad if you would preach it."

This I promised to do, naming the day and time.

Driving to Charles County to fulfill the engagement, I found Wilkinson, the only mourner, sitting on his horse at a place where two roads forked. He led me along one of the roads till he came to a fence where we had to tie our horses. A climb over the fence followed; then a walk of about half a mile to his private graveyard on the top of a hill crowned with pines. When there Wilkinson seemed surprised at the luxuriant growth of weeds in his graveyard. Entering the jungle, for it was all that, he began a search for the little grave. For some time I could hear him thrashing around but could see nothing. After awhile he appeared and said he was ready to direct me to the little grave. Then putting on my surplice and stole, and following him, I read part of the burial service. As we went back to our horses I thought it advisable to say, "Wilkinson, you were quite right, late as it is, in having me conduct this service for you, but the next time you are unfortunate enough to suffer bereavement you must not let it go so long before calling on the rector, for I am afraid you did not really find the grave."

"By George," was the rather startling but frank

reply, "I am pretty sure we didn't, but whatever you do, please don't tell my wife!"

And this was only some thirty miles from Washington! But then they had had no rector settled in that parish for over two years.

On leaving Newfoundland I had grave doubts, as I have said, as to my ability to satisfy an American congregation as a preacher, and I was soon somewhat startlingly reminded of this old doubt by the sexton of the parish church. It was Sunday morning; the congregation had all dispersed, after what the Scotch people call "the crack in the kirkyard," and I was about to go too when the old sexton—John Holiday by name—came to me and in a very confidential way, as if he were wanting to get something unpleasant off his mind, said, "Boss, I don't think you'll be here very long."

"Why? What's the matter, John?" I asked, mindful of my former misgivings. "Are not the people satisfied?"

"Oh they are satisfied all right," John replied, "but you see you're a two-thousand dollar preacher, and some other parish is going to take you away from us."

I was not then familiar with this materialistic standard of appraising the spiritual value of the clergy. But manifestly so far I had not been a failure. When I had heard a few of my clerical neighbors I understood better why this was.

My first clerical visitors, also, as it happened, the first clergymen whom I had seen in Maryland, were two rectors who had come to hold services in my parish as representatives of what was then called the Convocation of Washington. One was from Washington itself, the other from Prince George's County. The city rector was dull and heavy; the country rector—oh,

how he did shout! Raising his voice to its highest pitch, he would suddenly drop it as if he had been shot. A man outside a circus tent could not have done better work. He had missed his calling. That kind of preaching was then new to me. But I have heard it often since. And sometimes I have heard it from those who ought to know better—regular Boanerges, past-masters of rant and thunder. I suppose that style of preaching has its admirers. Doubtless it suits the gallery all right.

A third visitor was different from either of these. He came at my invitation to preach at a special service on some saint's day. Tall, dignified, grave, he looked the part of a preacher of righteousness. He came early in the day, and soon after his arrival he asked me what kind of a sermon I desired. He had two sermons with him (in manuscript form, in his pocket, he informed me); one was addressed to the saints; the other to the sinners. Which did I prefer?

Pondering a moment, I replied, "Well, this is a week-day, and not many of the sinners will be present. Suppose you preach to the saints."

He did so, but from that time to this, I have wondered what his sermon to the sinners was like, since the saints fared no better than they did.

The parochial work in those southern Maryland parishes seems to have been conducted in a somewhat desultory way. I had extraordinary proof of this shortly after I arrived. It was raining slightly one Sunday morning as I left home for my six-mile drive to the parish. On arriving I found no congregation—not one, save the sexton.

"John," I said in amazement, "is this Sunday, and if not, what day of the week is it!"

"It's Sunday all right, Boss."

"Then where are the people?"

"Why, they didn't come; you see it's raining."

"Well, what of that?"

"Oh, the preachers don't come on rainy days."

On the Sunday following I gave notice that rain or shine it would make no difference; service would be conducted. I understood that the mails were carried on rainy days; I also understood that they planted tobacco on rainy days—in fact that they rather waited for rainy days to do their planting. I considered, however, that the holding of divine service was quite as important as the carrying of the mails or the planting of tobacco. Afterwards my people took me at my word and paid no attention to the weather, though there were times when, in an open road cart, I was nearly washed away by some of the tropical storms of the summertime, and of course their experience was the same as mine.

The registers of the parish furnished another illustration of the easy, go-as-you-please methods which had obtained. It was not uncommon to find records made in pencil. One which struck me very forcibly ran thus: "Married a couple!" Precisely, I thought; are not a couple always necessary to a marriage? But the most striking feature of that register was that it was supposed to record the names of three hundred and eighty-six white communicants and two hundred and seventy-five colored, all in good standing. Long ere this, however, I had begun to have doubts as to whether that number of people were to be found in the county, so I determined to take a census. This was somewhat of an undertaking, for not only did the parish cover some sixty square miles, but it was the easiest thing in the

world to pass by house after house without knowing it —so hidden were they among the trees, and in many cases far from the main road, the approach to which being by what seemed a mere bridle path. It was a condition in which an airplane would have helped immensely.

However, into the highways and hedges I went in search of my flock, until I had covered the entire territory and interviewed, as I believe, every person in the parish whether belonging to this Church, or any other, or to no Church at all. The census showed that I had exactly one hundred and eighty-four white communicants and twelve colored, these last being ministered to by a colored curate who was in the parish before I came. What had become of all the others? There were no others. Apparently it had been a parochial custom to add the names of all new parishioners and to remove none, and as that had been going on for a couple of hundred years, there was quite an accumulation of names which even the local undertakers could not remember. Therefore, with a stroke of the pen I removed the names of all who were not then members of the Church Militant—the Church here on earth. Then, when I made my report to the Convention, I gave the sum total as one hundred and ninety-six communicants in place of six hundred and sixty-one!

This had an odd sequel. A neighboring clergyman, meeting me shortly after the Journal of the Convention had been published, in a sad and weary tone of voice remarked that he had noticed from the Journal that there had been a great falling away in my parish. Now I knew instinctively what was in his mind. He was thinking that, due to the stubbornness which he doubtless supposed to be the natural characteristic of all Englishmen, I had driven some four hundred

people out of my parish, just as a starter. He was a solemn looking individual, this brother clergyman of mine. Tall and slim, with a very thin face, its natural thinness much exaggerated by an excessively long and pointed beard, his whole personal appearance suggested Euclid's definition of a straight line, length without breadth.

"Yes," I replied, falling into his mood, "there has been a great falling away. Very sad, isn't it?"

"It is indeed. How did it happen?"

"Listen, but it is a sad, sad story. You have probably heard of the Presbyterian minister who said there were only two ways of getting out of the Episcopal Church; one was by dying and the other was by being converted. Now, I don't know how effective the conversion way of escaping membership in this Church may be, but it has not been possible for any one by dying to get out of this parish for the last two hundred years. So I have just taken the liberty of removing the names of those parishioners whom even the undertakers could not remember."

I fear the explanation disappointed him, but with it he was apparently satisfied.

The time for the Bishop's annual visit for Confirmation drew nigh. Just before the Confirmation I had a fine illustration of the loyalty of my parishioners, a loyalty which never failed me all the time I was there.

I had notified the girls of the class to be ready with white dresses and veils as they would be required for the service. Outside the Roman Church they had never heard of any such requirement. The Maryland custom had been for the Bishop to come into a parish; conduct regular morning or evening service in the usual

way; and preach a sermon that had nothing whatever to do with Confirmation or with the candidates. Then about the middle of the service he or the rector would bid any candidates for Confirmation who might be present to draw towards the sanctuary while the congregation sang the first two verses of a Confirmation hymn. Then the candidates, starting up like Roderick Dhu's men in the heather, would approach the sanctuary, the girls leaving their hats in the pews behind, and the boys sauntering along with them. Thus, without veils, white dresses, or formality of any kind, the laying on of hands would take place. The Bishop would address a few words to those confirmed, after which the remaining verses of the hymn would be sung and the newly confirmed would return to their places. Then the interrupted service would be continued to its conclusion.

I comtemplated something quite different; but when one of the girls told her father (a member of my vestry—Mr. P. A. Bowen—and one of the finest men there) what I required, he asked in amazement, "Did the rector really say that?"

"Yes, papa."

"What! Wear white veils and white dresses?"

"Yes, papa."

"I never heard of such a thing in our Church; but he's the rector and we must follow his wishes."

The result, however, was that some others previously confirmed who were present came to me afterwards and said, "We don't feel a bit as if we had ever been confirmed. Won't you please arrange a Confirmation like that for us too?"

The first Convention of the diocese that I attended was held in St. Peter's Church, Baltimore. Two fea-

tures of the Convention interested me greatly. First: The exceedingly business-like character of the sessions. One thing followed another with extraordinary rapidity and yet without haste. The Convention was evidently a very methodical, business-like body, doing its work in the best way possible. I could not help contrasting it with the Newfoundland Synod, which dragged along in a leisurely fashion for a week or ten days. It is true they had two years' needs to care for instead of one; but as I saw the despatch of business in the Maryland Convention I realized that the Newfoundland Synod wasted time.

Second: The next thing that interested me was the fact that not a clergyman of them all had on an academic hood. I don't recall having noticed it myself until after one of the clergy said to me, "You are an Englishman, are you not?"

"Yes; what makes you think so?" For I could not acknowledge there was anything strikingly John Bull-like about my appearance.

"Why, you are wearing a hood, and if you will look around, you will see that no one else is. I am an Irishman, a graduate of Trinity, Dublin, and have been accustomed to wear a hood, but as you see I have fallen into the prevailing fashion.

"Well," I replied, "in this matter I expect to continue to follow the usage to which I have been accustomed."

But it certainly did strike me as very curious that in all that gathering of nearly two hundred clergy there was not a single hood to be seen.

It is different now, very different. We have gone from one extreme to the other. But whether the change is for the better I know not. A hood indicates that a man is a graduate of a college or university. But many

now wearing a hood never graduated at any college at all. The result is that hoods are coming to have no meaning whatever, or rather to have a very misleading one.

My habit of wearing a hood at a time when few in our churches had seen a hood or, if they had, knew its significance, was responsible for some amusing mistakes. After a sermon in Christ Church, Washington, on behalf of the Claggett Fund, a woman bustled into the vestry to know whether that which I had on my back was a bag for the carrying away of the offering! Commonly speaking, however, it was recognized as an indication that its wearer was very "High Church."

My people were all Southerners, both in fact and in sympathy. So were all the people of Southern Maryland. A nearby parish had asked Bishop Paret to find them a rector. It was not easy in those days to get rectors for country parishes even at six hundred dollars a year, and the vestry of the parish in question, having tried and failed, had asked the Bishop's aid. What kind of a rector did they want? Well, they wanted a young man, a good preacher, a devout Christian, a ripe scholar, hard worker, one fond of children, a fair musician, a gentleman, and, above all, a Southerner.

Two years afterwards a deputation from the same vestry, in fact the same deputation, was again at the episcopal residence.

"Bishop," said the spokesman, "we are in trouble again. We have lost our rector and want you to find us another."

Said the Bishop, "I suppose just the same kind?"

"Yes; with one exception: this time we don't want a Southerner."

"You don't want a Southerner!" exclaimed the bishop. "I thought that was his most essential qualification."

"Well, bishop, it was; but you see we have had nothing in our pulpit for the last two years but the War, and all about what the South achieved then or how she suffered then. We have been getting it every Sunday morning and evening and we are a little tired of it; so will you please get us a Northerner this time?"

St. Paul's Parish gave to the Church Bishop Claggett, first Bishop of Maryland. His home was there and he had been rector of the parish for years. He was consecrated as bishop in Trinity Church, New York, September 17, 1792. Taking part in that consecration were four bishops of the American Church: Bishop Seabury, consecrated in Aberdeen, Scotland; Bishop White of Pennsylvania, Bishop Provoost of New York, and Bishop James Madison of Virginia, who had all been consecrated in London by the Archbishop of Canterbury. These, uniting in the consecration service, then and there joined together the Scotch and English lines of succession. In commemoration of this notable event I founded the Bishop Claggett Endowment Fund as a memorial of the same, and as an aid in maintaining the work of St. Paul's parish and continuing its vigorous life. When Bishop Claggett became bishop he did not resign his rectorship. He entered instead into a new engagement with the vestry. An agreement was drawn up in very formal style, the terms "said Claggett" and "said vestry" being frequently used, by which the bishop should give the parish Sunday services whenever he was not on episcopal visitations and when his health and the weather permitted. For these services he was to receive all the offerings which were

forthcoming, except a stated sum to be paid the sexton; in other words, their episcopal rector was to have what was left. The bishop's mitre and scarlet hood, for he wore both, are still treasured possessions of his descendants; at least they were when I saw them, much moth eaten, I am sorry to say, some thirty years ago. Nowadays most bishops display their mitres anywhere else than on their heads.

While I was at St. Paul's the celebrated Hipkins Case occurred, which, materially affecting as it did the legal status of Maryland rectors, is of the utmost importance to all the clergy of Maryland and the District of Columbia. The decision in the case was rendered just at the time that I received a call to be Rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore.

CHAPTER IX

The Clergy of Maryland and Washington Under State Law

The Hipkins Case.
Decision of the Court of Appeals.
Vestries chary of using their power.
The Rector of St. John's, Waverly, Baltimore.
The Rector of St. Peter's, Baltimore.
Bishop Paret's loyalty to the clergy of the diocese.
An *ultra vires* Canon.
Bishop Paret, sixth Bishop of Maryland.
His attitude towards division of the diocese.
An instance of Bishop Paret's fair-mindedness.
Some knowledge of law advisable on part of clergy.
American girl and foreign count.
Bishop Hare's costly lawsuit.
A call declined.
Rector of Church of St. Michael and All Angels.

THE case of the Vestry of St. Matthew's Parish, Oakland, Garrett Co., Maryland, vs. the Reverend Frederick S. Hipkins, was tried in the Court of Appeals of Maryland in 1892. This was a case where the vestry of a parish contended that they had the right to dismiss their rector. The rector denied that the vestry had any such right and refused to recognize a notice of dismissal which he had received. The Court's decision in favor of the vestry came as a bolt out of

the blue, radically affecting as it did the rights of tenure of the Episcopal clergy in Maryland and the District of Columbia as once part of Maryland, and conflicting with Church Law under which the clergy held possession of their parishes in every other State or Territory in the country without a single exception.

Mr. Hipkins was, I imagine, a round peg in a square hole. There were no charges against him of a serious nature; it was simply a case of incompatability and the people were anxious for a change. Hence the vestry undertook to dismiss him, and when he paid no attention to their request that he should resign the rectorship, they locked the doors of the parish church against him. Mr. Hipkins forthwith reported this action of the vestry to the bishop and asked for protection under Church Law. The bishop, as he always did, stood by the clergyman. He might be in this case to blame—doubtless he was—but so were the vestry. They had no authority to dismiss their rector and least of all to lock the doors of his church against him. The keys of the church were not legally in their possession but in his. That is the meaning of their delivery by the senior warden into the hands of an incoming rector in the office of Institution of a Rector.

The bishop's statement that the action of the vestry was illegal would have been unimpeachable anywhere else than in Maryland. But in 1798 the Maryland Assembly passed an Act "incorporating the Vestries of the Protestant Episcopal Church and vesting them with full power and authority from time to time to choose ministers to officiate in any Church or Chapel belonging to the parish, for such time as the said vestry may think proper." This Act is still in force in Maryland and the District of Columbia. Hence the Church canon which provides "nor may a rector or

minister be removed therefrom by said parish or vestry against his will," etc. and to which Mr. Hipkins had appealed, had no force, seeing it was in conflict with the Maryland Act.

But Bishop Paret did not know this. I doubt whether there was another bishop who did. But some layman in Garrett County did know it, and hence the trial. Tutored by this legal luminary, the vestry asserted that under the Maryland Act a rector held office precisely as other State officials did, none of whom had a life tenure. And for the protection of their rights under this Act, the vestry had invoked the authority of the State. After a lower court had decided in favor of the rector, the case finally went before the Supreme Court of Maryland, when the judgment was in favor of the vestry.

In giving judgment in favor of the vestry, the Court stated that the dismissed clergyman had a right to know a reasonable time beforehand of an intention to terminate his rectorship. But beyond that he had no ground for complaint. On the other hand, there was nothing to prevent a vestry wishing to do so making a definite contract for a certain period, even for life itself, but, in such cases, the fact must be expressed in the bond; otherwise the contract differed in no way, as the vestry had contended, from other agreements between employed and employer, and could properly end with say three months' notice from date. And such is the law today. There has been little disposition on the part of the laity of our parishes, or the vestries of the same, to take advantage of their authority and power under this Act. But on two or three occasions it has been by no means a dead letter. I recall one case—a very sad one—of a clergyman, the Reverend F. H. Stubbs, who suffered under the operation of this Act.

He was rector of St. John's, Waverly, Baltimore; a married man with a large family. A very much married man I might say, with an unusually large family. He was a widower and had married a widow. He had children and so had she. Presently they had children of their own. One day Mrs. Stubbs called her loving husband to come quickly and pour oil on the troubled waters of a children's quarrel; "Your children," she said, "are quarrelling with my children, and soon they will be quarrelling with our children!"

Mr. Stubbs had been rector of St. John's for many years and was an excellent pastor of blameless life. He was not much of a preacher and the people were not satisfied. So although it is not easy for a man with a large family, past the prime of life, to obtain a new parish, the vestry gave their rector notice to quit at the end of three months, and this he did, having no option to do otherwise.

There was also the case of that brilliant Irishman, Dr. F. W. Clampett. He had been called to St. Peter's to succeed the eloquent Dr. Julius Grammer. It was shortly after the judgment of the Court in the Hipkins case had been delivered that the vestry of St. Peter's called Dr. Clampett to the rectorship, but they did so with the proviso that his rectorship might be terminated by an eight months' notice! In this instance it would have been wiser had the vestry reversed this action and stipulated instead that Dr. Clampett should not leave them, for they would have far greater difficulty getting a rector of his calibre than he would have getting a parish like St. Peter's. At any rate he did leave them after a comparatively short time for a very much more important parish—Trinity, San Francisco.

And only recently a vestryman of the church at Centerville, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, discuss-

ing the operation of this law, said, "Well, you know we now have the power to hire or fire." It was, to be sure, rather a vulgar way of putting the matter, but it has the merit of being absolutely true.

However, just what the power may be worth in a Church which needs to supply about eight thousand parishes and missions with pastors and has not many more than half that number in active service, is quite a different story. A parish may be easily left high and dry by the use of its power "to hire and fire." Many a rector would go a long way to avoid accepting a call to such a parish. Thus the Hipkins judgment is a two-edged sword.

When the decision of the court was communicated to Bishop Paret, he replied, "Very well; hereafter I shall not willingly receive any clergyman into this diocese unless some specific agreement has been made with him at the time of his call; not, at any rate, until I have informed him plainly what it now means to accept a Maryland parish without an agreement as to time and conditions should there unhappily arise any difficulty between him and his parishioners."[1]

Bishop Paret's attitude throughout the Hipkins trial was significant of his administration of the diocese and of his own personal character. He was always strikingly loyal to the clergy. He knew their difficulties

[1] "It is to be noted that the Act of 1798 is in force not only in that portion of the Diocese of Washington within the limits of the State of Maryland, but also in the District of Columbia, except so far as changed or modified by Acts of Congress approved January 19, 1872, and March 28, 1874, and this decision, being a ruling of the highest appellate court in Maryland, controls in Maryland. In the District of Columbia also it may be presumed that the courts thereof will be greatly influenced if not controlled by it, should like questions be there presented for adjudication. But the decision does not control a case where there is a contract between Rector and Vestry for a specified time, or to continue during mutual consent."—page 69, A compilation containing the Constitution and Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

and consequently they could always count on his loyal help and sympathy. If a deputation of aggrieved parishioners came to see him with charges against their rector, I think he would have said something like this: "Gentlemen, if your charges are of a moral or doctrinal character and you are prepared to present them in writing and in the formal manner prescribed by the Canons, I shall as in duty bound send your statements to the Board of Presenters, who will make an investigation of the same, and if after such investigation they report that there is good ground for proceeding further I shall send the papers to the Ecclesiastical Court and await its findings. After which I shall act as judge in the case. In the meantime I cannot be judge, jury, and prosecuting attorney all in one."

But if the complaints were trivial, the result of pique or petty spite or of a "lay-pope's" baffled ambitions to control the affairs of his parish, I think the bishop would have said, "I have no authority in this case. I cannot remove your rector even if I would. He is as much settled in his office as I am in mine, and you may as well recognize this now as later." And after the interview was over I am inclined to believe that those parishioners would have been in no hurry to repeat the visit.

Some years ago, the Convention of the Diocese of Washington, which is governed by this old law of Maryland, passed a Canon requiring vestries to submit to the bishop the name of any clergyman they proposed to call as rector, so that he might advise the vestry as to the wisdom of their choice; a perfectly proper, courteous, and excellent thing to do. But be it observed that no act of a diocesan convention in Maryland can nullify the Assembly Act of 1798 by interfering with their "full power and authority to choose their

minister." Congress only can do that. This of course the Convention knew perfectly well; hence its action in requiring a notice to the Bishop was nothing more than an act of courtesy, and not to be construed as giving the Bishop any rights which he did not before possess. Otherwise the Canon would be "ultra vires." But all the same it is a question whether it was a wise thing for the Convention to pass such a Canon, since it has come to be taken for granted that it gives the Bishop joint authority with the vestry to call a rector. It does nothing of the kind. The consent of the Bishop is not required, but this, not always being known, has resulted in parishes being kept without rectors awaiting the Bishop's consent, the Bishop at the time being even out of the country. Therefore delays have occurred in filling vacancies, with the usual results which happen where authority and responsibility are, or seem to be, divided.

It should therefore be widely known in the three dioceses of Maryland, Washington, and Easton, that the calling of a rector in those dioceses is solely the duty, obligation, and responsibility of the vestry of each parish; and that while the Bishop can express his opinion as to the wisdom or desirability of the proposed call, he can do no more. Here is so much of the Canon (XXXV) in question as refers to this matter:

> "When a Parish or Congregation becomes vacant, it shall be the duty of the Vestry forthwith to give notice thereof to the Bishop, or, if there be no Bishop, to the President of the Standing Committee. It shall be the duty of the Vestry of any vacant Parish or Separate Congregation not to proceed with the election of a rector unless the name of the person proposed to be elected shall have been communicated at least two weeks before such election to the Bishop, if there be one."

There has been no legislation of this kind I believe in the older dioceses of Maryland; in fact it was un-

necessary. Without legislation vestries will always be glad to consult the Bishop whenever they feel the need of such information as he, perhaps better than anyone else, can give them.

Bishop Paret, sixth Bishop of Maryland, was a great bishop. Though he came to his office late in life, he knew its limitations and observed them carefully.

Just as an illustration of this; I don't believe that the Bishop ever made an uninvited suggestion to the vestry of any vacant parish as to a choice of rector. If they asked his help, he would do his best for them. Otherwise he would offer no suggestions at all. Bishop Paret knew enough of human nature to know that were he really anxious for a particular clergyman to be called to a parish, he could take no more effective way of preventing his election than by suggesting his name. Doing so without invitation from the vestry would appear as dictation; therefore, while other men might suggest names without injury to their friends, not so the Bishop. He was the last man in the diocese who could do that safely.

Born in another communion, he had arrived at early manhood before he came into the Church, and yet he was one of the soundest of Churchmen. With him, Churchmanship was the holding of convictions to which the patient study of a clear, logical mind had irrevocably led him. There were some who thought him almost too staunch in his devoted obedience to rubrics and canons. On one occasion Bishop Cleveland Coxe, a guest at the episcopal residence, came down to breakfast and with lugubrious face and solemn manner stated that he had had a dreadful dream.

"A dreadful dream!" broke out those at the breakfast table. "What was it all about?"

"I dreamed," said Bishop Coxe, speaking slowly and as if with great pain and distress of mind, "that the Bishop of Maryland was dead." And then he added as a quizzical smile stole over his face, "Yes, it was indeed dreadful; he was choked with a canon in his throat."

For the larger part of his episcopate, Bishop Paret was bishop of the undivided diocese of Maryland. In the earlier years of his episcopate he was greatly opposed to the division of the diocese. On one occasion, talking of the proposal to divide it, he said to me that instead of dividing the diocese it would be better to restore to it the territory now included in the diocese of Easton, and that doing so the extra work would take about three weeks of the year. In which case I am sure that had the whole State of Maryland and the District of Columbia been united under him, no part of his diocese would have suffered from neglect of proper episcopal supervision. A moderate sized, compact diocese, of two to three hundred clergymen, is not too much for a bishop adequately to administer. But the craze for division was then on, and there were those who were very insistent that the diocese should be divided and that Washington should be the see city of the new diocese. So eventually the Bishop gave his consent and the division took place.[2]

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[2] This is in no sense a reflection on the importance of the work of the Bishop of Easton. If we are to have small dioceses at all, the Diocese of Easton is to be congratulated upon having Bishop Davenport (and before him Bishop Adams.) In a small diocese it is harder to supply vacancies caused by sickness and death or by resignations than in a large one. But the Bishop of Easton is always ready to do his part. He is on the spot. He fills in, here and there, with the result that he is the best known and best loved man in the diocese.

My only point is that a bishop is called to leadership, not to the position of *locum tenens* or of general missionary. Large dioceses, with many general missionaries, are what we need. The Methodist Episcopal Church, with its bishops and general superintendents, is far ahead of us in organization.

But then it must be remembered that Bishop Paret, save for a reasonable vacation, was in his diocese all the year round. His summer home was not in the distant north, but at Towson, Baltimore County, Maryland. He also recognized that the best time for a bishop to make country visitations in Maryland is not in the winter, when the roads are almost impassable, the days short, the nights dark, and weather conditions unpleasant, nor yet in the fall, when the farmers are gathering in their crops; but in the summer time, when they are comparatively at leisure. Country work was no burden to him. Coming into a rural parish for his visitation, he did not rush home from the church door as if word had been brought that his house was on fire. Consequently he knew the diocese well, and the diocese knew him well. The result was that he left the Church loved and honored in Maryland. The idea that he could be some hundreds of miles from his work and yet attend to it probably never occurred to him as a possibility. He could do as much as most men, but he could not achieve the impossible.

Bishop Paret was masterful and yet law abiding. Men spoke of him as controlling everything. The Diocesan Convention they called his Sunday school. It certainly was a very well-behaved and docile institution when he was bishop. But all the same the diocese was in good hands under him. He was fair—eminently so, and if he was wrong on any question he would cheerfully acknowledge it. I had myself excellent opportunities of observing this. While rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels I used to present for confirmation a hundred candidates a year. With his zeal for obedience to rubrics he required that all the candidates should be grouped in the chancel before him. But there was little room for any grouping in that

chancel. It was very shallow, and the stalls took up most of the space, so that there was not space for more than twenty to stand conveniently before the bishop. Yet in that space he required that as many of the hundred candidates as could be packed into it should stand, while others balanced themselves on the chancel steps, and others stood in the aisle at the bottom of them. While the bishop was confirming, it was quite impossible to see what was going on. Parents could not even see their own children confirmed. But apart from all this, it was not seemly to have a mob in the chancel. And resenting it, I said to the Bishop that I wished all my candidates to be in the front pews of the church.

Objecting to this the Bishop said, "The rubrics require that the candidates shall be standing before the bishop."

"Bishop," I replied, "since it is your wish that they shall all stand in the chancel, very well; it shall be done. But it appertains to me as rector of the church to say just how many persons I shall present to you for confirmation; and hereafter, as the chancel won't hold more than twenty in any seemly way, that will be the exact number I shall present at any one service."

Another man might have resented this, however helpless he might have been to change it. Not so Bishop Paret. Smiling cheerfully he said, "Very well; have it your own way."

Readers of Dr. Brand's *Life of Bishop Whittingham* well know that the greatest bishop Maryland has had was Bishop Whittingham. It is a question whether in the American Church there has been his equal; certainly not his superior. Men competent to express an opinion ranked him with Bishop Samuel Wilberforce of Winchester. But next to Bishop Whittingham I

would place Bishop Paret. He was a great administrator; an excellent scholar; a preacher whose sermons showed study and thought; a methodical and industrious worker; and a sound and devout Churchman on Prayer Book lines.

The Hipkins Case suggests that some knowledge of law should be a part of the educational equipment of the clergy. At any time a rector may have need of it—even urgent need.

A young woman parishioner once came to me stating that she was engaged to marry a count—Italian or French, I forget which—and that the marriage was to take place in England, whither just then I was going for my vacation. Might she accompany me? And would I marry her to her fiancé in England?

As her parents had given their consent, and apparently there was no obstacle in the way—the count was free and so was she—and although I didn't approve then, and don't approve now of these marriages of American girls with foreign counts, there was nothing for me to do but tell her that I would do the needful. So she travelled with us (there were several going) on the same boat. When we arrived at Liverpool, the count was at the pier, with a special license which he had obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury, fully expecting the marriage to take place that same day in one of the Liverpool churches; in fact the wedding breakfast was already prepared at the Adelphi, one of Liverpool's leading hotels.

But before our landing I had had a talk with my young parishioner and had urged her not to be married in Liverpool but to travel with us to London, for that nearby I had relatives who would give her a breakfast at which we could all be present, and thus send her off

with all the honors due her. To this she agreed, and although the count was keenly disappointed, he also consented and the marriage was deferred until we reached Hampton Court near London. On arriving there I at once sought the rector of the church where I expected to conduct the service. He was perfectly willing, but said to me, "Have you looked into the question of the legality of this marriage? You see your parishioner's fiancé is a foreigner, and foreigners must get the consent of their own consul; there must be also a civil ceremony before the religious ceremony takes place." He wasn't quite sure of all this, he said, but he believed it to be the case.

Therefore I sought out a lawyer, who confirmed the rector's statements. Yes, such a marriage is binding in America; also in England. But it would not bind the count in his own country. There it would be no marriage. Clearly my next step was to see the count himself. Here I met with an obstacle. He was not willing to have a civil ceremony and I insisted upon his paying the girl's return passage, which he did, and she came back to America, wiser, I think, than she was before. I too was wiser. Had the marriage taken place, what would have happened may be easily conjectured. After a year or two his wife would have found herself stranded in a foreign land. In this case a rector's legal knowledge, slight as it was, almost certainly saved a tragedy.

Still another case. During the General Convention in Baltimore in 1902 Bishop Hare of South Dakota was for one evening the center of attention. He had been a bishop of South Dakota for many years, and his brother bishops and others had subscribed for a loving cup, and that night, with many complimentary speeches, they were presenting it to him. Sitting be-

side me in the church was one of the older clergymen of the diocese, who, turning to me, said, "It's about time they did something for Bishop Hare, only they might have done a good bit more than this."

I asked him what he meant, and briefly he told me this:—

Bishop Hare had an unworthy priest in his diocese whose people sought to get rid of him. I forget the particulars of the case, but finally it came before the Ecclesiastical Court of the diocese, which brought in a verdict against the priest. The Bishop forthwith either deposed him or suspended him from the ministry. But that was not the end. It appears that the diocesan Ecclesiastical Court was composed of men who knew very little about the law, and its president least of all. So after they had agreed upon their judgment, the president took home the document, polished it up and made sundry changes with some graphic touches here and there, giving information which the document didn't originally contain but which he thought would materially improve it and so considerably strengthen the case against the accused, and on this precious document the Bishop had acted. In some way this came to the ears of the deposed cleric, with the result that he forthwith brought an action against the Bishop for defamation of character. He won his case, together with a verdict of $10,000; which also carried with it his costs in the trial, a matter of $10,000 more. The Bishop's own lawyers charged him a similar sum or thereabouts for their services, and as a net result of the trial, due to lack of legal knowledge, the bishop found himself with a large debt hanging around his neck like a millstone. Like the true hero and saint that he was—for he was one of the most saintly of characters and one of the finest bishops the West has ever had—he

went to work to pay the huge debt out of his meagre salary and his slender means.

I rather inferred from my friend's statement as he sat beside me that he thought that the loving cup was the bishops' testimonial to Bishop Hare's magnificent conduct under such painful and costly circumstances. As I caught the spirit of his criticism, it forcibly recalled to my mind the story of the faithful old slave whose master, when dying, turned to him as he wept by his side, and said, "Tom, I have left it in my Will that you are to be buried beside me in the family vault."

"Master," said the slave, "ten dollars would have suited old Tom better."

While at St. Paul's, among several calls I received was one to be rector of Upper Marlboro, Maryland. Declining the call I named the Rev. A. H. S. Winsor in my place. The vestry called him; he accepted and did a good work there, but after a couple of years he resigned, being ill with malaria, Marlboro at that time being very malarial. I shall have an incident to tell in this connection about Mr. Winsor later on.

Another call was to be Dean of Faribault, which was accompanied by such a cordial letter from Bishop Whipple that I was minded to accept it, but at Bishop Paret's desire I declined the invitation. Afterwards when a call came from the vestry of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, to succeed Reverend William Kirkus, I took an early train to Baltimore to see the Bishop and ask his advice. Arriving at his residence about nine o'clock I found him as usual at work in his office.

As I entered the Bishop's study that morning, I said, "Bishop, I have received a call to be rector of St. Michael and All Angels' Church of this city."

"I know it," he replied.

(Then a pause.)

"Do you think I ought to accept?"

"I do."

(Another pause.)

"When do you think I ought to come?"

"In a fortnight's time."

(A third pause.)

"But what about the judgment in the Hipkins Case? That judgment shows that Maryland rectors do not enjoy the same security of position which they enjoy elsewhere. Unless as the rector of St. Michael and All Angels' I can be in the same position as are the clergy in other States, I cannot accept this rectorship nor any other in Maryland. Can this be arranged with the vestry? Also, can it be arranged that I be instituted according to the form of Institution in the Prayer Book?"

The Bishop thought it could be; at any rate he would let the vestry of St. Michael and All Angels' know my views and urge acceptance.

As I now had all the information I needed, I thought the next move was the Bishop's. And so he thought. Rising from his chair and extending his hand, he wished me "Good morning," adding, "I hope your rectorship in this city will be happy and successful."

In a fortnight's time, March 10, 1892, I took charge of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels.

Ten years later when leaving Baltimore for Washington I received this kindly and appreciative letter from the bishop:—

"1110 Madison Avenue, Baltimore.
"November 3, 1902.

"My dear friend:

"I have been dreading to get the news which your letter brings me, though I did hope that after your visit to Washington, your decision might have been the other way.

"I deeply regret your going and shall miss you much. Your Congregation, too, will feel the loss very heavily, and I do not see where they can find one to take up fully the work which you have so successfully carried on. The growth of St. Michael's under your care has been wonderful. You have been a great help to me both by your work as Examining Chaplain, and in the generous giving of your time and learning and work for my Classes in Theology. I shall never forget this.

"I shall follow your future with personal interest, and I heartily wish for you as full success in your new work as you have had here. It would be hardly possible to have greater success.

"Yours affectionately,

"WILLIAM PARET,
"Bishop of Maryland.

"The Rev'd. C. Ernest Smith, D.D., D.C.L."

CHAPTER X

First Impressions of the Church in Maryland

An American parish a desirable sphere of work.
American parishioners considerate and generous.
Pleasant impressions.
Some unfavorable impressions:

1. Number of people not members of any Church.
   Clergy not to blame.
2. The newly confirmed become communicants as a matter of course.
3. Onerous regulations connected with the admission of men to the ministry.
   Apparently based on conditions which do not exist.
   Unfortunate result on intending applicants.
   Not securing outstanding men for ministry.
   Contrast with Anglican methods elsewhere.
   Same over-organization in connection with the Episcopate.
4. Little authority of the bishops.
   Due to former fear of "lord bishops."
   Bishop's chair an odd feature of American chancels.
   Change in direction of more Episcopal authority not desirable.
5. Glebe lands and other Church property not sufficiently safeguarded.
   Experience in Woodville.
   Rectors and vestries have lost much Church property.

Legislation to safeguard Church property much needed.
Creation of a diocesan officer in control most desirable.
Archdeacon Moran.

NO sooner had I entered on my new work in Maryland, than there came to me, day after day, experiences confirming all that John Hammond had said as I was leaving Newfoundland. The broadminded, generous, and kindly spirit of which he had spoken was always present; also a generous spirit of loyalty and coöperation. To live in such an atmosphere is always delightful; it is still more. It is absolutely essential to achievement, for only in such an atmosphere can a man do his best work.

In St. Paul's Parish I had a congenial sphere where I could accomplish much for the good of its kindly and well-disposed people, and for the Church of God. And yet for two years that parish had had no rector. Its rectory was tenantless and its church bell silent. That a parish such as this should have been so long without a rector is testimony sufficient to the scarcity of clergy. When in 1691 the Province of Maryland was divided into thirty-one parishes, St. Paul's was one of these parishes. It was then of vast extent. But since that date it had been several times reduced in size, as daughter parishes had been carved out of it; but when I came to it, save in size, it was in all points as it had ever been.

And how Anglican a parish it was! Its people were all of English ancestry and their forefathers' manners and ideals were theirs. The parish church itself had been built of bricks brought from England; the font had been imported from London; also a sun-dial on its west front made in Fleet Street, London, bearing the inscription, *"Sic transit gloria mundi."*

To be sure the parish territorially was larger than any English parish with which I was acquainted—sixty square miles in extent if it was an acre—but it was not by courtesy or by metaphor called a parish; it really was one in every sense of the word. Moreover in its sixty square miles no other minister of religion was living; and while, to be sure, there were two or three church buildings belonging to the Roman Catholics or Methodists, they were only used occasionally by ministers coming from a distance. Thus it seemed to me that I was not living in a land of strangers, or ministering under new conditions; I was still in the old Church of my boyhood days—the Church in which I had been baptized, confirmed, and ordained. It was a delightful experience. For there it was easy to realize the essential unity of the whole Church; that though they were separated by three thousand miles of ocean, the Church of England and the Church of America were one to all intents and purposes.

Other impressions not so happy followed, due to methods of Church work for which I was not prepared and at which I was somewhat disappointed. Among many other impressions I remember five which, in the somewhat unfavorable effect that they had upon me, were quite outstanding.

First: I vividly recall the time when, on taking a census of my parish, I first heard a man say, "I don't belong to any Church." It quite shocked me, and though, as Bishop Butler reminds us, "Passive impressions being oft repeated grow weaker and weaker," the passive impression then made, followed by oft repeated experiences of the same kind, has never been wholly obliterated.

"Don't belong to any Church!" I exclaimed. "How can that be?"

"Well, I have never joined any."

"But haven't you been baptized?"

"Oh yes," was the answer I commonly received; sometimes indeed there was even the answer, "No"; or even the confession of doubt or ignorance on the subject. In such a case I would say, "But if you have been baptized you are as much a member of the Church as anyone can be though he be a priest or bishop. When a man is ordained he takes a higher degree in the Church—that's all; but when he is baptized he is enrolled in its membership. All enter by the same door. That is what baptism does for each one; it makes each one a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven."

This truth was evidently not understood; had not even been taught. Therefore to large numbers of people baptism meant nothing as the means of entering the Church. That, they thought—if they really thought of it at all—was effected at confirmation. Conseqeutly, only the confirmed were reckoned as members of the Church.

This was all the more singular since for over one hundred and seventy years there had been no confirmation service in Maryland or anywhere else in the United States, there being no bishops to administer it. And although priests in the Greek Church administer confirmation, it is not so done among us. It is somewhat astonishing that in emergencies it is not done, since it will scarcely be contended that to confirm is beyond a priest's power. If, e.g., a priest can baptize, celebrate the Holy Eucharist, and absolve, he can surely confirm. If he can administer greater rites, assuredly he can administer lesser. It is difficult therefore to see how confirmation, a minor rite and not necessary to salvation, had usurped the place of baptism.

I seemed in this respect to have come into a topsy-turvy world. What could the clergy have been doing to leave the people in such ignorance? It was plain that this condition was mainly due to an almost universal lack of Church teaching. I am not blaming the clergy of those days. The state of the whole Church, both in England and wherever England's Church had planted herself, before the Oxford movement began and for some years afterwards, was depressing indeed. Protestantism was everywhere rampant. Yet all the same it was beyond question that people who accounted nothing of baptism could have received little teaching either in Church doctrine or Bible truth.

Second: Another experience wholly new to me was the attitude of the confirmed towards the Holy Eucharist. I found that it was the custom, speaking generally, for the members of a confirmation class to become communicants immediately after their confirmation. In this respect there was a wide difference between them and their brethren across the seas—a difference in part due to the fact that in the English Church the confirmation service was more commonly looked upon as an entirely independent ordinance, whereas with us it was often regarded as little more than the formal admission to Holy Communion—a "joining the Church." Perhaps, too, it was also in part accounted for by our method of numbering the people for statistical purposes. Here we numbered the communicants only; in England they numbered parishioners. Here a parish contained so many communicants; there, so many souls. Here, the names of the newly confirmed were at once added to the register and the parish was "stronger" by exactly the number added; there, the parish gained nothing in membership, let the class be ever so large.

As one result of this difference of usage, the average candidate with us accepts at once, and uses without delay, his newly acquired spiritual privilege of becoming a communicant. Had the same person been confirmed in England he would probably have remained a non-communicant for years. Here error lay in precisely the opposite one. Here the danger lay not in failing to come but in coming without due reverence and careful preparation. Whether of the two is the greater evil—not to come at all, or to come formally not regarding the Lord's Body—I know not.

Certainly, while it was a matter of rejoicing to see large numbers thronging the altar, the joy was apt to be turned into sadness when it could only too clearly be seen that by many, not indeed by all, even thousands upon thousands, the dignity of the Sacrament was not understood; the Real Presence of the Lord not recognized; the awe which should fill the mind of the disciple not present; the solemnity of the hour not felt; and that that which was of all religious rites the most sacred, the most wonderful and holy—the mystery of mysteries—was regarded as a mere formal Church ordinance, the observance of which was necessarily incumbent upon all who would be "in full Church membership."

Third: The third feature that impressed me unfavorably was the regulations connected with the admission of men into the sacred ministry. These appeared to me almost endless in number, intricate in detail; also vexatious in character and apparently based on two extraordinary ideas:

1. That all the young men of the United States were trying to break into the Episcopal ministry.

2. That the great majority so doing were animated by quite unworthy motives.

Therefore it was a special duty of rectors, vestries, standing committees, examining chaplains, bishops, and others, to see to it that they were not successful. Let us see what these restrictions and regulations were as they then impressed me.

A young man was thinking of entering the ministry. The first thing he had to do was to see his rector; then he had to interview a number of laymen; then a bishop, but not any bishop—only the one in whose diocese he happened to be living. Meanwhile he was being asked a number of more or less inquisitorial questions and binding himself to become what was called a postulant. Becoming a postulant, he forfeited his liberty. Thenceforward he was bound, hand and foot, to the particular ecclesiastical authority which had graciously consented to receive him. He could not change his masters if he had any hope of taking Holy Orders. At the end of his time as postulant he became a candidate, and here again the same inquisitorial questions and interference with personal liberty and freedom of choice were in evidence. For a second time he doubtless felt like a man running the gauntlet between two rows of hostile Indians armed with clubs, such as he read about when a boy. At last, emerging from the candidate stage, he was about to become a deacon, but his troubles were not yet over. More questions; more restrictions; more examinations. Finally he was made a deacon. And now what liberty might have been left him was entirely taken away, for now more than ever was he in the hands of his bishop. He could make no change without his consent. He was the bishop's bondsman. He was probably also trying at the same time to serve some rector as assistant, the impossible feat of serving two

masters. However, at length he obtained priest's orders, and his liberty was restored to him and he was again his own master.

Three or four years after I came to Maryland, Bishop Paret appointed me one of his examining chaplains, and it was when I entered upon the duties of that appointment that I first realized what heroism was demanded of one who would enter the ministry of this Church. My first feeling was one of amazement; it was so different from what I had expected, running counter as it did to all my previous ideas. To me America had been the land of liberty, of freedom of the individual, of the power of choice. But what freedom, what power, what liberty was there in all this? My next feeling was one of unqualified admiration for all who, for the sake of serving their fellow-men, were willing to run such a gauntlet. And I could the more readily feel this, for I had to confess that if this appalling list of conditions and requirements, inquisitorial investigations and binding obligations, had confronted me, I should never have had the courage to face so severe an ordeal. There is such a thing as over-organization, a too great reliance on machinery, too many preliminaries. An athlete training for the Olympic contest overdoing his training defeats himself thereby. Here was altogether too much organization.

Naturally the question soon presented itself to me: What were the fruits of these extraordinary requirements, these exacting conditions?

At the outset it was evident that under such rules as these, not many applicants could be expected. Most men looking into these requirements would ordinarily go no further. Indeed one might assert, after a careful study of them, that if they did not deter him from

thinking any more about the ministry it was hard to tell what could be more effective. At any rate I could not help feeling that beyond cavil or objection they would have that result.

Today the Church is suffering sadly from lack of clergy. She has not five thousand in active parochial service to supply needs calling for double that number. And note here carefully that those this Church has herself trained and admitted by ordination to Holy Orders at the hands of her own bishops are only about one-third of the number. One-third has come from the ministry of the denominations, and for these the bars have been most obligingly let down. The remaining third has come to her through other branches of the Church, particularly from that of England and of Canada. Without them she would be poor indeed; all over the country churches and chapels now open would have to be closed. So great is the scarcity, that a few years ago the Church added a new clause to her Litany asking God to send forth more laborers into His harvest. She did not apparently see that there was a very simple way of answering her own prayer, and that that could be readily accomplished by the prompt removal of all those regulations and restrictions based on the utterly false premise that all men everywhere, some quite unfit, were trying to break into the ministry. But not in this sense is the Kingdom of God suffering violence.

Of course if under such a rigid system a race of clergymen unequalled anywhere in the world for piety, learning, self-sacrifice, marked ability, signal usefulness, and acceptability were the result, it would be its abundant justification.

But what are the facts? To begin with it is evident, on the one hand, that the young men whom most of all

the Church would welcome to her ministry—with a few notable exceptions here, mainly from clerical families—are not only not offering themselves but cannot be induced to do so, not even to give the subject any consideration whatever. We are in fact confronted today with two problems: (a) How to get men into the ministry; (b) How to retain those we get.

And on the other hand, that the Church has not been keeping out the undesirable ones by all these precautions is also evident from the many depositions which are constantly taking place. Every year there is a large batch of them. Some of the men deposed are only deacons; many are priests; now and then a bishop. Some for one thing, some for another. Some for causes not affecting moral character, some because they do. But it is a sad record, and it is a record unequalled by any other branch of this Church on earth, just as the difficulty of getting into its ministry seems greater than in any other.

Now contrast our method with the methods obtaining elsewhere in our world-wide Anglo-Catholic Communion. A young man wants to enter the ministry. He talks the matter over with his rector, who advises him to go forward or not as he believes best. Encouraged, he enters college. But if discouraged, he may do just the same. At the end of his academic career he offers himself to a bishop, not necessarily his own—any bishop—giving the name of his rector and any other persons who, he believes, will vouch for his character. The bishop gives him an interview and talks to him from the spiritual standpoint, unhampered by standing committees or anyone else, and then refers him to his examining chaplains to inquire into his intellectual attainments. Upon satisfying them, he is ready for or-

dination. He next finds a priest willing to give him a place as curate and provide him with a stipend. This is all. Then ordination takes place in the Cathedral but not, as among us, too frequently, without any thought of the Ember seasons, but always on one of the appointed days which have been set aside as special days of prayer and fasting on behalf of those about to be ordained.[1] Thus with the help of the prayers of the people, the ordination service is held and the young man's goal is achieved.

Since these words were written, the National Council, by its Commission on the Ministry, in the Department of Religious Education, composed of various theological school deans, examining chaplains from various provinces, and others interested, has been engaged in revising the canons governing the ordination of men to the ministry with a view to their adoption at the next General Convention. I have no doubt that much good will be accomplished by this commission of experts. The whole Church should also be thankful for the efforts the Commission is making to correct the wide differences now obtaining in the examination standards of the different dioceses. These differences sometimes involve great injustices besides being utterly futile. Can anything be more futile than the present system by which a man who hasn't the slightest hope of passing the examinations in one diocese can very readily—even with flying colors—pass a superficial examination in another, and then six months afterwards be called to a position in the very diocese he could not otherwise have entered? Examinations for the Army and Navy are not conducted in this haphazard way by

[1] Nothing can satisfactorily explain the almost complete ignoring of the Ember seasons. Due to it a rector's announcement of the Church's call to prayer and the observance of the Ember seasons as days of fasting or abstinence, is often a tragic anti-climax.

individual generals and admirals. Anarchy would be the result, as anarchy has resulted in the Church. The strength of a chain is always its weakest link. In our chain there are some very weak links indeed. What is really needed are two or three examination centers in different parts of the country, with a uniform standard, conducted under the superintendence of a commission appointed by the Church for that special purpose—a sort of general staff. The examination of all candidates for the ministry, so far as scholarship or intellectual qualifications are concerned, should be taken out of the hands of individual bishops altogether, and vested in that commission. It should be the business of the whole Church to say who shall be ordained into her ministry, and not the special privilege of the Bishop of Oshkosh. And since it is no slight responsibility to admit a man to Holy Orders, there should be left to the bishops the full right to satisfy themselves as to the personal fitness, spiritually considered, of every man they are asked to ordain, together with the full right to decline to receive any of whose fitness they were not abundantly satisfied. If the Commission could in some way save the waste in man power and money which is involved in the existence of fifteen seminaries[2] with over eighty professors to prepare 393 candidates—a professor for every five—it would lay the Church under lasting obligations.

If I remember rightly this was a responsibility which Bishop Cleveland Coxe felt so keenly that for many years he held no ordinations at all. But this should be absolutely without prejudice to a candidate so rejected seeking orders elsewhere.

Later on, I became aware of the existence of this same over-elaborate machinery in connection with the

[2] As per Report of 1923.

episcopate. After a priest had been chosen as bishop, I observed with astonishment that instead of proceeding forthwith to arrange for the consecration of the bishop whom it had chosen, the diocese proceeded instead to ask every standing committee all over the country whether or not it approved of its choice; also to ask of every bishop his "consent." I was unable to see why the bishop or standing committee of Oshkosh, or other interesting place, should be consulted at all, and I am still unable. To be sure the canons require it, but what good has been accomplished? Surely nothing to counterbalance the harm it did when it kept Dr. DeKoven out of the episcopate. Meanwhile a consecration is held up until gentlemen hundreds and even thousands of miles away, who have not the slightest knowledge of the clergyman who has been chosen as bishop, tell the diocese that they are satisfied with its choice, and the consecration can go forward.

I know the argument that a bishop is a life senator of the Church and that all have an interest in each election. Precisely. But this "consent" machinery is useless. What has it achieved with all the time, labor, and money it has cost? This Church has had more bishops deposed for causes affecting their character or their loyalty to the Church than any sister Church in the world! Yet these sister Churches when choosing their bishops had no such safeguards to protect them from mistakes and errors of judgment. Then, too, whatever candidates for the episcopal office may be elsewhere, ours have all been hand-picked men—men who have had to run several gauntlets successfully before they could get into Holy Orders at all!

Fourth: It was also in connection with the episcopal office that I had another great surprise. I observed that the bishops had little real power or authority.

This perhaps was not difficult to understand. American Churchmen in early Colonial days had come to the conclusion that bishops were very autocratic officials who wielded great powers unsparingly; hence for many years they would have none of them. And when at last they did undertake to receive them, they proceeded by various canons and in various ways to make the office as innocuous as possible. They had no wish for lord bishops, and they would take no chances.[1] As these precautionary measures are still in force, it does seem a little superfluous nowadays when a bishop is being consecrated to warn him against being a "wolf instead of a shepherd." That is just what he can't be![2]

[1] But it is worth while to note that in the sense in which our forefathers thought of an English bishop, no such official existed. A bishop in England was far from being an autocrat. He was bound, and still is, both by Church law and the Statute law of the land. Neither the rights of the clergy nor yet of the laity can be encroached upon by an autocratic bishop. Witness the following:

A few years ago the Bishop of Norwich, entering a church for confirmation, saw many lights burning on the altar. Turning to the rector he said, "I must ask before I begin the service that those lights be extinguished."

"I am very sorry, my lord," replied the rector, "that I can't comply with your request. I am also sorry that I cannot detain the congregation longer than two minutes wherein you will decide whether to go on with the service or not. In the event of your not proceeding with it I shall declare these young people eligible for communion." The bishop went on with the service.

[2] I am here referring only to diocesan bishops in their relationship with the laity and rectors of parishes. The bishops of the missionary "districts" are in quite another position. They are really popes, saying to this man Go and he goeth, and to another Come and he cometh—a quite un-American and un-Anglican position. Also one which has been productive of much injustice.

So too the diocesan bishops are also popes in their relations with the missionary clergy; i. e., those dependent on a salary paid by a board of which the bishop is commonly president. Like the bishops of "districts," they also provide a forcible case against episcopal autocracy. Not long ago a diocesan bishop wrote to one of his clergy, an old man of seventy, forbidding him to leave his work for a holiday in August (as he had done the previous year.) Needless to say, the clergyman in question was not a rector.

In this particular instance the injustice was aggravated by the fact that the bishop had been enjoying the cooling breezes of a Northern climate for several weeks and was not returning until several weeks more.

It is due to this morbid fear of episcopal tyranny that today we have the amazing spectacle of a bishop not being able to ordain a man to the sacred ministry unless he receives permission to do so from a standing committee. And this notwithstanding the fact that there is not a candidate for Holy Orders who has not been investigated several times over. It was when speaking on such limitations of his office as this that Bishop Paret once said to me, "A Methodist or Roman bishop has more power in his little finger than I have in my whole body."

Having noted this lack of authority in our own episcopate, I became somewhat interested in that curious anomaly in our churches, the "bishop's chair." In the chancel of St. Paul's Church there was such a chair. That, in that particular church, there should have been set aside a chair which the people revered as the bishop's chair, seemed entirely proper, for this was the parish which had given to Maryland her first bishop, and to the American Church the first bishop ever consecrated on American soil, Thomas John Clagget. He had been rector of that old parish. His ancestral home was there, and the ponderous chair, which my people told me was the bishop's, seemed worthy of preservation as an interesting relic. Besides, it rather reminded me of the custom in a Jewish household of keeping one chair vacant for the return of Elijah. In this case it was in the nature of a loving remembrance that Bishop Claggett had once been with them in the flesh. But I observed that other parishes had their bishop's chair too, where no such explanation could be given, a chair most conscientiously kept vacant all the year until the bishop came on his annual or biennial visit to the parish. Wondering how it had all come about, I asked Bishop Paret if he could enlighten me, for, I supposed,

a bishop's chair was as much out of place in the chancel of a parish church as a drawing-room couch or a dining-room sideboard would be. Beyond agreeing that it was out of place the bishop could give no information.

Later this seemed the explanation: In those days there were no cathedrals, not even pro-cathedrals, save at Faribault, Albany, and one or two other places, and it was reasonable to suppose that the presence of that chair was due to the fact that the rector of the parish was hoping the bishop would make his particular parish church the cathedral. For there is the proper place for the bishop's chair. The cathedral is the "church of the chair," the bishop's chair. There it is the symbol of dignity, honor, and authority. But now that we have cathedrals, or are getting them almost everywhere, these Elijah's chairs can conveniently disappear as out of date, particularly as they obscure the fact that in a parish church the rector's chair is the chair of dignity, honor, and authority. All the ordering of services, together with the responsibility for carrying them on, and all the work of the parish itself, are in the care of the rector and not of the bishop.

For some years there has been a tendency to give more power to the episcopate, as the bishops—at least some of them—have been steadily clamoring more and more for what they call "mission." More and more have I been convinced that our ecclesiastical forefathers were wise in limiting the bishop's power as they did. It is not more power that the bishops need; it is more influence, and this is always personal—the result of character and personal gifts and graces. It is influence more than actual power which the English bishops possess in a preëminent degree. Their high social position and, speaking generally, their scholarly attain-

ments and marked ability, are the causes of this influence. And a like influence can and should characterize the American episcopate.

It is not more power, then, that we are needing just now, but more of that influence which comes from personal character, the possession of high ideals, devotion to duty, intellectual and spiritual gifts, and with these we shall do well to be satisfied. Had the bishops in England had more actual power than they have, the Church today would be in a deplorable condition. Ultra-conservatism seems to be inherent in the episcopal office, and one has only to read the charges of English bishops of fifty years ago to see how far ultra-conservatism can go. Almost to a man the bishops were enemies of the Oxford movement, and could they have had their way they would have deprived us of the wonderful blessings that have come to us through it. They denounced unsparingly such men as Pusey, Bennett, Stanton, Green, Machonochie, Tooth, Lowder, and others, and it was actually through their connivance that some of these men were flung into prison. And yet these prisoners for conscience' sake were doing nothing more than loyally teaching men their Catholic heritage in the English Church. But all the same, blind to their own Church's history, and to the requirements of her own canons and prayer book, those same archbishops and bishops denounced and held up to scorn and reprobation as "Jesuits in disguise," "emissaries of Satan," and "snakes in the grass," men in whose shoes they would have been honored to tread.

It has not been altogether different here. As late as 1871 a canon forbidding, among other things, the use of a processional cross was actually carried through the House of Bishops in the General Convention of that year, and it was only prevented from becoming

law by the action of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies!

Fifth: Another feature of our Church life which impressed me unfavorably then, and still does, was the carelessness manifested as to Church property. Rarely was it properly safeguarded. Consequently glebe lands and invested funds disappeared in an extraordinary fashion. A parish would want a rectory. If it happened to possess a valuable farm which had been given as an endowment, it was a comparatively easy matter to sell it and build a rectory out of the proceeds. Or, if the stipend of the rector was in arrears, that farm would come in quite handy when the time came to square accounts. The farm could be sold and the salary paid.

Shortly after I had become rector of St. Paul's Parish, I came into direct contact with this carelessness, or rather, perhaps, lack of proper appreciation of what glebe land is. For a glebe is a sacred trust; it is Church property, not ordinarily to be sold or alienated in any way whatever. Yet a small glebe land in the heart of the village having been mortgaged, the vestry had decided to forfeit the property to the money lender. As soon as I learned of this I insisted upon the parishioners paying the mortgage out of their own pockets, telling them in as straightforward a fashion as I knew how, that the land was not theirs to sell. Loyally recognizing this, they gladly did as I desired. And that glebe land is still fulfilling the purpose of the donor.

In nearby parishes, glebe lands of many acres in extent had disappeared in an extraordinary fashion. In one a farm of three hundred acres had been sold and no one could tell anything about the proceeds. A certain city parish once had large real estate holdings.

Little by little the vestry had parted with these holdings until now the parish has practically nothing left. Had Trinity Parish, New York City, acted thus, New York itself would be the poorer today, and while its noble parish Church might be in existence, its splendid chapels certainly would not be.

From one point of view, of course, there may have been nothing actually criminal in selling the Church property to meet pressing needs; at any rate the vestry had the legal authority to do so. But doing so they impoverished the parish.

There is not a soul living today who can tell how much the Church is poorer by such carelessness.[3] The whole trouble has been due in the first instance to the fact that parish funds are placed absolutely in the hands of vestries, who in some cases have even been known to lend the proceeds of sales to their own members; and in the second instance to the lack of a proper official who would give advice to the vestries holding valuable property, about what are called the temporalities of the Church.

In the English Church, in matters connected with the insurance of buildings, the care of Church property, suggestions as to the building of churches, chapels, parish halls, schools, and the like, archdeacons have sometimes done much good work. A few years ago we undertook to import archdeacons, and various were the uses we put them to. I remember the first Maryland archdeacon, Reverend Francis J. J. Moran. Bishop Paret had secured his services for work among the colored people. It was his duty to go round to the various chapels and take their interests more particularly under his care. But when he arrived in Baltimore, no one

[3] The disappearance of the South American Missionary Society together with its funds is of course another story.

knew exactly what an archdeacon was, nor do they yet, for the matter of that. At a certain church there the rector introduced him to his people and, not perhaps with the best of taste, said by way of introduction, "I don't know what an archdeacon is, but he doesn't look very different from anyone else. Nor do I know what he is going to do. But he is here and we must take a good look at him so that we shall know an archdeacon the next time we see one."

This particular archdeacon had been the chaplain of the English church in the rue d'Aggasseau, Paris. On one occasion I heard him preach there. In this sermon he denounced the French Government for something it had been doing or had not been doing. Coming out of the church I remarked, "That gentleman is evidently not intending to remain long in France." A few years passed by and I had become rector of St. Paul's, Aquasco. Coming home one day from parochial visiting I learned that a clergyman had arrived in the village who was anxious to interview its colored people and to preach in their chapel. As soon as I saw him I recognized the preacher of that sermon in Paris, and my first word was this: "I heard you preach in Paris and I am not surprised that you are here in the United States—at any rate not in France. After I heard your sermon I rather expected that you would soon be needing your passport."

Since Archdeacon Moran's time we have had archdeacons and archdeacons. The archdeacons in some dioceses seem to be quasi-bishops who help out the diocesan with duties for which he has either no special aptitude or is willing that someone else shall do. It is always, however, unfortunate when it is considered necessary or advisable to have such an officer, as no one can come between a priest and his bishop. No

one can really act for the bishop, for he alone has the needful authority. But a quasi-bishop has none at all. New York seems to have given up its archdeacons in favor of suffragan bishops, a shade of improvement this, for these officials can take off the bishop's hands his confirmations.

In Washington we have three archdeaconries—so called—but no archdeacons. At one time we had archdeacons, but in the early days, oddly as it may sound, we called them deans. Now I believe we call them presidents of the archdeaconries. Eventually these deans and their successors, the archdeacons, disappeared, presumably because there was nothing for them to do. But if we are to have such officials in the American Church, they may be made useful caring for the temporalities of the Church, as they do to some extent in England. Provided they are tactful and can exercise good judgment, characteristics which are always the more necessary wherever there is no power, they can do good work in regard to these temporalities, giving hints about the care of the fabric of parish churches, their adequate insurance, above all as to the proper safeguarding of trust and endowment funds.[4]

In my own parochial experiences I have myself taken no chances. After I founded the Bishop Claggett Memorial Endowment Fund I saw to it that the funds invested were placed in care of the convention of the diocese, and that the fund itself be administered by the convention and not by the parish.

[4] So important have I regarded this for many years past that I recall notifying the bishop of the diocese that, while membership on committees and boards had no attractions for me, I would at any time be willing to give a portion of my time as voluntary service and as a contribution to Church work in such capacity. We are, however, still pegging along without any particular care of funds which our laymen trust to us.

CHAPTER XI

Rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore

Reverend William Kirkus.
A rich man's timely escape.
General Convention meets in Baltimore.
Meeting at St. Michael and All Angels' on behalf of Newfoundland Cathedral.
Bishop Brooks speaks at the meeting.
A curate's candid criticism.
Reverend D. P. Allison, M.A.
A sleepy hearer.
Strenuous days.
A trip abroad.
In mufti.
Unsound financial methods.
Roman Catholicism and Anglo-Catholicism compared.
A Roman Catholic priest inquires about baptism.
The case of Reverend A. S. H. Winsor.
Founding of the Chapel of the Guardian Angel.
The woman whose funeral was never "preached."
Visiting bishops and other clergy.

THE Church of St. Michael and All Angels is one of Baltimore's largest churches. It is not a handsome building, nor is it churchly in appearance, yet while no one would mistake it for anything else than a church, no one would venture to call it an architec-

tural gem. It has two features, however, which must strike even a casual visitor:

First, everyone of the twelve hundred people it is capable of seating can see the officiating clergy from any part of the church, whether they be at the altar or in the pulpit. There is not a pillar or post in the whole church to obstruct the view. Its "auditorium," to borrow the language of our denominational brethren, is magnificent. In this respect it is without a rival in the city. As such it is preëminently a church for preaching, although the acoustics are bad—none worse in the city.

The other is the sense it creates of solidity. Massiveness is its prevailing characteristic. It was built in the rectorship of Reverend William Kirkus and it is his memorial today in the city of Baltimore. Beginning with a handful of people worshipping in a little wooden chapel at the corner of Twentieth and St. Paul Streets, where the church now stands, the Reverend William Kirkus, M.A., LL.B., of the University of London, had soon gathered a congregation together which rendered the erection of a church capable of holding many hundreds an immediate necessity. As a preacher Mr. Kirkus probably excelled any man who has ever been in Baltimore, whether in the Church or out of it. "I listened to Mr. Kirkus," said one of his vestrymen—a lawyer and therefore apt to be a competent judge—"for sixteen years. I never saw him use a note in the pulpit; I never heard him preach much less than an hour; I commonly heard him twice every Sunday; and I never heard him when I wasn't willing to have him go on longer if he wished."

Mr. Kirkus was not a parish priest. He did not believe in parochial visiting. Neither did he believe in organizations. He knew where his strength lay and he

confined himself almost entirely to the work of preaching. Yet while his church was always filled to the doors, the congregations were drawn from all parts of the city. Therefore, when he resigned the rectorship and went to New York to live, there to engage in literary work and to preach on Sundays, a careful examination of the church records revealed a parochial membership of less than three hundred. Bearing this in mind, the fact that he built so large and substantial a church is all the more remarkable; for people who flock from church to church to hear great preachers are not as a rule generous givers. Commonly they are hearers of the word only and not doers. After I became rector I had an amusing illustration of this. I had been preaching at Catonsville, a suburb of Baltimore, where I met a very wealthy man at dinner, in the course of which he remarked to me, "I used to go to your church."

"I am sorry," I answered, "that you don't go now."

"Well," he said, "you know that your congregation used to worship in a little chapel not any bigger than a ten-pin alley, and when they began to talk about building a stone church I said to myself, 'This is the time, while the going is good, when you had better get out, for they will be calling upon you to subscribe.' And I just managed it in the nick of time."

It was a frank confession at any rate, but looking at him in amazement I said, "I have suspected that this thing is often done, but you are the first man I ever met who thought he had shown a good deal of shrewdness and was worthy of much praise for doing it." To be candid, he rather painfully reminded me of the rich fool of our Lord's parable. It was, I think, only then that he realized that he had made a bad break and that he was boasting of his performance to the wrong man.

I entered on the rectorship of St. Michael and All Angels' Parish, March tenth, 1892. It was then Lent. Daily evensong with address, and the Sunday services and sermons, combined with the task of making myself familiar with my new environment and learning to know my parishioners, left no margin before Easter for constructive plans for the future. When summer came I was in England.

The General Convention was to meet in Baltimore in the fall and all the parishes were more or less excited about it. Rectors were busy trying to secure distinguished preachers. I was well satisfied with the preachers who had responded to my invitation, and who were, as I remember, Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson of Mississippi, Bishop Alexander C. Garrett of Dallas, Bishop Hall of Vermont, and Bishop Gailor of Tennessee.

Before the Convention assembled, the most disastrous fire that Newfoundland had ever known occurred in July of that year, and burned down the larger part of the city of St. John's, including the Anglican cathedral, then one of the most beautiful buildings in North America. That same summer I met in England the Bishop of Newfoundland and invited him to be my guest in Baltimore, with the idea that he might present the case of his burned cathedral at a time when so many of the leaders of the American Church would be assembled together. Therefore, soon after the Convention met, a meeting was arranged to take place in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels at which, among others, Bishops Henry C. Potter and Phillips Brooks were announced as speakers. In connection with Bishop Brooks this interesting incident occurred. Bishop Paret, who had been taking the keenest interest in the meeting, asked me whom I had in mind as speakers. I mentioned especially Phillips Brooks.

"I don't think you can get him," was the Bishop's comment. "He is not interested in cathedrals; he doesn't believe in them. But if you will leave it to me I think I can get him for you."

He did get him and he made a great speech. The church was packed to overflowing. Afterwards, with a natural curiosity, I asked Bishop Paret how he had managed it.

"Very simply. I told Bishop Brooks that I wanted him to speak at your meeting in behalf of the Bishop of Newfoundland's appeal. He was just about to decline when I said, 'Wait a bit before you say you won't; I want to tell you something: I voted against your consecration as a bishop. You would never have been Bishop of Massachusetts if I could have prevented it.' 'I will come and speak,' was Phillips Brooks' instant reply. The fact that I had refused my 'consent' was the only way in which I could have gotten him.' "

Bishop Paret's objection was based on the fact that Dr. Brooks had never received any but Unitarian baptism, and Bishop Paret rightly held that the Church does not recognize that kind of baptism. Moreover, if it might conceivably be possible to accept it in the case of a private individual, it was a totally different question with a bishop whose duty it would be to ordain men to the sacred ministry. A most unfortunate condition of affairs might easily arise should any candidate for the ministry feel, as in all probability many would feel, that their own bishop's baptism was invalid. Long before Bishop Brooks was consecrated Bishop Paret had stated his objections to him at the time when his "consent" as a bishop was asked to Dr. Brooks' consecration. He then told him plainly that he could not vote for him unless he received baptism in the Church, giving as a sufficient rea-

son for his doing so the effect that his not having been baptized in the Church would have upon many devout people, and above all those in the Diocese of Massachusetts who would be called upon to accept his ministrations as bishop. He therefore very earnestly urged him to be at least hypothetically baptized. Dr. Brooks however, refused to follow the advice and earnest entreaty of the Bishop of Maryland, holding that his baptism was sufficient, and Bishop Paret refused his "consent" to his consecration, along with a large number of other bishops. In consequence as I recall it Dr. Brooks received only a bare majority of one among the Episcopal "consents," his consecration therefore being (to use the words of John Henry Hopkins when commenting on Bishop Whittle's consecration under similar conditions) "one of the tightest squeezes into the episcopate on record."

Anyhow it was due to Bishop Paret's opposition to Dr. Brooks' consecration as a bishop that he came to St. Michael and All Angels' to speak for the restoration of the burned Cathedral of Newfoundland.

When I succeeded Mr. Kirkus, the church was rapidly becoming the center of a large population. Moreover there was no other church within eight blocks. It was therefore most important that I at once secure capable curates. One of the first of these was a Mr. McCulley, a Canadian then on a visit to Baltimore, who on hearing of my need proffered his services. Mr. McCulley, among other things, was a candid critic. Coming into the vestry one morning after service he said, "That was a good sermon you gave us this morning, rector." And then, as if he had said more than was good for my spiritual welfare, he added immediately, "but you don't often do that. In fact some of your preaching suggests

that you hadn't thought much about what you were going to say until you were in the pulpit."

"I am afraid," I confessed, "that I don't spend as much time on sermon preparation as I should, but you see I have this growing congregation to care for and preaching is only one of several duties. However, the congregation appears to be satisfied."

"Yes; that is the extraordinary part of it, but then these people really don't know what good preaching is."

"Hold," I interrupted, "there isn't a congregation in these United States which has had better preaching than this one has enjoyed for the last sixteen years."

Next morning Mr. Calvin T. Davison, one of my vestry, was announced. Hardly had I entered the room before he began: "Mr. McCulley has been telling me of a chat he had with you yesterday, and I have just dropped in to ask if he really did criticize you as he says."

"Certainly," I replied, "he gave his candid opinion of my preaching."

"And what did you say to him—or rather do to him?"

"Why, I agreed with him."

"Well, I don't," said the vestryman, and after complimentary references to my Christian gift of forbearance, he went on his way to his office.

To the Davison family the Church of St. Michael and All Angels owes one of the most beautiful windows in any church in the country—the *Te Deum* Window by a London firm. Its suggestiveness and coloring are both wonderful. It is the largest window I know of in any parish church in Baltimore or elsewhere.

But one curate was not enough; I needed not less than three or four, if the parish was to be worked as it

should be. And so I was on the lookout for likely men. Therefore when I chanced one day to be in Bishop Paret's study, and he asked me if I had a place for an assistant minister, I promptly replied, "Yes; for the right man."

"Then," said the bishop, "I have just heard from Bishop Courtney of Nova Scotia that one of his clergy is anxious to come South, being rather delicate and in need of a Southern climate."

"Oh, I'm afraid I can't make any use of a semi-invalid. We have a man's job at St. Michael and All Angels', and I don't want to be the means of shortening any man's life."

"Well, how about giving him a trial?" said the Bishop, handing me Bishop Courtney's letter.

"Oh, all right; that will do no harm I suppose." So I wrote the Bishop of Nova Scotia—not a very encouraging letter I fear—to the effect that if Mr. Allison, the clergyman in question, cared to come on I would be glad to give him a trial.

He came on. He is still there. It wasn't long before I realized that he was a treasure, and when I found that he had a brother in the ministry I urged him to come too, and become one of my assistant clergy; so presently, along with David P. Allison the Reverend Thomas B. A. Allison was added to the staff of St. Michael and All Angels' Church. Later on, after doing much good work he accepted a rural rectorship, but the Reverend David P. Allison is still the right hand man of every rector who has ever been there. Just what the Church of St. Michael and All Angels would have done without him I don't know, but I am satisfied that whatever measure of success any rector of that church has had, has been largely due to his untiring, faithful, and conscientious loyalty to rector and church. Without

serious loss perhaps the parish might have dispensed with any one of its rectors but not with Mr. Allison.

These were strenuous days at St. Michael and All Angels'. Work always began immediately after breakfast, which was at seven-thirty, and included beside the usual visitation of a great parish, both to sick and well, many interviews, much correspondence, three sermons every week, two to adults and one to children —two Bible classes—one for men and another for women—one lecture to Sunday school teachers, the preparation of a monthly parish paper, and the care and oversight of the various organizations which I had started and which ordinarily also included attendance at their meetings. In addition, at the request of the bishop I was giving five hours' teaching to men preparing for the ministry in what the bishop called the Maryland Theological Class. One of these is now Bishop of Easton, Maryland. I was also one of the bishop's examining chaplains, and at the same time was writing a weekly letter to two Church papers; moreover I always had on hand the writing of a book, of which the most important is *Religion Under the Barons of Baltimore,* an ecclesiastical sketch from the founding of the Maryland Colony in 1634 to the formal establishment of the Church of England in 1692, with special reference to the claim that Maryland was founded by Roman Catholics as the seed plot of Religious Liberty. This literary work made large inroads on my time. The day generally ended at ten or eleven o'clock at night, work being resumed the next morning as usual. Mondays were not regarded as different from other week days. "Blue Mondays" were unknown.

About this time I received a letter from the President of St. John's College, Annapolis, offering me a doctor's degree. I consulted Bishop Paret, saying to

him that I was not anxious for the honor and was minded to decline it.

"Nothing of the kind," said the Bishop. "St. John's College is one of our oldest colleges and one of the best. It has on its roll of graduates many of our most prominent citizens, educators, statesmen, judges, and the like."

I therefore accepted and have rejoiced to be connected with one of our finest colleges.

There sometimes comes to a preacher in his pulpit a feeling like that of the mariner who does not know whether he can make the haven he is bound for. I recall one such occasion very vividly. The weather was warm; there was no doubt about that; and the church was crowded; there was no doubt about that either. Chairs had been brought into the aisles and all were occupied.

I had been preaching but a few minutes when, directly in front of me, about four pews from the pulpit, a stranger was showing signs of distress. He was manifestly trying his best to keep awake, but his efforts were painfully ineffective, and as far as I was concerned, as painfully distracting. Soon I found myself hoping he would drop off to sleep and keep still. But no such luck! Every now and then he would straighten himself up, keep his attention fixed for a moment or two, and then his eyes would have that far-away absent look a drowsy man always has in the first stages of attack. Then nods and blinkings would follow and again his head would fall on his chest. Thus followed effort after effort, each one like the others which had gone before. And as his head was bald—bald as a billiard ball—it seemed to me that a gleam of light shot through the church whenever it fell suddenly on his chest.

In the morning I had an early vistor. As I entered the room there stood my tormentor of the day before, now wide awake and smiling and saying that he had come to pay his respects to me as the rector of the church in which he had worshipped the day before, adding that such was his habit whenever he was in a strange city.

We had a pleasant chat together, but as his visit was coming to an end and I was expressing my gratification at his coming, I ventured to ask him as a great favor should he ever come again to our services if he would kindly make a really successful effort to keep awake during the sermon.

He positively jumped. Did I see him in that large congregation? Wonderful! Marvelous!

"Oh no, not at all. There is nothing remarkable about it. A preacher has a commanding view as he looks over the congregation"; and that morning, I could honestly assure him, he was the only person I did see. The others were all quiet, but he, owing to his efforts to keep awake, was making many changes of posture which so attracted my attention that I could really see no one else.

He tendered a thousand apologies. Would I forgive him? He would never offend that way again, and so on.

"Oh please don't apologize," I said. "I am making no complaint. Not at all. I am quite convinced that if any one goes to sleep during a sermon the preacher ought to be the very last man to complain, inasmuch as it is his part to see to it that no one goes to sleep. But it's my habit (I explained) to preach without notes, and you were so engrossing my attention that I began to be afraid I would lose the thread of my sermon and that it would come to an untimely end. To be sure my congregation might have been well pleased to get

home a little earlier than usual, but I myself would have been mortified."

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" he said again. "I don't see how you do it. But do let me say that what I heard of your sermon was good; decidedly good. The air, however, was all used up and positively I could not help my behavior. It was the fault of the architect. It was his wretched work which was the cause of it all."

I knew all about that lack of ventilation and I told him so. It was as he said. The architect had given us a fine church, but in the matter of ventilation and acoustics too I heartily expressed the hope that he would never build another church until he had realized how important fresh air is in a crowded building; and not less so, good acoustics also.

That little incident made us firm friends. He always came to the church when in the city, and always kept awake, perhaps fortified, as he said he would be, with a bottle of ammonia or other aid. After his return home from that first visit he sent me a book of poems which he had written, for he was a poet of considerable ability, bearing this inscription:

> "From a very sleepy poet
> To a very wide-awake divine."

After I had been in Baltimore a couple of years or so I was perplexed at the number of broken-down Englishmen who sought me out for aid. To one of them I said, "How did you happen to know I am English?"

"Oh, the Reverend A. B. (naming a fellow rector) told me about you, saying he was sure you would wish to help me as you were on the lookout for stranded fellow countrymen."

Well, I wasn't. But let that pass. So that was the way of it. The mystery was cleared up.

The next ne'er-do-well who came along found me ready.

"You are an Englishman, are you not?"

"No sir," was the reply, as if I had hurt his feelings; "I am all-American, so was my father before me."

"Oh I am glad of that. Nothing can be better. You are the very man I have been wanting to meet. Go to ..... Street and ask for the Reverend A. B. He is very patriotic; also very generous—sits up all night to lose no opportunity of doing good. Give him my compliments and tell him that you are in distress and that I know he will be especially glad to help a fellow countryman in need."

That ended the procession of broken-down Englishmen to my door. Of course I got my quota afterwards, and gladly so, as other clergymen did, but they came to me because I was a clergyman, and not because I was English born.

Strenuous days and weeks imply vacations, and these I generally spent on the ocean, taking by preference a slow boat—the slower the better. Before one of these vacations a mother came to me and said, "Lola's fiancé has just been killed falling from a horse in North Carolina, and she is in such a state that I must take her out of her environment. May we go with you to Europe if you are going soon? An ocean voyage is the very thing she needs."

It was therefore arranged that this parshioner, a Mrs. Carpenter, accompanied by Lola, her daughter, and another parishioner, Miss Anna F. Boggs, should accompany my wife and myself on a trip to England.

We landed at Liverpool, and in easy stages went through England, calling at Chester, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Oxford, to London. From London we went

to Windsor, and there I had an illustration, to quote the popular phrase, of how small this world is. As we were in Windsor on our way to the Castle it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps the Castle might not be open to visitors, as it was not when the royal family were in residence. So I asked the first man I saw after the doubt had occurred to me, whether the Castle was open. To my surprise, addressing me by my name, he said it was. When I expressed surprise that he should know me, he said, "I am a near neighbor of yours in Baltimore, where I am pastor of the Methodist church on Guilford Avenue, just around the corner from yours. You have a large church and of course are better known than I am who have but a small one."

From Windsor we went to Winchester, where another and similar surprise awaited us. We arrived late in the evening and had put up at the Hotel Royal and then went off to see the cathedral by moonlight. Coming back we lost our way in the crooked streets of that ancient capital of Saxon England. So bidding the ladies I was piloting to wait, I went across the almost deserted street (it was then nearly ten o'clock) to ask a man standing on the other side to direct me to the Hotel Royal. He also addressed me by name. On asking him how he knew me he replied, "I used to live in Baltimore and frequently attended your church though I really belonged to the next parish, St. Mary's, Hampden, and am married to a daughter of its rector. We are now living here in Winchester."

Our last visit was to Canterbury Cathedral where we were present at one of the week day morning services. Afterwards, when on our way home I asked Mrs. Carpenter which of all she had seen on her trip had most interested her, and doing so I fully expected that she would name either Warwick Castle or the Tower

of London, or perchance Windsor Castle. But none of these had so moved her as had that service in Canterbury Cathedral, attended by but a handful of people, when morning prayer had been beautifully rendered by choir and clergy.

"That morning service in Canterbury Cathedral," she said, "interested me most. It will ever live in my memory. In its effect upon me it was unequalled by anything else in England."

It was summertime in Baltimore and I was not dressed in full clericals—just Palm Beach suit—when one of these garrulous strangers you sometimes meet nudged me on the arm in a street car, and said, "See that building?"

"Yes,"

"That's an insurance office."

"Oh no," I replied, not at once catching his meaning, "that's not an insurance office; it's a church."

"Oh yes?" said he, with a knowing look, "but that's the same thing you know; they both insure you against fire."

"Ah, yes, that's true my friend, and I hope you have taken out your policy, and if you have not done so the sooner you do it the better!"

A Palm Beach suit is responsible for many contretemps. I happened to be returning from New York on a Pennsylvania Railroad train when a passenger tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Come into the smoking room and let's have a game of cards."

I was just then feeling very far from well, and I hadn't sufficient energy to tell him that I didn't play cards, and even if I did that I wouldn't be apt to play on a railroad train—too many sharpers around. So I contented myself with murmuring that I was not well.

"Ah," he said, "my friend, it's always a bad thing to go on these drunks; you ought to keep away from the drink."

"Quite so," I faintly admitted.

I had not been rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels very long before I realized that its financial methods were not perfect, to state the case charitably. When people asked me what kind of financial system we had I used to reply, "It's neither one thing nor the other; neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor even decent good red herring."

There are two well-known systems of obtaining the funds to pay a Church's current expenses. One of these is the "free and unappropriated system." Under this system no one has any rights over the pews; all are free; you can sit where you wish. Over the doors of such a church can be written: "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Unfortunately, churches that have this method are as a rule poor themselves, for such is human nature that it doesn't value what it gets for nothing. The nickels, dimes—even pennies—that find their way into the offertory of such a church are abundant proof that very many have no sense of responsibility where the Church is concerned.

The other method is the renting of pews. It has its disadvantages, but those have been often magnified; it also has advantages, and this is often forgotten. For one thing it enables families to sit together—a thing we rarely see nowadays as we should, due in large part I fear to the prevalence of the free and unappropriated system. In a pew rented church you select a pew within your means, pay your rent, and have the use of it.

Now at St. Michael and All Angels' you couldn't sit where you liked. It was not free and unapprop-

riated. All the pews had been assigned, but without any rental. As long as there was a vacant pew in the church, anyone could have it on application, and being assigned, it was usually held as soldiers hold a fort—against all comers. Comparisons are odious, but the old fable of "The Dog in the Manger" often occurred to me. A small family of two or three would hold a pew which seated five or six. Also nearby members of other parishes, hearing that pews in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels' were to be had for the asking, would secure a pew, which they used only on rainy days or when it was inconvenient to go to their own churches. Meanwhile hundreds of would-be worshippers, outside a privileged few, had not even a sitting to call their own.

Time went by, and then I called the vestry together, and said, "Gentlemen, I can't work this parish under present conditions. You must either make this church absolutely free and unappropriated or you must charge a rent for your pews."

Said one, "It's no use trying the free system; we have tried it and it was a miserable failure."

Said another, "The pew rent system would be still worse."

"Nothing can be worse," I replied, "than what we have now, and I ask for a motion that all seats in the church be declared free and unappropriated, or that those who want pews reserved shall pay for them on a scale to be determined later."

Apparently the free and unappropriated system had no friends at all; at any rate a motion was made that the church should be placed on a pew-rented basis, which was duly seconded. The voting resulted in an even division of votes. As chairman of the vestry I voted for the pew rent system.

"I'm afraid that ends it," said the somewhat pessimistic treasurer. "We have had hard work to get along before; now it will be impossible. I foresee trouble ahead."

There was trouble. A large number of those who had been holding pews without using them seemed to be of the treasurer's opinion, that the end had come, and we had a number of pews returned to us—a very fortunate outcome. Others were now hurrying to get a pew as you do to get an opera seat. The net result was that we added between two and three thousand dollars to our income at once, and best of all, we doubled the congregation. And this also we observed; that those who were now paying pew rent were far more courteous in entertaining strangers than those who had held their pews as a favor. This therefore was the kind of trouble we had brought upon ourselves, and our excellent treasurer was good enough afterwards to say that he had been altogether mistaken, and that he would like more trouble of the same kind.

When an Anglican priest dresses as custom prescribes, there is one drawback. He may be mistaken for a priest of the Roman Church. However this has its compensations. I was seated one evening on a river boat leaving Washington for Baltimore, when a woman passenger asked if she might have a word with me. Then sitting down she informed me that she had formerly belonged to the Episcopal Church but had seen the error of her ways and was now a Roman Catholic. I waited till she took breath and gave me a chance to speak, and then I frankly expressed my opinion of her conduct. After that she gave me a wide berth on the boat.

Those who know Baltimore well are aware that

Roman Catholicsm in that city holds a position that perhaps it does not hold anywhere else in the world. This is largely due to the fact that very many Roman Catholics in Baltimore are people of wealth and of good social standing.

I once attended a wedding when the only daughter of a prominent Roman Catholic family was to be married to a member of my own parish. Cardinal Gibbons, assisted by a bishop and a priest, performed the ceremony. It was a performance, just that, such as one might have expected to witness in a civil court where any recognition of religion was forbidden by law. The name of God was not mentioned; no prayer was offered and no blessing was given. An agnostic would have been well satisfied with it. I am told—I have never witnessed such a marriage service since—that a like performance always takes place when a Romanist and a "non-Catholic" are married. Sometimes, to be sure, these "non-Catholics," as in the case of Anglicans, are more Catholic than the Roman Catholics themselves. But how any Anglican man or woman can be a consenting party to so grievous an insult to themselves and to their Church passes my comprehension. But even more surprising is how Roman Catholics themselves can stand for this pagan rite. Perhaps it is because the Roman Catholics look at things differently from Anglicans. Their ways are not as ours nor their thoughts as our thoughts. We frequently forget this in our criticism and our judgment. Here is an incident fully typical of this difference.

When Cardinal Martinelli received the red hat with imposing ceremonial in the Roman Cathedral of Baltimore, I was present at the service and had a seat quite near to the chancel. The service had been proceeding but a short time when a lady sitting next to me asked

if I would like to know the names of the ecclesiastics grouped in the sanctuary immediately in front of us. As practically the whole hierarchy of the Roman Church in this country was there, I replied that I would be very glad to have all the information she could give me. She evidently recognized me as not of their flock, although she herself was undoubtedly of the "inner circle." Then she began to tell me their names. That one was Archbishop Corrigan of New York; this, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, and so on. She seemed to be familiar with them all, and as she gave their names she also added little touches of personal description. But every now and then, in the middle of her interesting description, the sanctus bell would ring, and then she would break off even in the midst of a sentence—almost in the midst of a word—to drop on her knees. In a moment she was up again and proceeding with her information exactly where she left off, even to the finishing of a broken sentence or even a broken word. To me it was something I could not possibly imagine as happening in any church of our own during the solemn service of the Holy Eucharist. But to her it didn't seem to be strange thus to be in the world and out of it; in the church and out of it. And yet I am sure she saw no irreverence in it at all. So different are their ideas from ours.

While in Baltimore I received a letter from Mrs. Winsor, wife of the Reverend A. S. H. Winsor, who, at my suggestion, had been called to the parish of Upper Marlboro, Prince George's Country, Maryland. Having contracted malaria there, Mr. Winsor was anxious to get into a cold, bracing climate such as that of Minnesota from whence he had come. An invitation coming from Bishop Codman of Maine to take a parish in his

diocese, Mr. Winsor resigned Upper Marlboro and travelled to Maine, eventually finding his way to the town where was the vacant parish he had come to fill. No sooner was he there than he realized that somehow a serious mistake had been made. The vestry knew nothing about the action of the bishop and were somewhat indignant when they learned of it. They had not called anyone to be their rector nor had they deputed that duty to the bishop. Nor were they going to do so. They would make their own choice. Fortunately for Mr. Winsor he had a cottage of his own at Northeast Harbour, to which he retired; but for the next two years he was out of a parish, and the fact that he was without a parish effectually prevented his getting another. Apparently it was assumed by vestries or by bishops that Mr. Winsor was not a desirable person to elect as rector. He must have had an unsatisfactory record; otherwise, why was he without a parish?

At the end of two years there came a letter to me from Mr. Winsor's good wife begging me, unknown to her husband—for he would never have written himself—to intercede with some vestry or bishop to obtain a parish for her husband. I at once wrote to several bishops, among others to an old friend of mine of many years. He replied, graciously enough and promptly, to the effect that he had nothing suitable for my friend. Yet at the same time in his diocesan magazine I saw vigorous appeals for rectors on behalf of three or four vacant parishes, the vestries not having been able to fill them. A week later I was in Wilmington, Delaware, to deliver an address at a Church gathering, and the bishop was also there. As soon as I saw him I asked him why he had written that there were no vacant parishes in his diocese when his diocesan paper was telling of almost half a dozen vacancies.

"Oh yes, there are vacant parishes in my diocese all right," said he; "but I knew you had a 'lame duck' on your hands and I thought I would save you future trouble."

"But this clergyman is no 'lame duck' I protested. He is a most excellent man in every way." And I told him Mr. Winsor's story. Immediately he asked that Mr. Winsor see him, which he did, and then and there offered him a parish, which Mr. Winsor accepted. For six years or more he was its rector, only leaving it to do equally good work elsewhere. After he had been in his new parish for several weeks the Bishop wrote me: "Can you send me two or three more men like your friend Mr. Winsor?" I replied that just then I had no "lame ducks" on my hands.

I had in my household in Baltimore a maid servant, Annie. After she had been in our service for some time I found that she had never been baptized. Later on I baptized her. Eventually she left us and drifted to Chicago; at any rate, I received a letter from a Roman Catholic priest in Chicago enquiring the particulars of her baptism. Had I baptized her? If so, with what words? And had I the intention while so doing of making her a member of the Holy Catholic Church? I replied that I had baptized Annie and that I had used the formula, "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and the Holy Ghost," as I held that any other form is not Christian baptism at all.

I received another letter from the priest in which, thanking me for my answers to his first two questions, he said I had not answered his third question as to my intention to make Annie a member of Christ's Holy Catholic Church.

Well, I had not answered that question purposely, for I took no stock in the doctrine of Intention, for

that doctrine is this: That if a priest, when baptizing, marrying, or performing any other sacramental rite, has not the intention of using the words in the sense in which the Catholic Church uses them, then there is no true baptism or marriage as the case may be. This doctrine has always seemed to me to be like the Maryland Clergy Act, a two-edged sword. The priest himself who was so careful about it could not be absolutely certain that he himself had been baptized or ordained. Indeed, going further back still, he could have no certain knowledge that there was even a duly qualified Bishop of Rome, for the doctrine of Intention might have played havoc with all his ecclesiastical and spiritual history.[1]

However, to assure the good father that all was well, and to put no impediment in the way of Annie's marriage—for the priest was, if I remember, expecting to marry her to the man of her choice, and rightly enough was unwilling to do so if she had only the status of an unbaptized person, I assured him that as I myself was a priest of the Holy Catholic Church it was certainly my full intention when baptizing Annie to make her a member of the same Church. To this the priest courteously replied that all was satisfactory, and I hope that in consequence he did his part to make Annie happy for life.

It was after I had been five or six years in Baltimore, and the city to the north had grown so much, in one section particularly where many cheap houses were springing up overnight and a very large number of people of the poorer class were making their homes, that I started a mission in the district; and for that purpose I hired a room in a dwelling house and began

[1] Yet it was on this flimsy dogma of Rome that Leo XIII denied the validity of Anglican orders when unable to find a flaw.

services. Later I rented a deserted Baptist chapel. Later still, being on a visit to Cape May Point, I met a young deacon of our Church, the Reverend George J. Kromer, who, seeming to me to be the very man I needed to carry on the work, I invited him to join the staff of St. Michael and All Angels' and to have charge as his especial duty of the Mission of the Guardian Angel, as I had named it. He was not then in priest's orders, but these he at once sought in the Diocese of Easton, to which he then belonged. His ordination as priest quickly followed in the Cathedral at Easton and I preached his ordination sermon.

The work grew apace under Mr. Kromer and preparations were being made for building a permanent chapel, when I was called to Washington, and my responsibility ended. But the plans formed were carried out, and a fine stone chapel is there now. So is Mr. Kromer, the energetic and successful vicar, who has been its inspiration along with his beloved wife these twenty-five years past. A few months ago *The Maryland Churchman* had a full page devoted to the work of the Chapel of the Guardian Angel. It told of Mr. Kromer's success. It also spoke of the loving care which three rectors of St. Michael and All Angels' had bestowed upon it; but for all one would have gleaned from that article, its founder had never had even the remotest connection with the Mission or with the selection of Mr. Kromer, its successful vicar. Such is history. If historical truth can be perverted like this in the brief space of thirty years, what must be its utter uselessness when it runs into hundreds! Who can wonder after this exhibition of editorial incompetence at such a yarn as that which tells us that Henry VIII founded the Anglican Church, or that Roman Catholics founded Maryland as the Land of the Sanctuary!

It was midsummer, and not many of the clergy were in Baltimore. I happened to be one of the few when I received a visit from a stranger who asked if I would conduct a burial service. It was that of a woman who, he said, had not been attending the Church of St. Michael and All Angels. I assured my visitor that notwithstanding that fact, I would be quite ready to do what he wished. But could he tell me a little about the dead woman? To what Church did she belong? He did not know. Did she attend any church That he didn't know. Perhaps she was not a Christian at all? Had she ever been baptized? That also he did not know. In fact to none of my questions could he give any definite answer save one; he had never heard of her having been in a church in her life.

"In this case," I said, "why do you desire Christian burial? Please understand that even under these circumstances I shall be willing to bury her, but I don't quite understand why Christian burial is desired."

"Oh, it's the custom, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes, it is usual—more's the pity. But what good will it do? I'm a Christian man, and when I die I want to be taken into the church and have the services of the Church rendered, and I want all the music and all the flowers that generally go with the burial of the dead. But if I had lived in the plainest neglect of the Christian religion as this poor woman has done, never attending services at all, I do not think that I should thank you for dragging my body to church for a service in which I had never believed when living. Besides, don't you think it's unfair to this poor woman thus to take advantage of her now that she can't help herself? Your doing so certainly implies some condemnation of her conduct in not attending church while she was living. But we are not her judges. The proper thing

to do is to bury this poor creature exactly as she has lived; without religious rites or ceremonies of any kind."

"You're right, sir," he said emphatically; "I never thought of it from that point of view. Where do you preach? I'm coming to hear you. I like the way you look at things."

Whether he came to hear me preach as he said, I don't know, but he never came again about that burial service, and I feel sure that her friends laid her in the grave just as she had lived; without any reference to the Christian religion. So I came to think of her as the woman whose burial service was never "preached."

It was always a pleasure when I was at St. Michael and All Angels' to entertain visitors. Of these the greatest of them all in some ways was Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson of Mississippi. One day I asked him why, with his great gifts as a preacher, he had accepted the bishopric of Mississippi, where his ability was thrown away, and about which he himself had once said, "A bishop should be an administrator. I am not. Why? Because there is nothing to administer." His simple reply to my question was this: "The Church summoned me to the place and I went."

Our former Presiding Bishop, Dr. Alexander C. Garrett, who lately passed away, when Bishop of Northern Texas, came to St. Michael and All Angels to preach for his diocese. On entering my vestry the Sunday morning he was to preach, I found him looking the very image of woe.

I said, "What's the matter, Bishop? Are you not well?"

"Oh, I'm well enough," he said, "but I hate this appealing for money. I feel like Bishop Schereschewsky

when he said, 'I vas villing to be von bishop, but I vas not villing to be von beggar.' "

I said, "Bishop, don't feel that way about your coming to us. You are a missionary bishop with such abilities that had you been a lawyer you would have made hundreds of thousands of dollars. Will you please be good enough to tell my people this morning that you have headed this subscription list with yourself, and then ask them what are they going to do? The laity do not always realize that this is exactly what all such able ministers of the New Testament do—give themselves."

CHAPTER XII

Rector of St. Thomas' Parish—Part I

First visit to St. Thomas' Parish.
"In the wrong place."
Accept call to be Rector of St. Thomas'.
"I'm but a stranger here."
Instituted by Bishop Satterlee.
First pressing need; A congregation.
Second need. Reduction of parochial debt.
An apportionment on the congregation.
Striking differences between Baltimore and Washington.
Rector of a procession.
A survivor from the *Titanic* speaks in St. Thomas'.
A rich man's timidity.

THIRTY years ago there stood, almost side by side, two churches to the east of Dupont Circle, less than a block away, one being used at that time by the Swedenborgians. Formerly, however, it had been known as St. Andrew's Chapel, and before that, the Chapel of the Holy Cross, and was used for Episcopal services. The other was Calvary Chapel, where the services for St. Thomas' Parish were then being carried on. Both these buildings have been razed to the ground; one to make way for a private residence, the other for St. Thomas' Hall. The present St. Thomas' Church was

not then in existence, though its foundations had been laid.

I had been invited to come from Baltimore to address the Sunday School Institute of Washington; and knowing nothing of the existence of these two churches in such close juxtaposition, I not unnaturally presumed that the first I came to was the place where the meeting was to be held. It was, however, the Swedenborgian place of worship; but as the doors were open and one or two people entering, I entered too. Whereupon a perplexing scene confronted me. Evidently a service was proceeding, in preparation, I imagined, for the meeting to follow. But he who was conducting it was neither wearing surplice nor using the Prayer Book. The attendance was very small—only about two dozen being present, and I was beginning to wish I had not promised to give the address, when a lady, approaching me, said, "Are you not the Reverend Dr. Smith, of Baltimore?" Admitting that I was, she said she thought I was in the wrong place. I assured her that I myself had been under that impression for some time. But where was the place I was looking for?

"A few yards further on," she replied, "just around the corner."

Following her direction, I came to the well-lighted and well-warmed building which was then doing double duty as church and parish hall of St. Thomas', the name of Calvary having been dropped.

Three or four years later, a deputation from St. Thomas', coming to Baltimore at the suggestion of Chief Justice Clabaugh, a former vestryman of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, consisting of Brigadier General George A. Woodward and Mr. Melville Church, sought information as to whether I would consider a call to their parish. I replied that my knowl-

edge of it was very limited and I could give no definite answer, but that I would give the subject careful consideration; also, that at an early date I would preach in their church and look over the parish. They told me they had a beautiful building, but that it was heavily burdened with debt, and that the congregation was very small. Moreover, they said that it was the day of small things with them, and they could not pay a very attractive stipend. They were also afraid that whereas I had three curates—all, by the way, most congenial and efficient—they could not promise even one.

A week later I fulfilled my promise of preaching in Washington. On the day before I did so, an incident occurred which fully confirmed all they had said. One of my parochial workers in St. Michael and All Angels' had come to me to ask if I could find a substitute for her, as she was then leaving the city on a visit to Washington, and would be away over Sunday.

"I also happen to be going today to Washington," I replied; "I am to preach in St. Thomas' Church tomorrow morning."

My mention of St. Thomas' immediately interested her as she had relatives living in the neighborhood of St. Thomas' Church and had heard that St. Thomas' and also St. Margaret's, a nearby church, were both in a very bad way. They had, she said, large debts and small congregations—always a bad combination. "And I hear," she added, "that they are talking about selling one of the churches and uniting the parishes, thereby making one strong parish."

At this time the Church of St. Michael and All Angels was crowded to the doors as no other church in the city of Baltimore was; its organizations were of unusual numerical strength and brimful of enthusiasm. Above all, if there were any disloyal members in the

parish I knew it not. Therefore if I had at that moment said to anyone that I was considering a call to St. Thomas', they would have looked at me in amazement. Perhaps the thought would have occurred that it was for a larger stipend. No—not that; the stipend offered was less than I was receiving.

All the same the call had more than one compelling feature. Its really beautiful church was one of them, although even that was not the greatest. That rather lay in this: that St. Thomas' was a church without a congregation, but of great possibilities and in a part of the city where, if one could only reach the heart and soul of its people, a great work could be done for Christ and His Church. There is always a peculiar fascination in creative work, whether it be the building of a house or the painting of a picture; but how much more when the house is for the Lord God, and the Kingdom is not material but spiritual.

After much consideration I accepted the call to St. Thomas', and on November first began my work. Perhaps it was not intentional, but the processional hymn as I entered the church began thus: "I'm but a stranger here." Of course that was perfectly true; so also was it quite evident. But why emphasize the fact?

On the following Advent Sunday I was instituted by Bishop Satterlee under the canon law of the Church, which, having been accepted by the vestry, set aside the Maryland State Act.

Two tasks immediately confronted me. First: The gathering together of a congregation to fill the church. For this purpose I secured a band of willing workers who, going from door to door, took a religious census of the neighborhood. Among these was Mrs. Norman Galt, afterwards Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

The next task was the reduction of the debt. This

debt amounted to the large sum of $72,500, but its very existence was unknown to many. Indeed the idea was widespread that, unlike most Washington churches, there wasn't a penny of debt on St. Thomas'. Shortly after I came, at a dinner given for me, one of the guests said to me, "How glad you must be to be the rector of a parish which doesn't owe a penny in the world!"

I ventured to say that not only had St. Thomas' Parish a debt but that it was also the costliest ornament of its kind in the diocese. Yet even then this good woman blandly assured me that I must be mistaken; "St. Thomas' has no debt."

Nor did this incident stand alone. Another woman who had recently taken a pew in the church was driving past it with an Army officer in her carriage. Turning to him she said, "General, I have just taken a pew in this church. Do you know, it is the only church in Washington that has no debt."

"Madam," was his reply, "I fear you are greatly mistaken. It is deeper in debt than any other."

"You don't say so! Are you sure?" cried the startled lady.

"Absolutely."

"Oh please open that window, quick—I think I am going to faint!"

Just how the error had spread so widely as to the freedom from debt of St. Thomas' I have no idea, but even among those who were aware of its existence there was a sort of conspiracy of silence. Debt is not a pleasant subject to talk about, and therefore, why talk about it? Besides, it hinders a parish from getting new parishioners. Few are looking for a church burdened with debt. Therefore, as when a servant leaves you and afterwards asks for a recommendation you

readily mention all her good points; her excellence as a cook, her clean, tidy, and industrious habits, her respectful behaviour, and in a perfectly natural way say nothing about her distressing habit of getting drunk whenever you have an important dinner party on hand, so at St. Thomas'; all mention of the debt was absolutely taboo.

However, for my part, I proceeded to talk about that debt everywhere, though doubtless my doing so put to flight some people, exactly as my friend at Catonsville had been frightened into escaping from St. Michael and All Angels'. But how can you secure contributions for a debt when you are not willing to admit having one? That problem was too great for me, and I gave it up as insoluble.

The congregation was small in those days; frequently, so I was told, there being more in the choir than in the congregation, and the reduction of the debt was necessarily slow—too slow for my peace of mind. Therefore I called my vestry together and said, "Gentlemen, there is a theory widely prevalent in this Church of ours, but which I am frank to say I regard as unworkable, that it is the sole business of the rector of a parish to look after its spiritualities; that his only business is to preach, to administer the Sacraments, and to take spiritual care of his congregation; that he has nothing to do with the temporalities. On the other hand, that it is the duty of the vestry to look after the temporalities, of which they are sole guardians, but that they have nothing whatever to do with the spiritual affairs of the parish. I regard both of these theories as utterly false. Now I am going to ask you to allow me to divide this parish into ten sections that you may canvass it for the purpose of reducing its debt. Or, if you prefer it, I'll divide the parish into

five sections, and you can go two and two and do the same work. This big debt is like a mill-stone around our neck. It is hindering our work; people are afraid to join us; and we either must wipe it out altogether or greatly reduce it."

Dead silence! One of those silences that are oppressive; also significant. The very air became chilly; one felt like reaching for his overcoat. At last one member said, "Rector, I am afraid you'll have to take my resignation. I have never asked for a dollar in my life, and it's a little too late for me to begin now."

Then from another the same. Evidently they were all of the same mind. As I had a vestry of distinguished men, all much interested in the parish, there was nothing else to do than to say, "Very well. I'll undertake this business myself; but I am going to ask you loyally to support me in everything I do, in which case I'll see that the debt is paid."

Oh yes, gladly; anything I wanted. And ever afterwards they faithfully abided by that promise.

It was shortly after this that a member of the parish came to me and said, "I see you are worried by the debt on the parish. We have now, I understand, a mortgage indebtedness of some $60,000 and $3,000 in notes. I'll get the money for the notes."

This was like a cup of cold water to a thirsty traveller in a barren and dry land where no water is. He got the money. Later I asked him how he felt about making an effort to reduce the mortgage indebtedness.

"Oh," he said, "that is not necessary; the next generation can pay it."

Well, he had done his part and I didn't press him. But a word about that "next generation."

The debt was $60,000, and at five per cent we were

then paying $3,000 interest per annum. A generation is accounted thirty years. Now see what we were doing. We were trying to hand on a debt of $60,000 to the generation which was to follow us. But observe the price we were paying for the privilege of doing so. In the thirty years intervening we should have paid in simple interest alone actually $90,000, and that old debt would be still on our back as the old man of the sea in the story of Sinbad the sailor.

The truth is we can't pass debts on to the next generation. We must all pay the piper as we go.

Therefore I determined on something radical. I was now fairly familiar, in a general way, with the financial condition of my people. With the entire list of parishioners before me, I placed opposite each name the amount I thought he or she could give, and notified each one of the apportionment I had made. The apportionments ran all the way from $5.00 to $5,000.

The loyal responses encouraged me greatly. There was scarcely a murmur of dissent. I had not an unpleasant experience. Two persons only objected: one, I think, because I had not asked him enough; the other because he resented in a general way being apportioned anything by anyone.

Afterwards both of the objecting parishioners generously came forward and did their full share. The responses of the congregation did not entirely wipe out the debt, but they did cut it down by $30,000.

I am fully persuaded that if this method were more generally adopted, it would be far more satisfactory in every way than the methods of obtaining money for Church purposes which are being used nowadays. Many of these are far from dignified, and in the end I fear do quite as much harm as good. Particularly do I dislike the method of raising funds on a large scale by

commercial firms, paid a heavy percentage of the amounts received to hold what are called "campaigns" wherein every device known to man to raise money is employed. Often, to be sure, they have great success. But how? In some cases the money is simply squeezed from the pockets of unwilling givers who are too often afraid to refuse. Also in other cases there is a pandering to vanity and self-glorification by the attraction of seeing one's name in the public papers, and so forth.

It is a far cry from all such methods to a private note from a rector to each parishioner, telling him that he is apportioning to him so much and will ask him to consider the apportionment conscientiously and pay it if he possibly can. Should the assessment be too small he can increase it; if too large he can reduce it; but otherwise he should obey conscience and pay it. We are nowadays assessing the whole Church for her missionary enterprises. Dioceses are being assessed; so are parishes. But neither diocese nor parish has any funds of its own, so why stop there? Why not go to the ultimate source of the money, namely the people themselves?

Anyone who has lived in Baltimore and also in Washington is conscious of a difference so great between these two cities as to have it borne in upon him that in place of being forty miles apart they might be four thousand. Perhaps a clergyman, due to the nature of his duties, is apt to feel this difference more quickly than others.

After living in Baltimore for some years, Washington seemed restlessness itself. In Baltimore I knew where to find my parishioners; they stayed "put." In Washington they were like the Arabs—always on the move. Change for its own sake seemed to have a fas-

cination for many. Walking home from a parochial gathering with a retired Naval officer, as we came to the street where he had been living I involuntarily paused to say good-night.

"I don't live here now," he said; "we have moved."

"Why, you moved last year!"

"Yes, we move every year. We prefer it."

Perhaps this was due to roaming habits acquired as a sailor, but it seemed typical of the city. To so great a length did this go, that whereas in Baltimore I felt I was the rector of a parish, in Washington I soon began to regard myself simply as the rector of a procession.

"Doctor," said a vestryman one day, "I hear you have recently lost seventy families from the church."

"Seventy! Why you can nearly double that." There had been an election, and the party in power had gone out. That was all; but a fall of the Administration meant an exodus.

Because of this spirit of change, pastoral work in Washington presents many and peculiar difficulties; difficulties so great that I have been thankful that I did not begin my work in Washington, for had I done so I should have promptly retired from the ministry under the firm belief that whatever else the Lord intended me to be, he never meant me to have charge of a parish.

Because of these things the Church counts in Baltimore for a great deal more than in Washington. There, people attend services better; they appreciate the Church more, and give far more generously for its support. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that Baltimore people expect to spend their lives there. In Washington ordinarily they have no such expectation. Indeed people in Washington seem rather to enjoy living in their

trunk, and that a trunk already packed for the expressman. Under these circumstances one can hardly expect a very keen recognition of parochial responsibilities. Then, too, in Washington so much more attention is given to social life that other considerations are crowded out. Then there are many "climbers," and climbing is a terribly arduous business. The climber has no time for anything else save climbing—not even religion.

Even the press of the city seemed to have no interest in the Church and its undertakings, although it is much better now. Here also the difference between Baltimore and Washington is very striking. Whereas in Baltimore reporters were all eagerly anxious for Church news, printing the same in full, I think I was two years in Washington before I ever saw a reporter, and she a woman who had come to learn if I had married the daughter of Mr. and Mrs..... that day. Yes, I had. Well, could I tell her how the bride was dressed? I promptly and truthfully told her no; I hadn't the faintest idea. Her dress might have been blue, red, or green—I really could not say. She seemed shocked at my denseness, and evidently deeming me hopeless, forthwith departed.

The most remarkable service I ever attended in St. Thomas'—or I think anywhere else—was when Colonel Archibald Gracie, a member of St. Thomas', gave an account of his escape from the *Titanic* disaster on the 15th of April, 1912. Colonel Gracie was one of four Washington men who were on that ill-fated steamer. Of the four, the Colonel alone escaped. Like other men on that unfortunate steamer, he had stood back while the women and children went into the boats. When the doomed steamer went down, Colonel Gracie went with it. As it did so, there was a great explosion, and Colonel

Gracie was blown to the side of a life boat, which picked him up and brought him to land.

Before Colonel Gracie had started on that ocean trip, he had such a settled presentiment of evil that he not only asked for the prayers of the Church while he was at sea, but had also begged his wife and daughter to pray for him every day. He himself, before sailing on the return voyage, had entered a church in the Strand, London, to pray. He implicitly believed that his miraculous rescue from drowning was due to prayers which had been offered for his safety.

When he told me all this, I suggested that he come to our Sunday evening service and tell the story of his deliverance. Receiving his promise to come I made the simple announcement that he would do so. Then came Sunday, and for fully an hour before the doors were opened, the crowds gathering around the church were so dense that it was almost impossible even to get near it. When the doors were opened, they rolled in like a human tide, not only filling the church itself but overflowing into chancel and organ chambers and even into the parish hall at the back, where they could neither see nor hear. Standing at the lecturn, Colonel Gracie told the simple story of his escape from death, which he attributed entirely to the power of prayer.

I have always questioned the wisdom of a rector making appeals for money, in person, to his parishioners. Doing so, the next time he calls he is apt to find them "not at home." Money is proverbially timid, and when, through an open window, it catches sight of a rector coming to the house on a collecting tour, it is apt promptly to hide itself. I have broken this rule, I think, only on two occasions. One of these is very interesting. It was a case of a wealthy man—one of your *nouveau riche*. He had never attended ser-

vice at St. Thomas', though his children had done so, he, himself, going to no church. But as his house was in the parish, it was thought proper that he should be asked to contribute towards the reduction of the debt on what was really his parish church. Undoubtedly to aid in the support of the Church is a duty incumbent on every man throughout the country whether he attends religious services or not. If all the churches in the country should be closed tomorrow, the day after no man's property would be worth ten cents on the dollar; and the day after that his own life wouldn't be safe.

But as no layman was especially anxious to call, I said I would give myself that pleasure. So, going down to his place of business, I asked to see him. His man of affairs, looking me over, took in the situation. Evidently considering it his duty to protect his employer from these begging gentry, he assured me that Mr..... was not in.

"When will he be in?" I asked.

He didn't know; he was most uncertain in his movements. Plainly I had come up against a sentry on duty. As it was quite evident that I couldn't do much there, I determined to try at the stately residence which his employer had built not long before. Calling at the usual hour when I might have expected to find him home, I was told he was out. Asking the butler when I would be most likely to find him, he replied, "Always in the morning, quite early, sir."

Taking this literally, I went around next morning about half past seven o'clock. The butler grinned and said that he was in all right, but in bed. "I'll wait then, until he comes down," I said.

I waited, I suppose for an hour, when I summoned the butler to know whether I could then see his master. Going to see, he returned with a puzzled expres-

sion, saying that he had gone out—at any rate he wasn't in his room; that he had hunted everywhere for him and couldn't find him.

"All right," I said, "I'll try again tomorrow morning."

So when tomorrow morning came I went round again. The grin on the butler's face was broader than ever. "Is he in?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, he's in, sir, but again he is not down."

"Well, please see that he does not go out this time," I said, "for I hope he is anxious to see me."

When I saw the butler's expression I was inclined to modify my statement. Presently came this message: "He wasn't feeling very well and wouldn't be able to see anybody."

Next morning, bright and early, I went 'round again. The butler's grin was considerably enlarged. At once, he said, "I'll go see if he's out of his room, sir." He came down and said, "It's a singular thing, sir, but he's not in."

I said, "John, tell me the truth, is he in or is he not?"

"Well, sir, he's in all right, but he told me to tell you he wasn't."

Talk about money being timid, it's more than timid; it is cowardly. To that particular man, $5,000 would have been as nothing. Yet here he was sheltering himself behind butlers and subterfuges, afraid to meet his fellowman face to face as doing so might cost him a little money! The old Roman, Marcus Brutus, could have shown him a more excellent way:

> "When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
> To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
> Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
> Dash him to pieces!"

CHAPTER XIII

Rector of St. Thomas' Parish—Part 2

Requests to interview Government officials.
Affability of principals.
Experience with a minor official.
Bishop Rowe's unsuccessful effort to see President.
Archbishop (Roman Catholic) Ireland's welcome.
President expresses regret.
A gracious reception at White House.
Interview with Secretary of State.
Interview with Secretary of War.
Inconsistent conduct of Administration *re* Chaplains.
Bishop Satterlee elected first Bishop of Washington.
Noli episcopari.
An appreciation of Bishop Satterlee.
Parochial visits.

WASHINGTON clergymen are apt to be asked on someone's behalf to see Senator A. B. or Secretary C. D. Whenever a request of this kind has reached me, and I have seen the official required, two distinct impressions of my visit have generally been left on my mind: First, the affability of the official himself. Next, a feeling that had I been a Roman priest, in addition to a very courteous reception I should also have felt sure that I should get what I went for. But as a priest of this Church I was not quite so sure of success.

No one objects, or should object, to a Roman Catholic because of his religion. We should all be the poorer if overnight the controlling and restraining influences of that Church were swept away. But all have a right to object to the Roman Church in politics, and to its undue influence over our legislators. That influence shows itself in various ways. When more fuss is made over the appointment of a couple of cardinals than over the election of a president; or when, to get a position in one of the almost numberless Government departments, it is rapidly becoming necessary that you be a Roman Catholic, it is time for all men to speak out. All our departments are honeycombed with Roman Catholics, far out of proportion to their numerical strength in the country. Today the most powerful body in the United States is said to be, not the Masons, nor yet the Rotarians, nor even the Ku Klux Klan, but the Knights of Columbus.

Affability in officialdom increases as rank and influence become greater. Witness the following:

A certain senator phoned me asking that I see President Coolidge on behalf of a mutual friend. After I had fulfilled my mission I was full of admiration of the way in which the President manages his business with callers.

The senator had also requested me to see an official in the Department of Justice. My reception there was entirely different. In fact there was a startling contrast between the two receptions. This Department just then had troubles of its own. It was under fire. Perhaps this, in some measure, accounts for its actions. At any rate there was a marked difference between the reception accorded me at the White House and that at the Department of Justice. After my visits I wrote the following while they were fresh in my memory:

"The busiest men are always the most satisfactory with whom to have any dealings. I had occasion a short while ago to see President Coolidge, and wrote asking for an interview. Promptly came back an answer, naming the day and time. I reached the Executive Offices three minutes before the appointed time. I was immediately greeted by an official, though a large number of people were standing around evidently anxious to see the President. In three minutes I was conducted by his secretary into the President's room; stated to the President my business, had a most sympathetic expression of his interest, and left the White House with the feeling that I had seen the secret of the vast amount of work that the President gets through.

"On the same day I wrote to a minor official of the Government, also asking an interview, and punctually at the time appointed I arrived at the minor official's office. A colored attendant told me he was engaged. I requested him to announce my arrival, which he did. I was told that his superior would see me presently. So I waited. While I waited a solitary colored man came in. Unfortunately I had not the whole afternoon at my disposal, and after waiting some time, I was obliged to leave, having wasted much valuable time.

"I left contrasting the methods of this minor official with those of the President of the United States—probably the busiest man in the country."

Bishop Rowe, foremost citizen of Alaska, had come to Washington with much information which the Government should possess, both for its own sake and for the people of Alaska. Seeking an interview with President Wilson he remained a whole week in Washington, but never saw the President! Yet while he was here vainly endeavoring to obtain an interview, the Roman Catholic Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul also arrived in Washington, and the doors of the White House couldn't swing open wide enough to emphasize the cordiality of his reception. Bishop Rowe, tired of waiting, and learning of this discrimination, returned to Alaska; naturally a hubbub followed in Episcopal circles! Protests began to pour in to the President, who

at once wrote Bishop Rowe expressing regret at the incident.

But the President was not directly responsible for the slight to Bishop Rowe. He probably knew nothing whatever of Bishop Rowe's visit until the bishop was back in Alaska. He had chosen as his secretary, his right-hand man, who sorted out his visitors and said who could and who could not see him, a Roman Catholic. It was doubtless the Roman Catholic secretary who was responsible for the unfortunate blunder, for blunder it surely was.

To the lessons learned from the incident by the Administration I attributed a very gracious reception when I too, wished to have an interview with President Wilson. I had asked my friend, Senator Myers, to go to the White House with me. As soon as we crossed the threshold, the secretary immediately came forward, and although the room was filled with many waiting interviews, he said to me, "Just as soon as the visitor who is now with the President leaves I will present you." This he did in a very pleasant way, and I had my interview without delay.

That same morning I went to see Secretary Bryan. He was then engaged, but his secretary said I should see him next. But while I was waiting, the Spanish ambassador came in, whereupon the secretary, coming to me, said, "I am sorry, but you will have to let the ambassador go in first, that being the rule."

"Who is in now?" I inquired.

"Oh, reporters—quite a number of them."

"Then put me down as a newspaper man, for I am the editor of a couple of papers and as such am entitled to that recognition!"

I had my interview. It was about the care of wounded horses on the battlefields. Many people in New York

were interested in what is known as the Blue Cross, an organization intended to put out of misery all wounded horses, if their case was hopeless; and if not, to care for them until they were well again. Mr. Bryan was very insistent that he could not endorse the movement, which was all that I wanted him to do. He claimed that his doing so would be a breach of neutrality!

"But Mr. Secretary," I said, "the President himself has just given approval to this cause." Then he broke out rather brusquely:

"I don't care what the President says; I can do nothing of the kind."

It all seemed to me very unexplainable. Next day, however, I was fully enlightened. Mr. Bryan was at the end of his secretaryship. The day after, a cartoon in our principal evening paper represented Mr. Bryan throwing a brick at the President and saying, "Good bye; God bless you, Mr. President!"

One of the outstanding occasions when I have been called upon to see a Government official was a visit I paid to Secretary Lloyd Garrison on behalf of a young clergyman who wanted an Army chaplaincy. An Episcopal chaplain had recently resigned before his time had fully expired, and it was his place the young clergyman was seeking. To my amazement Mr. Garrison said that the number of Episcopal chaplains had been cut down from some thirteen or more to five, and there was then no vacancy and that there would not be any for a long time to come. Asking the reason of this extraordinary reduction, he replied that the President, the Chief of Staff, and himself, had gone very carefully over the number of chaplains allotted to each Church, and had found that in proportion to our numbers we had more than our share. I asked him how they had arrived at what they considered our share. He said that

we had about a million members, and that even five chaplains were rather more than we were entitled to. I assured him that he was quite in error in assuming a million as our full membership; we had perhaps a couple of millions more than that. He then replied, "If that is the case you are yourselves responsible for the figures."

"Not at all, Mr. Secretary; we have an unfortunate habit of reporting only a selected list of members, e.g., communicants, but our membership consists of all who have been baptized, and it is you who are in error in acting on the publication of a partial list as if it were the whole." He had difficulty in appreciating this until I said, "Mr. Secretary, suppose the Church had, for reasons best known to herself, undertaken a census of all her red-headed men and women and then had published the figures. Would that be a fair statement of her membership?"

He laughingly said, "Why, no."

"Well, that is just what the Episcopal Church has been doing. She has taken a census of one kind of member only."

As a matter of fact we were entirely to blame and fully entitled to suffer what had befallen us. At the next General Convention, held in St. Louis, I narrated the story of this incident. Whether the account had any connection with what was subsequently done at that Convention I do not know, but for the first time in the history of this Church the Convention turned its back upon the red-headed method of enumerating members and required henceforth that every parish should include in its membership the youngest babe baptized. Unfortunately the mischief had been done so far as the Army and Navy chaplains were concerned, and we are still paying the price of our unutterable folly.

In this business of appointing chaplains based on the numerical strength of the various religious bodies, the Administration was inconsistent with itself. Sometime ago, Senator Sheppard, at the solicitation of prominent members of the Jewish faith, asked that a Jewish chaplain be appointed in the Navy. He was met with the statement at the Department that there were not enough Hebrews in the Navy to justify such an appointment. But what had the number in the Army or Navy to do with it? According to the Department's ruling the real question was: How many Jews are there in the United States?

No wonder Senator Sheppard gave notice to introduce a Bill requiring a census to be taken of the religious faith of all officers and enlisted men of the Army and Navy.

And this, and not the whole number of each religious body, is the only logical basis for a proportionate representation which, if adopted, will very likely show that, after the Roman Catholic, the Episcopal Church heads the list, and for this reason: The Methodists, who far exceed in numbers these two Churches combined, are, as a rule, pacifists, who believe war wrong under any circumstances, and so on with the others. Anglicans and Roman Catholics do not generally believe this, holding that men should defend their altars and homes.

At the next General Convention the Church should demand that this method of arriving at a quota be adopted as the only sane and just one.

From recalling incidents connected with politicians and statesmen to narrating incidents in connection with the election of the three bishops Washington has had since the diocese was organized, is not any far cry.

High officials, both in Church and in State, often reach their goals in much the same way.

Dr. Henry Yates Satterlee was bishop here when I became Rector of St. Thomas'. On the division of the Diocese of Maryland it had been thought that Bishop Paret would take the new diocese, he having formerly lived in Washington as Rector of Epiphany. He remained in Baltimore, however, and Washington elected as bishop Dr. Satterlee, then Rector of Calvary Church, New York. His administration stands out today as no other will ever do. He was the real founder of Washington Cathedral; in truth its real builder, too, for he saw the vision and began the work under circumstances which mark him as a man of extraordinary vision and of equally extraordinary faith. It is easy to carry on where others have led the way, but to visualize a great Cathedral on Mount Saint Alban when not a foot of land belonged to the Church and not a dollar in the treasury with which to purchase it, could only have been the work of one who saw visions and dreamed dreams—an outstanding man among men.

When I first came to know Bishop Satterlee, it was his sublime faith more than anything else that impressed me. He was not a preacher; he was not an organizer; he did not impress you as a leader; but he had a rare faculty of getting things done. Above all, his faith was of a rare quality. Once when in his study I asked him how he was getting on with the payment of the immense debt which he had contracted—a quarter of a million—for the site of the Cathedral. He replied that all had been paid but $58,000, and that, he added, would be paid before March 25th next, when he would have been ten years a bishop.

"Who is giving that $58,000?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know; I have not the slightest idea, but I am sure God will provide it and I am trusting to Him."

"Bishop," I said, "I've about an equal debt on St. Thomas' Church as you have on the Cathedral ground, and I wish that I had the same confidence in its soon being paid off."

Then he said, "This is the Lord's work, and I have done my part; and I am therefore leaving the matter in His hands."

One doesn't meet a simple, childlike faith like this every day, for I am sure that the bishop meant every word he said. His voice rang true. I was, however, so interested in the outcome, that two or three weeks after, I dropped in again to ask him if the debt had been lifted, or if he had had encouragement of any kind.

No, he had heard nothing; but it would be all right.

Again I called, and much the same conversation took place.

I did not call again, but I heard afterwards that within a week of the twenty-fifth of March, he called his family into the private chapel for daily prayer that the money might be forthcoming on time. It came. A Washington woman wrote to the bishop saying she understood that there was a $58,000 debt on the ground. She would give $50,000, provided the rest was given. It was given, and my own impression is that the Bishop himself put up the remaining $8,000.

Mentioning this incident to the present Bishop of Fredericton, who has been a frequent visitor at St. Thomas', he said that they had had a like experience at Fredericton. When the first Bishop of Fredericton began to build the beautiful little Cathedral which stands in Fredericton today, there was a time when he came to the end of his funds, and it grieved him to the

heart to feel that the work would be stopped. But the last dollar had been paid, and next day the workmen would have to be dismissed. The bishop spent much of the night in prayer that the work of the Cathedral might not be hindered. Next morning an unknown messenger left a bag at the Bishop's residence, in which was found a large number of Bank of England notes for the Cathedral. There was nothing to indicate from whom it had come, save three initials, but whose they were no man knew, or knows to this day. But at the junction of one of the great pillars where the work would otherwise have ceased, those initials were carved in the stone, a memorial to the unknown giver; a memorial also of a striking answer to prayer. For when that gift was known, other gifts came in, and the Cathedral was finally finished without let or hindrance.

Bishop Satterlee did not seek the episcopal office; it was thrust upon him. A large number of bishops cannot say that. They are bishops because they have in various ways sought the office. This should not always be esteemed as anything discreditable—although we naturally prefer the man whom the office seeks. The work is often hard and frequently thankless. And it has little honor among us nowadays; but it does give a man an opportunity of great usefulness. However, Bishop Satterlee sought not the office.

On his death I wrote the following "appreciation," and although it is sixteen years since, I see no reason to change a word; rather would I add many like words.

"By the passing of Bishop Satterlee a great sorrow has fallen upon this community. More and more since he became first Bishop of Washington twelve years ago, on March 25th next, Bishop Satterlee had been growing in the affections of all who were brought into close relationship with him. Of a singularly lovable nature, he drew men to himself by those strong bonds which only deep affection can forge. Therefore,

as year followed year, an ever-widening circle of his fellowmen gave him not only love, but reverence.

"It was good to be with him. His very presence was an inspiration. Being what he was, he could not be less than a great spiritual force, and the world today is infinitely poorer by his loss. Truly of him it may be said, as was said of one like minded with himself: 'He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.'

"Looking back now at what Bishop Satterlee has been to his diocese, and what he has accomplished in his all too brief episcopate, we can the more readily realize that 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.'

"Henry Yates Satterlee was not born in the Church. His earliest religious associations were those of the Dutch Reformed body. But all the tendency of his deeply poetic and spiritual nature was toward that type of saintliness developed by the old Catholic Church. Its marvelous history of well-nigh twenty centuries; its glorious victories and splendid martyrologies; its prayers and services consecrated by the continuous use of generations of saints in Paradise; its stately buildings and ancient shrines, appealed to him with a strange fascination, and it was but natural, even inevitable, that, though destined for West Point and a soldier's career, when he came to the parting of the ways he went not to West Point, but to Columbia College.

"Natural, too, and inevitable, that when he should offer himself as a soldier of the Cross he should seek Christ's commission, not in the denomination into which he had been born, but in that Church to which all his devotional instincts led him.

"Made deacon in 1865, he began a work at Wappinger's Falls which he laid not down until he was called to be rector of Calvary Church, New York City. There his career was an unbroken record of spiritual success. His work in the Galilee Mission—its very name telling the character of the work—was from the first a testimony to his spiritual power, and it went hand in hand with like success at the Parish Church. Social conditions, wide as the poles asunder, which were being untouched, were influenced, uplifted. For fourteen years he was, in the truest sense, pastor, not only of Calvary Parish, winning many souls to Christ, but a pastor also of New York City.

"No wonder dioceses wanted him as their bishop. Ohio called him, and Michigan called him, but he did not want to be a bishop. *Nolo episcopari* was his attitude; so those influential dioceses were forced to seek others as leaders. Then came Washington knocking at his doors. At first there was no thought of calling him. It would be useless. He had said no thrice before—for the House of Bishops had called him to go to Japan—and he would doubtless say the same again. Therefore Washington thought of other clergymen; but ballot followed ballot and no choice was made. Then the rector of Calvary was proposed. Presently the chair announced that he had been duly elected. This was on December 6, 1895. On March 25, 1896, the consecration took place in Calvary Church at a service of great dignity, at which I was present and heard Bishop Huntington's sermon.

"Worthy now of special remembrance are two scenes in the bishop's life since he became Bishop of Washington, which put him before us with singular clearness, not because they differ radically from scores of similar scenes, but simply because they attained wider notice—even an international one.

"The year after his consecration he was traveling in Europe. It was the time when the Armenians were being massacred by the Turks. On July 3d of that year, 1897, he was asked to present the petition of English-speaking Christians to the Czar on behalf of the Armenians.

"Grandly he discharged the task assigned him, and when the time came for him to leave St. Petersburg, he found, massed at the railway station, Russians, Greeks, and Armenians, with the Metropolitan of Silesia at their head. They were there to give him a jeweled cross in memory of their gratitude and to bid him Godspeed. Then, ere the train moved out, the Archbishop prayed for him as their benefactor, which, being done, the famous choir of St. Isaac's Cathedral began to sing a hymn, and to the singing of the hymn the train slowly bore the bishop away.

The second scene was nearer home, and it will forever stand out as an illustration of splendid faith—just as that other scene will forever record the bishop's all-embracing sympathy for suffering humanity.

"When the bishop came to Washington, a site for a Cathedral had been offered for acceptance as a free gift. It was no great distance from the present Cathedral grounds, but as

a site it was far inferior. To the astonishment of many, the bishop declined the offered site, immensely valuable though it was, and opened negotiations for Mount Saint Alban. Shortly afterwards, on behalf of the Cathedral board, he signed an agreement by which, for $245,000, Mount St. Alban was secured to the Church. So far as is known, there was not a dollar in the diocesan treasury available to pay this immense sum. It is, however, believed that the bishop pledged all he owned, and then turned to the Church to justify him. Never was faith more signally rewarded. Ere the tenth anniversary of his consecration to the episcopate had come, every dollar had been paid, as he had always declared it would be.

"His passing was singularly beautiful. Awakening in the night, and realizing that the end was not far off, he bade his chaplain celebrate the Holy Communion, which being done, he solemnly thanked God for the great blessing vouchsafed him, saying audibly: 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.'

"Then, a little later, laying his hands upon each in turn, and committing each one to the care of God, he gave his parting benediction to all. After this it was but a short while ere the streaks of dawn came and light was in the sky. But for the bishop a more glorious day was at hand.

"He had finished his career; he had kept the faith; henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day.

"The interment was at Mount St. Alban; and in that day when, the Cathedral being built, the Jerusalem Altar shall stand in its rightful place, the body of the first Bishop of Washington, the founder of the Cathedral,[1] shall rest beneath it. Meanwhile he will sleep in Mount St. Alban, which is already God's acre, amid the relics of great shrines, which he

[1] Strictly speaking, Bishop Paret was the founder of the Cathedral, but only in a nominal sense. It was in his episcopate that the definite steps were taken which resulted in Congress passing "An Act to Incorporate the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation of the District of Columbia." Although in this act, Bishop Paret's name heads the list of trustees, it is well known that he was not specially interested in Cathedral building, and the project slumbered until Bishop Satterlee came.

It is interesting to note that the Act makes no mention of a national Cathedral, which, of course, it is not. It is simply a Cathedral situated in the national capital, and no more. It is somewhat unfortunate that it ever came to be dubbed the National Cathedral, tending, as the title does, to the "irritation of millions of Americans rather than to harmony." (*The Landmark,* Nov. 19, 1924, page 730.)

so lovingly, and with rare taste and ability, and with such unwearied industry, brought together—where stands the Little Sanctuary and the Glastonbury Chair, and where the Glastonbury Thorn grows beside them; where, too, are the great schools—the Cathedral School for Girls and the Choir School for Boys, which but for him had never been there. Aye, there is a sense, a very real one, in which we may say one to another: 'Know ye not that a prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel?'"

Parochial visiting is always a most attractive part of the work, although at times productive of embarassing situations.

One of my curates who had just joined us at St. Thomas' was calling on a family I had missed from church. He was dumbfounded when the mistress of the house herself opened the door and began to berate him sharply for not having called earlier. Not knowing what it all meant, he intimated that he had only just heard about her and had come immediately.

"That's no excuse. I sent for you two or three days ago, and you kept saying you would come; and this is your first appearance."

Light began to break in then. "Whom do you take me for?" asked the astonished curate.

"The plumber. Don't tell me you are not the plumber!"

"No, I'm not the plumber; I am one of the curates at St. Thomas' Church. The rector this morning asked me to call on you."

"Oh!" gasped the good woman—and collapsed.

When making a report of his visits some time after this incident the same curate related the following.

"Yesterday," he said, "I had the time of my life, but all the same I do not want a repetition of it. It happened this way. You know Connecticut Avenue is pretty crowded these afternoons. The girls are all out,

showing their new clothes, and the boys in their newly creased pants are there to admire them. Well, I was going along the Avenue, and all at once a man in front of me suddenly and noiselessly sank down on the sidewalk, reminding me of what I had been told of the tower of the new Church of the Covenant when it was in building; how one night it quietly subsided, giving no warning and making no noise. And it was the same here. There was a gentle subsidence— no warning, no noise, and there all in a heap on the sidewalk of a fashionable, crowded thoroughfare, lay a distinguished citizen.

"Immediately several people rushed to the fallen man's assistance; one picking up his hat, another his cane, while two or three others got him on his feet. I rushed too and saw it was Mr..... Unfortunately he also recognized me. After I had spoken a kindly word to the effect that I hoped he would be none the worse for his fall, and was about to go, he suddenly grasped my hand and said almost pitifully, 'Don't leave me, please. Don't!'

"Not till then did it dawn on me what the trouble was. I don't know why I had not noticed it before, but I had not. However, before I knew it he had laid hold of my arm, and as there was nothing else to do, we started up the Avenue together.

"You probably know Mr..... He is quite a large man, nearly twice my size; stands fully six feet two inches, and is well-developed. Therefore, though I held him up as well as I could, it was not long before we were swaying from side to side like a couple of boon companions going home in the wee hours of the morning, and, of course, creating a decided sensation as we went. We made fair progress, however, and had nearly reached his home, when we passed a large house where

a reception was going on. On the sidewalk was a lady waiting for her carriage. Taking one look at us, she darted into the house, evidently to bring out several others to see the show; one of whom inconsiderately exclaimed in my hearing, 'My glory, look what's coming here!'

"Well, I did not blame her. Mr....., with his silk hat tipped at an angle of 45 degrees and shining as brightly as the headlight of a motor car, and mine I fear at about the same angle, were a suggestive spectacle. I fancied, too, though this may have been a mistake and I hope it was, that another of the admiring group said, 'And one of these two beauties is a clergyman. It's dreadful, isn't it.'

"I was thankful when that walk came to an end. As I helped the now rapidly sobering man up the steps of his house, and rang his door bell for him, I said that I was glad to have been able to help him, and then I turned to go. But with the same earnest appeal which he had made at first he again begged me not to leave him. 'Don't go, don't go—not just yet. Not until you have first seen *her,*' with a strong accent on the personal pronoun. Poor man, I have no doubt he got all that was coming to him!"

I have had some interesting experiences of my own. One is very choice.

Making a visit at an old-fashioned house, standing in its own grounds, with a large lawn in front of it, quite unlike the houses we build nowadays, as I walked towards the front door I saw the two ladies on whom I was calling, sitting at the second story front, knitting, sewing, or doing something of the kind.

As the butler opened the door, I enquired if the ladies were at home. Promptly he replied, "Not at home, sir."

Taking out my card case, and discovering that there was not a single card left in it, I gave my name to the butler, and said, "Please tell the ladies that I called."

Instantly the man's face changed and he said, "Come in, sir."

"But why should I come in, since the ladies are not at home?"

"Oh, but they are home, sir."

"Then why did you say they were not?"

"Well sir, the ladies told me I was not to let in any book agents or tramps, but it's all right now. Come right in. They'll be right glad to see *you,* sir."

And this, though I was dressed in perfectly immaculate clerical attire!

CHAPTER XIV

Rector of St. Thomas' Parish—Part 3

Election of Bishop Brent.
Election of Rev. Alfred Harding, D.D.
Reception for Archbishop Parry.
Dr. James E. Freeman, a candidate for bishop.
Election of Dr. Freeman.
Tedious Consecration ceremony.
Distinguished preachers at St. Thomas'.
Members who have passed away.
Valuable co-workers.
Dinner at Lord Baltimore's mansion.
Flowers.

IN the Diocesan Convention which met in St. Paul's Church, Washington, to elect Bishop Satterlee's successor, there were many names proposed. I myself had not thought of nominating or even of supporting anyone, but as I sat in the Convention it came into my mind that Bishop Satterlee had expressed the hope that Bishop Brent might follow him. Now I had heard many good things about Bishop Brent, but the best was Bishop Satterlee's wish that he should be his successor; and I therefore made a speech which was reported as follows in the *Evening Star,* Washington, May 10, 1908:

"One of the finest tributes paid to the Bishop-elect of Washington, Right Reverend Charles Henry Brent, was that in the speech of Reverend Dr. C. Ernest Smith, Rector of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, before the Episcopal diocesan convention in seconding the nomination of the successful candidate. Several clergymen had been put before the convention by their admirers, and several of the local clergymen had spoken for Bishop Brent. Dr. Smith attracted attention from the beginning of his remarks. When he finished, applause not heard before came from several parts of the church, but this was checked by the presiding officer. It was then said by many in attendance at the session: 'That speech has turned the convention for Bishop Brent.' Dr. Smith said on that occasion:

"'I do not want to nominate anyone, but wish to say a word about one who has already been nominated. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has just read the qualifications of a bishop, and there is one striking one—that he shall be no novice. Of all the men whose names have been put in nomination there is only one of whom it can be said, "He is no novice." That is Charles Henry Brent, Bishop of the Philippine Islands, a tried master-builder in the Church of God, a statesman-bishop, one who has his Cathedral which he himself has built. He has shown what he can do and what manner of man he is. It is said that General Leonard Wood makes no move of importance without first ascertaining what is the opinion with regard to it of the Bishop of the Philippines. Moreover, he is the one man, when the General Convention was in session in Richmond, whom the chief executive of this nation delighted to honor by having him as his guest at the White House.

"'When thinking of the time of his own passing away, Bishop Satterlee thought also of the possibilities of a successor. The one man he thought of and said again and again he would have succeed him was Charles Henry Brent, Bishop of the Philippines. Surely this man is no novice. In electing him we are making no experiment, taking fewer risks than with any other man presented to us. From all we know of him he will push forward with vigor the splendid conception of Bishop Satterlee, in which he saw in vision the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul crowning the heights of St. Alban, as the center of strength and unity, not merely to this city and to this diocese, but to all cities and to all dioceses of this fair American land. Then, too, it will be for him true to his record

in the past to go through all the country parishes and to the remotest corner of the diocese to bind them heart to heart and to make all men realize more and more the meaning of that phrase, "The brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God." I beg to second, Mr. President, with all my heart, the nomination of Bishop Charles Henry Brent to be Bishop of this diocese of Washington, most of all on this ground—that he is no novice to be lifted up with pride and so to fall into the condemnation of the devil.'"

Bishop Brent was elected, but almost immediately he declined the election. It was thought by some that the Bishop was under the impression that the Convention wanted an immediate answer, and for that reason, wishing him to have all the time necessary for full consideration, he was elected a second time. But again he declined. After that the Convention elected the present Bishop of Pittsburgh, Dr. Alexander Mann. He also declined.

In the meantime the diocese was getting very restive, and it seemed advisable that the next choice of the Convention should be of one from whom it should have some assurance beforehand that there would be no declination. It was well-known that Dr. Randolph H. McKim, if elected, would accept, and in some ways the diocese would have done well to elect him. An excellent presiding officer, three times President of the House of Deputies, a forceful speaker, a fine debater, a well-read theologian, a man of good social connections, and withal a man of fine presence, he would have been an honor to the episcopate. But there were many opposed to him, mainly on the ground of Churchmanship.

Although not myself greatly interested in the outcome, I was suddenly called upon to take a rather outstanding part in the next election. On the Saturday preceding the Convention, which was to be held at

Trinity Church on the following Tuesday, word had been left at my house during my absence from home that a number of clergy, mostly the younger men, were coming that evening after dinner to discuss the situation with me. I should explain that this was largely due to the fact that there were then, as there are now, two parties in the diocese—the "Low" and "High." I belonged to the latter, and to that party was *persona grata.* Over the phone they told me that it was their intention to nominate the Missionary Bishop of Salina, Dr. Griswold, and they desired my help. Well, would they come to the rectory on Monday morning at eleven o'clock, and not on Saturday night, and we would go over the situation together? They would. Therefore on Sunday after service in St. Thomas' I went to see Dr. Harding, then president of our standing committee, to ask him if he would accept the bishopric if elected, should Dr. Griswold be nominated and fail of election. He replied that he would rejoice at the honor, but feared he had no chance. He however, felt, with me, that a local man would have to be nominated, and suggested that I stand for election, in which case he would gladly nominate me. I replied that for several reasons I personally preferred to be rector of St. Thomas' Parish, which I considered the most desirable Church position in Washington. However, I agreed with him that he had had no chance of election previously, but that now I thought he had an excellent one, although there was one drawback—he might be regarded by the laity as too high a Churchman. It was therefore important to know whether, in the event of his election by the clergy, the laity would confirm, as was then the method. I therefore suggested that he ask one or two prominent men whom I named for their opinion on this point, and to do so promptly, as there was to be

a meeting of clergy at my house next morning. To my surprise he told me that he was himself coming to the meeting and would in the meantime do as I suggested.

Next morning Dr. Harding was present at the meeting. Drawing me aside he said the laymen had assured him that all would be well as far as they were concerned. The meeting—there were twenty or more present—was then opened, and it was soon evident that all were agreed on Bishop Griswold of Salina; also that they could count on at least thirty votes; and would I nominate him? I then asked Dr. Harding to leave. After he had gone I told the meeting of my interview with him the day before, and said that while I would do all I could to secure the election of the Bishop of Salina, I felt sure that he could not be elected because of his Churchmanship. But I would urge Bishop Griswold's election only on one condition, viz—that if we failed to elect him we should vote for Dr. Harding. To this several demurred on the ground, as they put it, that while Dr. Harding had an amiable character and was well liked; also that there was not another office in the diocese which they wouldn't give him, they did not approve of my nominating him for bishop.

However, as my support of their plan was contingent on their promise to vote for Dr. Harding in case of failure, they were content, feeling sure that Bishop Griswold would be elected. And indeed he came very near election.

The Convention was held in Trinity Church. Dr. McKim was at once nominated. Seven other speeches followed, all urging his name. When the eight speeches were over, I nominated Bishop Griswold. No other names were put in nomination; no other speeches were

made. When the ballot was cast, Dr. McKim had thirty-four clerical and thirty-six lay votes; Bishop Griswold thirty-two clerical and twenty-five lay. On the next ballot Dr. McKim had thirty-six clerical votes, gaining two, and thirty-three lay, losing three. Bishop Griswold's thirty-two had gone down to thirty, thus losing two clerical, but gaining one lay. It was very close voting. Only two more votes were needed to give Dr. McKim the election.

It was now evident that Dr. Griswold could not be elected. Therefore, withdrawing Bishop Griswold's name, I nominated Dr. Harding, and said a few words in his favor. Then the next ballot was taken, which resulted in Dr. Harding receiving more than the requisite number of clerical votes for election. The laity forthwith confirmed the choice of the clergy and Dr. Harding was duly elected.

Politics! Of course; this we admit. Really, it is not so far, as regards methods of procedure, from the election of a bishop to that of a member of either house of Congress. But why not? I see no objection, so long as we have our present method of electing bishops, which for the welfare of this Church ought some day to give way to a better. It is the worst possible.

On the death of Bishop Harding twelve years later we were thrown into politics again. Dr. McKim had passed away, but into his place had come the forceful, energetic rector of Epiphany, Dr. James E. Freeman. There was much canvassing on his behalf. The laity were busy as never before. Mr. C. C. Glover, one of our most distinguished laymen and a member of his parish, did me the honor to call upon me, and in a two-hour interview, urged me very earnestly to make a nominating speech for Dr. Freeman.

As Mr. Glover was very earnest in his suit, I gladly

promised him before our interview ended that I would cheerfully speak for his candidate and do anything else I could to have him elected, should it appear that another would be elected whom I thought not as well-qualified as he. With this we parted.

Just at this time Archbishop Parry of the West Indies was visiting me and I gave a reception for him to which I invited the clergy of the city. Dr. Freeman was one of those present. Taking him aside I told him of Mr. Glover's visit and of my conditional promise to vote for him as Bishop, and that in view of possibilities, I desired to know where he stood on certain fundamentals. He satisfied me on the subjects mentioned. He also volunteered other information. He particularly mentioned that he had forbidden the carrying of the National flag in Epiphany Church unless the cross was also carried, as had not been the custom; also that when in Portland attending the General Convention he had refused an invitation to preach in one of the largest churches of another denomination in favor of a small Episcopal chapel. Also on this and two or three other occasions he expressed great surprise that I was not a member of the Cathedral Chapter, and said he thought I ought to be, and seemed much worried that I was not!

As to what took place later on I may venture to give in abbreviated form the account published in the *Parish News* of St. Thomas' Church and which was written in response to various requests for information, the daily press accounts of the same being more in the nature of fairy tales than sober history:

"It was not long after Bishop Harding's death before many names were mentioned in connection with the vacant bishopric, among them Dr. James E. Freeman, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Dr. George F. Dudley, Rector of St. Stephen's,

and Dr. Ernest M. Stires, Rector of St. Thomas', New York. Among other clergy mentioned was the Rector of St. Thomas', who had, however, begged those whom he had reason to believe would nominate him, not to do so. But even so, without being nominated, several votes—eleven or twelve—were cast for him.

"When the Convention met in Ascension Church, May 31st, it was seen that Dr. Freeman was the outstanding candidate of the laity, Dr. Dudley the candidate of some of the clergy, and Dr. Stires a favorite with many of both orders.

"On the first ballot Dr. Freeman was elected by the laity, the clergy making no choice. Then ballot succeeded ballot all day long until, at 10:35 P.M., when the tenth ballot was taken, it was evident that a deadlock had developed. In the meantime Dr. Dudley had withdrawn his name and had seconded the name of Dr. Stires. It thus came to pass that with the deadlock becoming more pronounced the conviction began to spread in the Convention that either no election would be made or that Dr. Stires would eventually be chosen.

"It was at this juncture that the Rector of St. Thomas' made an address in which he begged the clerical members particularly not to go outside the diocese if they could find an outstanding man within. Such a man, he said, was Dr. Freeman. He would undoubtedly (unless they elected him bishop) be the next president of the House of Deputies. He was a man of fine presence, considerable preaching power, a good administrator, and a tireless worker. While, however, all admitted these facts, he knew that many of the clergy were not voting for him, and this mainly because of differences in Churchmanship. But were Dr. Freeman's views so far from theirs? Not at all. When he came to Epiphany he soon noticed that while the flag was carried in procession the cross was not, and he at once forbade the carrying of the flag until the cross also should be carried. That was a fine thing to do. Furthermore, when the General Convention met in Portland Dr. Freeman refused an invitation to preach in a large Congregational church in order to preach in a little Episcopal chapel.

"After further remarks Dr. Ernest Smith declared that while he had a very high regard for Dr. Stires he felt obliged to ask the Convention to give its votes to Dr. Freeman.

"When the next ballot was taken it was evident that the address of the Rector of St. Thomas' had borne good fruit.

Eight more votes were immediately cast for Dr. Freeman. On the following ballot, three more. The deadlock was broken. Dr. Freeman was now leading by several votes. Just one more ballot and Dr. Freeman would have been elected, but the time for adjournment had come.

"Next morning it was obvious that a great effort was on foot among the opposition leaders to cheer up and hold together their rapidly disintegrating forces. But it was all of no avail—the handwriting was upon the wall; in a few minutes Dr. Freeman would be elected. He had now left Dr. Stires far behind, having eighty-one votes against Dr. Stires' sixty. Nor was this all. He had five votes to spare over the necessary election had the Convention not been voting by orders. His election therefore was as certain as anything could be. There was only one course open and that was to join the procession for Dr. Freeman. This the opposition leaders did, both promptly and graciously. They were only just in time. Dr. Freeman on the next ballot was elected. So all's well that ends well."

I have attended several consecration services of bishops, but I have rarely done so without feeling that a great amount of time was wasted by the reading of the various "consents" from bishops and standing committees at the time of the consecration itself. And speaking of these tiresome regulations, perhaps the most inexcusable of all these intrusions of the legal into the religious arena are the recitations concerning the candidate's credentials as to his admission into the diaconate and priesthood. What earthly difference to his valid consecration as a bishop does it make whether Dr. A. B. has been made a deacon or ordained a priest? The Church has the power to consecrate as bishop a man from the lay ranks, if so minded, as it did when it elected Ambrose, governor of the province, to be Archbishop of Milan. Moreover, we have never yet read that St. Peter and the rest of the Apostles were all made deacons and priests before they were elevated to the episcopate.

If we are to have this sort of thing, why not insist on things that really count? The one thing of supreme importance at such a time is that the candidate has been baptized. Not all the bishops in the world can make a man a bishop without that. And that was all the bishops who consecrated Ambrose were careful about. Ambrose had never been baptized. They saw to it that he was baptized, and this done, they consecrated him as Archbishop of Milan. But with us there is not a word about the candidate's baptism. Of course it is taken for granted. Exactly. Then why not take lesser matters for granted too? Further; if we're to have assurances of this kind we ought to be fully certified that the consecrating bishops had themselves been duly baptized and validly consecrated.

Several years ago I was at the consecration of four bishops in Westminster Abbey. There were several thousand people present. The Abbey choir being one of best in England, it goes without saying that the singing was beautiful. It was a service to be remembered. But if each of those four bishops had had to be testified to as is done in our Episcopal consecrations, I fear the physical strength of all concerned would have been exhausted before the tedious recitations had come to their appointed end. And then, too, all the beauty and the impressiveness of the service itself would have been marred by the introduction of all that wearisome rigmarole entirely foreign to the service itself. So long as we persist in a service of three hours' duration, with so much trivial detail, so long will consecrations be regarded as tedious affairs—even though the press next day describes them as brilliant.

St. Thomas' people have been privileged from time to time to hear in their pulpit some of the most inter-

esting men of our time—Edgar Jacobs, Bishop of St. Albans, England; the two Bishops Dunn, father and son—Andrew H. Dunn, of Quebec, and Arthur Dunn, of Honduras; Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham, England, whom Mr. Bryce brought over from the British Embassy; John Richardson, Bishop of Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada—he of the rich, musical voice, whose preaching of a Mission some years ago is still remembered gratefully. Perhaps of all the preachers who came here the one who gripped men most was Maurice Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, Canada, whose preaching always filled a church to overflowing—one of the gentlest and most lovable men, reminding us of what we read of the Venerable Bede. He was in Washington to attend a meeting of the bishops in this Western Hemisphere held at Ascension Church. In passing let me tell this incident of the Bishop. I happened to be standing just outside the church and saw him walking past it. Going towards him I said, "Are you not Bishop Baldwin, of Huron?"

"Dear friend," he replied, "I answer to that name; and can you tell me where the pro-Cathedral is? I have been looking for it all morning. Everyone I have asked to direct me has looked at me so strangely that I am afraid to ask any more. Is there anything *outré* about the question?"

"No, Bishop; they didn't know what you meant, that was all. You see in Washington we are strangers as yet to Cathedrals and pro-Cathedrals."

Then there was Frederick Courtney, sometime Bishop of Nova Scotia and afterwards rector of St. James' Church, New York, a polished speaker, whose sermons were classics, abounding moreover in apt Scriptural quotations. Remarking one day that he

seemed to know the Bible by heart, he replied, "I think I do."

"How did you come to know it so well?" I asked.

"Because my mother, a very saintly woman, required me, when a child, to learn a passage of Scripture every day, which I did; and as I have a retentive memory I have never forgotten what I then learned."

Then we have had Father Waggett, of the famous Society of St. John the Evangelist, of Oxford, whose praise is in the Churches. But in some ways a more impressive man than any other I have ever heard was "Woodbine Willie," chaplain to King George, who spoke one Monday to the clergy in our Parish Hall. Emaciated, looking as if he could hardly stand the fatigue of a lengthy address, he spoke for over three-quarters of an hour. In his address there was such a blending of philosophical thought and religious feeling, combined with a manifestly deep knowledge of the results of scientific research such as none of his audience had ever heard so combined before. Scarcely a man took his eyes away from him. He is indeed a master of assemblies.

Gershom Mott Williams, Bishop of Marquette, Michigan, a modest, unassuming man, but with gifts far above the average, often preached in St. Thomas'. Indeed for one winter, while recovering from an accident, he was a parishioner.

Among many men prominent in various walks of life who have been connected with St. Thomas' and have passed away, I may mention one of the founders of the church, Henry E. Pellew, who died as Viscount Exmouth in the peerage of Great Britain, Brigadier General John M. Wilson, whom President Roosevelt put on the commission to settle the great coal strike of

1902, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, once nominated for the vice-presidency of the United States, were members of the vestry. W. W. Rockhill, sometime our ambassador to China, was confirmed here. Here burial services were conducted for such internationally known men as Walter Reed, the surgeon in whose memory and in grateful recognition of whose work the splendid hospital called after his name was built; and Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, whose books exercised no little influence on the conduct of the Great War, particularly on the part of the German General Staff. George Wendling, brilliant writer and lecturer, was an appreciative and regular attendant here.

In my twenty-three years at St. Thomas', there have been five British ambassadors in Washington. Of these Sir Mortimer Durand, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, and Sir Auckland Geddes had pews in St. Thomas'. One of the others was Viscount Bryce, who "was afraid he could not belong to St. Thomas' as his ancestors of two hundred years back had all been Presbyterians," but said he would be glad to attend occasionally. The present ambassador, Sir Esme Howard, is a Roman Catholic.

During the ambassadorship of Sir Auckland Geddes, Lord Balfour, sometime Prime Minister of England, was a guest at the embassy, when he attended service in St. Thomas' and communicated at our altar.

Of good women who have greatly helped the work of St. Thomas' there have been and are now very many. Without their helping hands and willing minds there could have been no St. Thomas' Parish such as we know it today. Were I to begin to name these, this chapter would run to an inordinate length.

Among men who are still members of St. Thomas', a warden and vestryman for all the years of the pres-

ent rectorship, Mr. Melville Church is an outstanding figure. He and his excellent wife have been always most faithful. Among others who formerly belonged to the parish I have known none who gave to it of his best more than did Henry L. Myers, Senator from Montana. Always ready to help in the work of a parish, whether as a teacher in the Sunday school or as a canvasser in Nation-wide Campaigns, as a platform speaker and in other ways he never pleaded the great pressure of public duties upon his time and strength when he might justly have done so.

With more laymen like these in every parish, we should be much further on the road to claiming the world for Christ than we are now.

Some years ago one of St. Thomas' parishioners—Mr. Thomas H. Pickford—tendered Senator Myers a dinner which in many ways was unique. The dinner was given at an old colonial mansion at Riverdale, near Washington, once owned by Lord Baltimore when this was the Province of Maryland, but then owned by Mr. Pickford. The cook who prepared the dinner had been instructed to serve it exactly as it would have been served in Lord Baltimore's time. The men who waited at table were in the livery of that day. It was altogether a notable occasion. Many men prominent in social and political life here were present, among them Vice-President Marshall, William Jennings Bryan, then Secretary of State, two or three other cabinet ministers, and some of the leading senators and congressmen, together with a number of Washington's principal citizens. The party, numbering eighty persons or more, assembled at the Willard Hotel and went out in taxis. I was one of the guests, the only clergyman present, and as such the representative of religion.

The responsibile task of seating the guests in their proper order of precedence, or what was supposed to be the order—a very ticklish affair in Washington—was entrusted to a gentleman who was evidently ignorant that in any gathering of that kind, the one representative of religion and of the Church should have, not for his own sake but for the cause he represented, a place of honor. Unfortunately that official did not know this, neither did he know that the rector of a church of the Anglican communion is an official of an institution that outranks in age every government on earth now standing. I had very charming neighbors at the dinner, but I was not in my proper place. Afterwards my host expressed his regret at the unfortunate oversight, stating that when he noticed it it was too late to make any change. I mention this now because I have sometimes observed on other occasions a similar error. The sooner we take it for granted that an official representing religion is entitled to special attention, the better it will be for our country. We have no State Church it is true, but we have not put religion out of our life. It had been expected that Cardinal Gibbons would have been present on the occasion. I wonder what would have happened had he not been assigned his rightful place, or what he esteemed it to be!

Senator Myers' refusal to stand for reëlection to the Senate after he had completed twelve years of service was a great disappointment to all his friends. Since returning to Montana to practise law—he was a Federal Judge when he was originally elected to the Senate, without even seeking the office—he has been writing his experiences in a series of newspaper articles in the Butte (Montana) *Miner*. In an article dated June 22, 1924, on Orators and Oratory at the Capital, he referred to me in these complimentary terms:

"To listen to him Sunday after Sunday, Dr. C. Ernest Smith, Rector of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., is one of the most eloquent and entertaining men whom I have ever heard preach. Brilliant and versatile, one never tires of hearing him. He wears well."

This over-partial estimate recalls the words of another senator, long since gone to his rest, Senator Peffer of Kansas, who also was a regular attendant at St. Thomas'. As I was entering the church one day, he said to me, "Doctor, I wish to tell you that your sermons are very helpful. I have been wanting to tell you this for some time, because when a man is doing good work I don't think it is necessary to wait until he is dead before saying so. I like to give my flowers to the living."

It is because I am not willing to wait until those whom I have mentioned have joined the great majority, that I am offering these flowers now.

CHAPTER XV

Reflections After Thirty-Five Years

The Church in Southern Maryland.
Auspicious planting of Church in America.
Church's position today.
Past handicaps.
Three important facts:
(1) In several ways the Church has been making wonderful progress.
(2) She has not been making progress in adding to her membership.
(3) Causes of failure in this respect.
Reasons for optimism as to the future.

WHEN I came to Maryland thirty-five years ago I was greatly impressed with the strength of the Church. In that part of Maryland to which I had come and with which I was for some time alone familiar, the Church was all, and more than all, I had expected her to be.

To be sure I heard that it was very different elsewhere. But whatever she might be in other places, in Southern Maryland she was the Church of the people. From the beginning of Maryland history she had been the dominant Church, all acknowledging her supremacy. And this, be it remembered, in that part of Mary-

land where the country sincerely believes that Rome was supreme. But in many Maryland parishes, even in some of the counties, Rome was not in existence at all. It was the Anglican, not the Roman, which was the well ordered and well established Church. Hers were the people, although she had not always the clergy to minister to them.

And as years went by, this problem of clerical supply continued to trouble her. When I became rector of St. Paul's Parish there were many parish churches without rectors—"silent churches." St. Paul's itself for two full years had been one of them, and yet in St. Paul's Parish, as elsewhere, the people had remained faithful. Thus, this Church was *the* Church, as, perhaps, she was nowhere else in all the United States; her status there was unique. She had her well built parish churches and chapels, and the people who crowded them Sunday by Sunday had never known any other spiritual mother. In Maryland, when I came, Church life was flowing on in the even tenor of its way, as it had done for many decades past. It was all very delightful in those days, only thirty-five years ago.

This Church had an auspicious beginning. She was here first; no other at that time having planted herself in the land. She began at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, so that she had now over three centuries of continuous American life and work behind her. That gives her a unique position.

There are, besides, certain outstanding facts for which she is entitled to honorable mention. She baptized the first white child ever born in America. Hers was the first Indian convert won from paganism. She was the first to celebrate here the Holy Eucharist, then "commonly called the mass," to quote the first

Reformation Prayer Book of Edward VI. Also she was the first to consecrate on American soil a bishop of the Church of God.

But above all, by virtue of her coming here before any other Church, she rightly acquired spiritual jurisdiction. And it was eminently fitting that these singular privileges should have been enjoyed by this Church, since she is nothing less than a planting of the National Church of that Anglo-Saxon race to which God appears to have given the mastery of the world. Not long before she came, the five-century-old grip of the papacy had been forever broken in England, whereby England's ancient Church had come into her own again. Then, setting her house in order, she took thought for her children beyond the seas, who looked to her and to her alone to care for their souls. For at that time the Roman Catholic Church had too many serious troubles of her own to think of planting herself overseas in Anglo-Saxon territory, and consequently from her there was no opposition; and as for other Churches, such as the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Lutheran, they were but a feeble folk; for them those were the days of struggle and hardship; and as for the great Methodist denomination, it had not begun to be, John Wesley not having then been born.

Where, then, stands this historic Church today—this Church which was here first—the Church of the auspicious beginnings; of the ancient lineage; the apostolic ministry; the glorious tradition; the roll of martyrs; the well-ordered liturgy; the open Bible; the valid Sacraments; the marvelous opportunities; verily the Church of the ten talents—where does she now stand compared with Churches which had none of these advantages—Churches which, but for her, had never

been in existence at all? For it was this Church of ours all through those centuries preceding their existence which kept safe and inviolate the sacred deposit of faith for future generations of men—the Faith once for all delivered to the saints.

Alas, she is today so far behind them numerically that, as we look over the land, the sight which presents itself is a sadly disquieting one and one which is causing great searchings of heart. If it were possible to take an accurate census tomorrow morning of those who for themselves and for their children claim membership in this Church, it would almost certainly show that their number is very considerably less than three millions.[1] But as we have been accustomed for years to think of her as not having quite a million children, even such a showing is apt to cause much satisfaction, if not indeed actual rejoicing. Yet what are they among so many? What are even three millions among one hundred and ten millions? Then inevitably one asks why Maryland conditions are not found in other places? It is a question which presents some special difficulties.

To be sure, while these acknowledgments should be made as to the great advantages with which this Church began her career, we must never let it be forgotten as a set-off against them that she afterwards suffered from overwhelming handicaps. For 177 years she had no bishop. Think of it, this historic Church without a bishop in her midst for almost two centuries! Of discipline, godly or otherwise, she had none. Organization did not exist. And as if these things were not enough came the Revolutionary War, when she was roundly accused of being altogether in sympathy with

[1] Due to our un-Catholic custom, now happily being abandoned, of counting as members only the communicants.

the British cause and therefore a Church with which no loyal American could have anything to do.

Later came immigration on a vast scale. Myriads from the old world kept pouring in continually, many of them alien in speech and thought. Landing in the East they swarmed to the farthest West. As an overrunning flood the Church was well nigh overwhelmed by them. Some of these immigrants who would have companied with us, never identified her under her new title, "Protestant Episcopal," and were lost to us. Others who looked in at her services, or come in contact with her "exclusiveness," thought of her as an offshoot of the Roman Church, and so it ran on. Such handicaps as those far outweighed advantages she had enjoyed a couple of hundred years before; so much so, that had she not been of Divine origin she could scarce have survived them all. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she went forward mightily.

And now, looking back, three facts impress one:

(1) In recent years we have been making some wonderful advances.

(2) In the same period we have not been increasing our membership.

(3) This failure to increase our membership has been largely due to faulty methods.

(1) A. Perhaps the one change which more than any other first attracts attention, is the marked improvement which has taken place in the more Churchly character of our services and the teaching of the clergy; also in their public preaching. Sixty years ago it was possible to find here and there a service conducted in accordance with the teaching of the Prayer Book and the best traditions of the Church. But the parishes where such services were rendered lay under the ban. Clergymen, ambitious for promotion, avoided such par-

ishes. I shall not easily forget how this was brought home to me when, as rector of St. Paul's Parish, I asked the Rev. J. W. Clark, of St. James'—a very "extreme" church—to let me preach for the Bishop Claggett Fund. He was entirely agreeable, but said that as I was a young man I had better think carefully about it as it might cause me to be a marked man.

It was also possible at that period to hear a Baltimore rector publicly proclaiming that should a cross ever be put on his church's spire he hoped God would permit that spire to fall; also to hear a bishop fulminating against flowers on the altar; or, going back to an earlier period, to hear another bishop saying to the children whom he was confirming in the Church of the Advent, Boston, when he noticed them reverently bowing their heads at the name of Jesus, "Stop that bobbing, it makes me nervous." We cannot now conceive of such things as possible today. On the contrary chancels are daily increasing in number which have altars rightly cared for; so also is increasing the number of priests who properly vest for divine service, and having done so, conduct it with all due reverence. There are people, probably always will be, to whom form and ceremony of every kind are distasteful. And for these there will always be a place in this Church, whose comprehensiveness is its strength, but it is good now to know that henceforward, for those loyal and earnest souls, increasing in goodly numbers, whose spirit of devotion is kindled by rich and beautiful worship, there is an honorable place in this Church of their fathers.

B. We have been witnessing a parallel improvement in the architecture of our Church buildings.

No longer are we content to build "palaces for ourselves and shacks for the Lord God." Something of David's feeling has taken possession of us, when he

said to Nathan the prophet; "See now I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains." Therefore, stately churches are rising among us, such as St. Thomas', New York; Calvary, Pittsburgh; The Advent, Philadelphia; St. Thomas', Washington, which cannot be mistaken for other than churches. In this matter we are in a new era of which our fathers never dreamed.

C. We have a keener sense of our responsibility towards the other man, the Lazarus at our gate, who needs our help. Hence, like magic, orphanages and hospitals, homes for the aged and infirm, and such like institutions, have been coming into existence. Many of these, by the beauty of their design, substantial character, and completeness of their appointments, abundantly testify, not only to the self-sacrificing quality of this new zeal for man's physical welfare, but also to the fact that the Church which has ever been wont to do these things has lost none of her ancient spirit of philanthropy. Indeed it is the Church which always and everywhere has been the far-flung power of inspiration for all such good works—though, alas, this is commonly forgotten. Tennyson's little fable of the flower has here its own appropriate lesson for all who thus forget the glorious services of the Church, and think that it was states and governments which led the way in service to humanity:

"Once in a golden hour,
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

"Then it grew so tall,
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night,

"Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
'Splendid is the flower.'

"Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

And as we are more alive to the other man's physical needs, so are we also to his spiritual. There is among us a new passion for the salvation of souls, whereby many who have been suffering from a famine, not of bread nor of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord, may now eat and be satisfied. And this more than ever is manifesting itself in this new period of international responsibility. Therefore, we are witnessing the raising of vast sums for the work and extension of the Church and have passed from the raising of thousands to raising millions.

Again, we note the growth in influence of this Church. That influence has always been great and out of all proportion to her numbers. Bishop John Williams thirty years ago observing this, quaintly and aptly described it when he said, "The Episcopal Church is like the town clock; some say it is too slow; others that it is too fast; but I observe that all are setting their watches by it."

Today this influence is still greater. The denominations around us are busier than ever setting their watches by our clock.[2] They have borrowed our Prayer Book for their services, and also our Church Calendar, and they who once thought scorn of our appointed seasons are now observing them as to the manner born.

[2] Let us admit that in various ways some of our brethren have been copying them. See page 246 B.

They have put their choirs into surplices and are intoning their Amens. Nor is this all. They have caught the spirit of beauty in our ecclesiastical architecture, and wonderful are their latest buildings. Here in our capital the newest and most important of their places of worship is so close a copy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, that, looking at it, you might suppose you were in Trafalgar Square, London, instead of in Sixteenth Street, Washington. And I know not how often in other cases this same mistake is likely to be made as men see for the first time some strikingly beautiful denominational church. In these and other ways the influence of this Church is showing itself all over the country.

(2) Alas, that in this review we are not able to include the one token of success which in importance towers over all the rest, as some old world Cathedral towers over the surrounding buildings—the gathering into the Church of the multitudes who know nothing of her, or of the Gospel she proclaims. We gain, indeed, but we do not keep. We receive, but we do not increase. We are as a bag with holes.

But surely there is some improvement? Yes, we have greatly increased in numbers since, let us say, 1836, when we had only 600 parishes and 763 clergy, but now apparently we are not keeping pace with the population; in fact at best only standing still. Such gains as we make do but balance our losses, and then, too, our converts are not from the non-Christian masses around us as we should earnestly wish them to be. They come from Rome herself and the various denominations, and are among the most loyal and faithful members we have. Not among them, but among our own children it is that this leakage and drift occurs. In 1924 there was an actual decrease in Baptisms of 3,827, compared with 1923. Likewise, in the same pe-

riod, Confirmations fell off by 3,045. Other statistics are equally discouraging.[3] Between 1916 and 1924 the bishops reported 448,131 Confirmations. But in 1924 the Church had only 87,763 more confirmed members than she had in 1916. What has become of the 360,163? Some have died, some have become Christians unattached, of whom many are now drifting, as derelicts drift, without a pilot and without an anchor. Some—the percentage is not great—have embraced Christian Science and the various new 'isms which are forever springing up. Some, and these probably form the vast majority, have simply become retired Christians.

(3) To what is this failure to increase our membership due? As to this, men differ much in their diagnosis. Too much theological controversy, say some; not enough, say others; too many or too few variations in dogma and practice; too much stress on ritual or too little; not enough on the Gospel; too little emotionalism, or too much; too little brotherly kindness; too much Cathedral building and too little evangelistic work among the spiritually destitute, and, not least, too little attention to the children. So it runs on.

But we can hardly hold any one cause responsible or even any two or three causes. It is rather a combination of many, most of them the result, let us gladly acknowledge, of sincere efforts to help the Church. In this we have been somewhat in the position of drown-

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[3] E. g. "In New England 126 parishes have fewer communicants than they had eight years ago. In Philadelphia 37 parishes have fewer communicants than they had ten years ago. The Diocese of Chicago reports 29 parishes or missions having fewer communicants than they had ten years ago. And the same condition exists everywhere in the land."—*Rev. George Parkin Atwater, D.D.*

Reporting to the last Convention similar losses in the Diocese of Washington, the Committee on the State of the Church added these words:

"Surely there is occasion for serious thought as revealed by these figures of Baptisms and Confirmations."

ing men who catch at passing straws to save themselves, or like men who, having overslept themselves, are all feverish excitement to redeem the golden hours they have lost. In consequence the Church's activities are ceaseless. No one ever thinks of the present day clergy and large numbers of our faithful laity, as loiterers in God's vineyard. However much they may differ among themselves as to ways and means, they are all one in a great desire to make this Church not in name only, but in deed and in truth, the Church of these United States. And yet on these hectic activities must be placed the blame of much of the downward drift.

Let me speak of some of these faulty methods—these patent nostrums—more particularly.

A. I name, first, a growing tendency to compromise the historic position of this Church by the scrapping of her "exclusiveness." The great denominations around us have made such marvelous progress and are apparently so successful in their preaching of the Gospel, that it is not altogether unreasonable to find men questioning the advisability of maintaining our old attitude towards them. Why not become one of them? Do they not preach the same Gospel we do? Why not pray and work with them, even borrow from them where it may be advisable? Well, many of our rectors have been doing this very thing for years. In some country towns, where there are three or four churches, the spirit of unity and compromise has so far prevailed that the churches take turns for services. One Sunday all go to the Baptist Church, another to the Methodist, and the next to the Episcopal, and so on. Of course it is evident that in such communities this Church is simply "one of the denominations."

And in a more official way, five or six years ago the old Board of Missions attempted to have the Church do this in her corporate capacity, by being represented at a Missions Conference held at Panama. The results were not happy for those immediately concerned. The House of Bishops condemned it altogether, and the President of the Board came within one vote of losing his position.

Notwithstanding this, however, a precisely similar effort was made by the National Council at the great International Missions Conference held in February 1925 here in Washington. The Episcopal clergy, invited to attend the Conference, were assured that they would hear chosen representatives of their "own denomination."

But can two walk together except they be agreed? And are not our standards and ideals so different, that by joining forces and becoming one of them, are we not selling our birthright for a mess of pottage? Moreover, what de we get out of this scrapping of our historic position? What does anyone get out of it? Is the unity of Christendom brought one step nearer? Rather, has not this scrapping blinded men's eyes to our surpassingly unique position and to the importance of the gifts we have to offer?

To be sure, if we have nothing to give which our separated brethren have not, there can be no objection to this. But if this be so, then in many a town and country place we are not needed at all, and our very presence is inexcusable since we were the last to arrive and have been ever since the smallest and weakest body there. On the outskirts stands our insignificant church, with its bare handful of worshippers, while in the center of the town stand the prosperous and imposing churches of the denominations. Under these

circumstances, are we not guilty of schism, of adding one more to our unhappy divisions? Rather let us leave the field to those who reached it before we did.

But if we are in trust for the Faith once delivered to the Saints, this is not the way to guard it, nor is it the way to spread it. Moreover, we are trying to do the impossible. Being Catholics, we are posing as Protestants. Let us be one or the other. Trying to be both invites failure.

B. Next, with the scrapping of our historic position, there has also gone a scrapping of our traditional methods of carrying on divine worship—the deterioration in this respect, curiously enough, running parallel with marked improvement elsewhere. Hence have come efforts to popularize our service after the style and manner of the "preliminary exercises" of our separated brethren, attended all too frequently by general forgetfulness of rubrics; the use of extempore prayer in place of the Church's own prayers; the substitution of such hymns as "I need Thee every hour," and "My faith is built on nothing less," for the inspired *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis,* and a general shortening or omission of everything distinctive of the ancient services of this Church.

C. Then, as men lighten a ship in distress by jettisoning some of the cargo, has followed the scrapping of the parochial system. The parochial system is the best ever invented. It has weathered the storms of ages. It says to a priest, "This is your parish, your bit of the Lord's vineyard, all souls in it belong to you. Never mind what the people within its borders call themselves, Baptists, Methodists, or what not, by virtue of their living in that bit of the vineyard they are yours, to be sought out and brought to the Master. If they reject your ministrations; tell you that they be-

long to this or that Church and not to yours, very well, you have done your part, although you know, if they do not, that by virtue of their baptism they became members, not of the Methodist, Congregational, or other organized bodies, but of the Holy Catholic Church, of which you are Christ's representative in that place."

Suppose from the beginning we had all been loyal to this system, and that the clergy, instead of accounting themselves as congregational ministers, had remembered that they are priests of the Lord; also that in place of numbering communicants they had been counting souls, how simplified and therefore how much more effective would their work have been, and how unnecessary too all the costly advertising to reach people beyond their parochial boundaries. But here comes the objection; It can't be done. Why can't it? The Roman Catholic Church does it, and think you that our people are less loyal than theirs? I do not believe it for a moment. It is all a question of training people to be loyally obedient to the teachings of their Church.

But since the advent of the National Council there has largely gone this scrapping of the parochial system. With the creation of the Council there followed quite naturally the establishment of Committees, Bureaus, Headquarters, Church Offices, Diocesan Offices, entailing hosts of new officials and secretaries in abundance, all resulting in the gradual displacement of the parochial system by the bureaucratic.

Let me speak of this at greater length; its importance demanding it.

This scrapping process began quite incidentally years ago with Bishop Brewer's apportionment plan of raising money for missions. That plan was as a grain of mustard sown in very fertile soil. Growing

vigorously from the start, it continued to grow year by year until it blossomed in the creation of the National Council. But a National Council, as we see it today and know it by experience, and self-governing parishes, stand for two entirely different conceptions of Church life and work. Therefore, the parochial system is coming to be regarded as unsuitable to the times and of having outlived its usefulness and needing therefore to be displaced by something better.

This new conception has been largely fostered by the spirit of the age in which we live. There is today an alarming growth of bureaucracy in civil affairs, and that which in this respect is now characterizing the Federal Government is rapidly becoming characteristic of the Church herself. The Church too must have her costly bureaus and departments. Thus, where formerly in a given territory she was contented to have a bishop, with perhaps a paid secretary or two, she will now have several officials, each with his own office and staff, with the chances about equal that the territory itself has since been divided and even subdivided.[4]

Meanwhile the emphasis on our Church life is being rapidly shifted from things spiritual to things material. The Nation-wide Campaign, for example, which began as a spiritual movement, is now shrivelling into the business of dollars and cents. "Have you appointed your Nation-wide Committee?" "Have you gotten your apportionment?" These are the supremely important questions nowadays. But what after all is this "general Church?" Is it anything more than a company of

[4] Thirty years ago the Diocese of Maryland was divided by the creation of the Diocese of Washington. The expense of running the old, undivided Diocese appears to have been less than $10,000 per annum, whereas the cost today of the two dioceses is considerably over $50,000. And yet, notwithstanding this tremendous increase in the costs of administration, the Church seems to have lost rather than gained by the division.

well paid officials pledged to the raising of vast sums of money? To judge from an address recently delivered at a provincial synod by its episcopal chairman, I should say not, for that address was liberally sprinkled with such terms as "budgets," "priorities," "percentages," and abounded in statistical statements of all kinds, all the phraseology of finance—and nothing else.

By thus putting the emphasis on the dollar, we have as a by-product almost destroyed voluntary service. It has become well nigh impossible to secure members of a choir without pay, even almost as impossible to secure Sunday school teachers. With so many paid workers it is hard to explain why everybody can't be paid.

Nor does the mischief end here, for the result of many offices is a deluge of notices, appeals, requests, directions, announcements, demands, letters, circulars, questionnaires *ad infinitum.* Salaried officials must do something to justify their existence. Recognizing this, we are doing our best to be amiable, but it is daily becoming more difficult. I lately received a questionnaire from a diocesan Board which demanded answers to 105 questions. And it is very significant of the new order of things that the avowed object of this wonderful questionnaire was frankly stated to be a desire to keep in touch with the people of the parish. After this, anything may be expected. And already it is here. Lists of names and addresses are required of rectors that appeals for this, that, and the other thing may be sent out. If these lists are refused, they are obtained somehow, and the dunning takes place all the same. This is neither good manners nor loyalty to the spirit of this Church. It is bureaucracy running amuck. Is it strange that parishes are growing weaker, that baptisms are falling off in number, confirmations

also, and that the Church's membership is declining? What else could be expected?

Nor is even this the end. "One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow each other." A more sinister change is even now showing itself in a rapidly disappearing pastoral relationship, always heretofore so marked a feature of our Church life. Nowadays a rector is manifestly less a rector than the agent of a board or boards whose representative he is, having as his chief duty the responsibility of seeing that all assessments are fully and promptly paid. Naturally, to be a man after a Board's own heart it is essential that he be "a hustler," a "good mixer," a "live wire," with the result that a new and not altogether improved type of priest is being evolved among us. Meanwhile if a rector has any time left for pastoral work and is able in some degree to attend to the ministrations of the Word and Sacraments, the people of his parish are indeed most fortunate.[5]

It is in order just now to rail against the parochial system and to blame it for all our ills. I do not notice any evidence that the diocesan system is regarded in the same way, and yet whatever faults may be alleged against the parochial can be as plausibly alleged against the diocesan. Both stand or fall together on

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[5] Judging from the following description given out by a denominational pastor in the northwest, others are in the same boat as ourselves:

"I am a financial agent. I haven't had one hour for reading or thought this week except in connection with the debt and kindred problems. Tomorrow is Sunday, Mother's Day. An old sermon with no new life put into it. Two thousand books look down at me from their places on the shelves. I am saying, 'I know you not,' for they are becoming more and more strange companions. I have been called a preacher. From my youth I prayed that I might be a preacher. I believe my prayer has been answered. But I am torn from my work. I am driven from my calling. I want a church. I want a pulpit. I want some degree of freedom from the denominational program."

—*Christian Century*, June 12, 1924.

the same ground. Logically they cannot be separated.

Now if we are to get rid of the parochial system, there is another which we have never yet tried, but which, if we should try, might accomplish some surprisingly excellent results. Why not organize the Church on the same lines as the army is organized? The curates could be the lieutenants, the rectors the captains, the bishops the colonels, and (when we have gotten over our fear of giving officials their proper title) the archbishops the generals. Archbishops will come presently. We have been moving more or less timidly towards them for some time. We have divided the Church into provinces which as yet mean nothing except occasions for still more speechifying. But when each province has its archbishop, they will mean something. Moreover, although we never ventured officially to call Daniel S. Tuttle "Archbishop Tuttle," any more than we now venture to call Ethelbert Talbot "Archbishop Talbot," we are now describing our "Presiding Bishop" as "Most Reverend." These are straws showing the way the wind is blowing. With a Church reorganized on military lines, we shall pool all funds. Salaries will be paid according to rank and service as in the army. Promotions will be from grade to grade by a general staff. Bishops and rectors will alike be transferable. This one change alone will be of inestimable value. Take the case of bishops. Under our present system we cannot have a diocesan bishop translated without serious disadvantages, as Dr. John Fulton showed years ago in the *Church Standard*. But there would be no disadvantages entailed were we organized on the army system. The bishops who are failures as bishops could even be returned to parochial life. There is in fact no reason why their job should necessarily be a life position, any more than a state judge's. Thus

bishops, as well as rectors, who are failures in their present positions, could be transferred, often to the great comfort of dioceses and parishes, to say nothing of the joy that would come to the officials most concerned through the opportunity afforded them of making a new start. And against this charge, what serious objection can be urged? The Church *is* an army, and to have it organized as such should be no very strange thing. But till it is done, let us not scrap what has been of inestimable value to the Church's work in the past.

D. A new ambition which has made itself visible among us to have the Cathedral system fully incorporated into our Church life is another force destructive of the pastoral office. No one objects to cathedrals. Every diocese should have one. But whether the time has come in this American Church for diocesan authorities to put in the forefront of their activities the building of ten or fifteen million dollar cathedrals is quite another matter. Consider the situation. As I write, all the assessments for the extension work of the Church are in arrears to the tune of over one million dollars. Yet if these assessments were being met, there would still be need for even vaster sums to build and maintain more mission churches, chapels, and schools, also for clergy by hundreds and by thousands more to minister in them, for we are in the midst of sixty unchurched millions. And the insistent demand, in the face of such appalling conditions, that we forthwith proceed with the building of costly cathedrals and the maintenance of their establishments, that bishops, deans, canons—all the varieties—vergers and singers, chancellors and archdeacons, in their *otium cum dignitate,* may furnish a house of prayer for all nations with a cathedral setting, seems scarcely to be a putting of first things first. Rather is it a sapping at the source

of that wealth on which the Church is depending for the means to carry on undertakings of vastly more importance and to which she is already pledged. And if I am not seriously mistaken, the National Council has a real grievance here. It has not received a square deal. It is being bidden to make bricks without straw—straw, too, on which it had the first claim.

If the Cathedral system here, which, let us remember, has had very doubtful advantages elsewhere, had been proved to be of inestimable value to us, it would be different. But it has not been so proved. It is now on trial. What if it be a failure? What if one should arise among us who, moved by the spirit of truth, should describe our Cathedrals, as Coleridge once described a Cathedral in England, as "petrified Christianity"—what then?

At any rate, if cathedrals are to come, they should come naturally when adjustments could be made and not be forced as an exotic. It took four hundred years to build Canterbury Cathedral; over six hundred to build Cologne. Why seek to build ours overnight? Besides, if some good fairy should build, let us say, Washington Cathedral, in that way, what would we do with it? what could we? All the Church people of the diocese capable of attending service at any given Sunday could not fill its vast spaces. Moreover, even now we have more city churches than we need. For some time past the diocese has been anxious to sell two or three of them. With the Cathedral built, and ready for worshippers, we should need to sell several more not now listed for sale. For undoubtedly, just in proportion to the Cathedral's success in attracting people, some of them would have to go under the hammer, or be still further denuded of their congregations. Even now, when the Cathedral is nothing more than the Bethle-

hem Chapel, capable of seating a couple of hundred or so, many who formerly belonged to parishes are now telling their rectors that they must not be considered parishioners any longer as they belong to the Cathedral. Of course they don't do any such thing; no one belongs to the Cathedral. But just so long as baptisms and marriages take place there, it is impossible to convince them that a Cathedral is not a parish church, and that, save under quite unusual circumstances, to be married there is just a notification to the world at large that the contracting parties are ecclesiastical orphans, without a Church home to turn to in their hour of need.

There is nothing local about this condition. Unfortunately it is typical of what is taking place everywhere. Here is a description of the situation as an observer in Boston, Massachusetts, notes it:

"We have now many fine and imposing cathedrals, whereas a generation ago we had hardly any. As these have been largely built by the parishes, and as their congregations have been gathered almost wholly from our parishes, to their detriment or ruin, it is doubtful how much the cathedrals have added to the strength of the Church. It is not too much to say that every stone built into a cathedral has been taken from the foundation of our parish churches.[6]

After all, the parish is the unit of the Church, just as the family is the unit of the State. It alone can inspire men to greater deeds for Christ. No frantic appeal from boards, local or national, can ever reach men's hearts, and it is this great spiritual power of the parish which we should be conserving today. Happily the General Convention has not abolished parishes, but unhappily even the General Convention itself cannot stop our modern practice of putting new

[6] Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D., *The Living Church*, May 17, 1924.

wine into old bottles. For just as neither boards nor officials, secretaries nor archdeacons, not even suffragan bishops, can take the place of the bishop in the diocese, so neither can new bureaucratic machinery take the place of the rector in the parish. And when we all remember this, then, and not till then, an old and well-tried system will again be in favor. The Church will no more lose ground, which she seems beyond a peradventure to be now doing.

E. Another scrapping which has been going on is the scrapping of our episcopal leadership. This has been incidental rather than intentional—the unforeseen results of experimenting. We have been dividing and sub-dividing dioceses, and when division for the present could go no further, we have been multiplying bishops, until now two or even three bishops in one diocese is by no means an uncommon spectacle, with a total episcopal roll of 146. And this in a Church where we have less than 5,000 clergy in parish work! What's the matter with the Church, that she needs so many bishops?[7] But by reason of this multiplication we are sadly top-heavy. The reason commonly assigned for this unprecedented increase of the episcopal order is that a bishop's duties have become too complex and too numerous to permit him to discharge them all, and hence the need of more bishops.

But is a bishop's work so very arduous? Doubtless it can be made so by undertaking many tasks that are not episcopal, and some bishops are doing this, not understanding the difference between inspiration and perspiration. Moreover, much that is now done as epis-

[7] The Roman Church, with 20,738,447 members, has but 108 bishops. The Methodist Church, with over 7,000,000 communicants, has only 48. Following our methods the Roman Church alone should have 1,008 bishops, or, following their methods, we would have less than 30.

copal work is a sheer waste of a bishop's time, health, and strength; also of the Church's money. What justification was there for the bishops foregathering a while ago at Dallas from all parts of the United States, to determine whether a couple of missionary bishops in Asia should be permitted to resign?

To begin with, the two bishops themselves could have answered that question better than anyone else and should have been permitted to do so. And in the next place, if the contrary view prevailed, a small committee, say the National Council, sitting in New York, could have reached a satisfactory conclusion in an hour's session. Conceive, if it be possible, all the railroad presidents in the United States journeying, let us say, to Portland, Oregon, to decide whether a couple of presidents of two small railroads in Africa should be allowed to resign! Nor can we see, either, why it is necessary for a dozen bishops to leave their dioceses just to attend the consecration of a new bishop, when by the canon three are sufficient.

But it is this argument that bishops are overworked which has caused the cutting up of dioceses into smaller and ever smaller fragments, with the logical result of a still further belittling of their office, so that today the episcopate is a rapidly dwindling spiritual force. Most dioceses are now too small and unimportant to attract big men, and we are not getting them. We did so formerly. Bishop Garret had one of the keenest minds in the United States. Bishop Doane was a power in Albany. Bishop Potter was New York's first citizen. Bishop Whipple was a national figure. Bishop Lawrence is a prince among executives, Bishops Gailor, Sessums, and Anderson are great orators.

So are one or two of our younger men, notably Bishop Irving Johnson, who often reminds me of

Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson. Bishops Hall and Rhinelander are of the saintly type—scholars and gentlemen too. When these and a few others we might mention are gone, where are we going to find their successors?

The men we are putting into the House of Bishops are good men, energetic, active, fine workers, and self-sacrificing, but they are not leaders. They are not influencing their generation as such men as S. Parkes Cadman, Russell Conwell, Joseph Fort Newton, and other denominational ministers are doing. The great majority have never even had a large or prominent parish, having been elected from more or less obscure positions. It is time to call a halt before the mischief already done becomes irretrievable.

Keeping pace with the scrapping of old methods in favor of new machinery, we have become great advertisers. Obviously. For what is a twentieth century Church without a Publicity Department when engaged in "selling religion"—dreadful phrase? Too long have we hid our light under a bushel. Too long have we been afraid of letting our light shine before men. And so now we have our press agents helping us to cover an entire city in place of mere parishes.

Also, now comes radio—the last word in publicity—marvelous, inspiring, its invention marking this age of brilliant activity as more wonderful than ever, lifting man himself to a higher place than he has hitherto reached; but as a spiritual power, a handmaid of religion, a delusion to beguile unstable souls. I freely grant its inestimable blessing to the shut-ins; but it is no substitute for that worship in the Lord's house wherein we offer and present ourselves, our souls and bodies, a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto God.

And how unnecessary is all this advertising. Since Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks passed away, there has been no preacher in our midst who has gripped men more than did John Henry Jowett. Yet of him his biographer records that only once did he ever seek advertising, and that was when he was launching a scheme wholly connected with a disinterested movement in the sphere of social regeneration. For himself, as a preacher of the Gospel, he needed it not.

"If a man preach a better sermon, write a better book, or build a better mousetrap, than his neighbor, tho' he hide himself in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

From all this hectic activity, with its hoarse shoutings, its commercial standards, its materialistic ideals, its reliance on human methods, and its spiritual blindness, there must come a reaction. Even now there is a cloud on the horizon no bigger, as yet, than a man's hand which tells of a coming change. Already, e.g., Institutionalism, which ten years ago was in such high favor in certain quarters, is so no longer. It has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. "After thirty years of intensive and costly indulgence in institutional work, I question very seriously," declares one of its friends, "some of the methods it employs." Precisely. When the clergy who are spiritual officers become directors of gymnasiums, thrift clubs, swimming pools, and the like, it should have needed no prophet's warning not to follow the false lights which lead to spiritual shipwreck. Yet the whole Church had such a warning when, as I recall the sermon the saintly Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington-Ingram, addressed to this Church at the commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of its planting at James-

town, he said—and his words sound in my ears as the words of a prophet:

"To run a Church as a man runs a successful business; to depend upon cleverness and management rather than the Grace of God; to neglect prayer and intercession in favor of influence with the press; to lower the teaching of the Church or its moral standards in order to suit the self-indulgent; is to spell ruin and failure and shame for the most orthodox Church in the world. In a voice which still rings down the centuries, Jesus Christ proclaimed, 'My Kingdom is not of this world.'"

This happily we have been realizing, and we can well thank God and take courage. We are all learning that true religion grows best when it is like the lilies, planted for a while out of sight, and hidden from the light, that thereby they may root themselves the deeper and blossom all the lovelier.

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

CHAPTER XVI

The Present Outlook

This Church's wonderful opportunity.
Will the Church seize it?
To do so requires more plain teaching as to what this Church is.
She is essentially Catholic.
Trying to be Catholic and Protestant ends in tragedy.
Being Catholic assures success—witness Church of England.
The Anglo-Catholic Congress in England.
The Anglo-Catholic Congress in Philadelphia.
Quotation from *The End of the House of Alard.*

SINCE the days of our Lord and His apostles, never has there been such an opportunity offered to any Church as is now offered to this.

Its very name is opportunity. Planted here among 110,000,000, due to her unique position she is like the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. And it looks as if this is exactly what this Church is intended to be. Protestantism is a passing phase.[1] The influence of the Roman Church seems to be on the decline.[2] She, far more than ourselves, has been gaining but not keep-

[1] See Dr. Newman Smyth's *Passing Protestantism and the Coming of Catholicism.*
[2] See *Decay of the Church of Rome,* by Father McCabe.

ing, and as her gains have been made largely through immigration, and that stream is now drying up, her prospects are not bright. She cannot be the Church of the Reconciliation. Nor can any one of the Protestant denominations be that. If there is ever to be a united Church in America, it must be along the lines of Catholicism; of that we believe, not of that we deny.

Will this Church go forward? Yes, if true to herself. Her present stationary condition is due, as we have seen, to methods which ultimately will have to be abandoned. And it will be easier to abandon them because they are not our methods. Adapting Shakespeare we have stolen the livery of Protestantism to serve the Lord in. She will cease trying to be both Catholic and Protestant, and when she has definitely become true to herself she will have taken the first great step forward. Until she does so, she will seem to be a house divided against itself. And while this continues, all real advance is impossible. When Mr. Lincoln said that this country could not remain half slave and half free, he stated a principle that is applicable to the Church. She cannot be half Catholic and half Protestant. We need to fall back upon our own splendid heritage. We need no other advantage than that, and all we have to do is to be true to ourselves; to stand midway, as Bishop Ken so aptly expressed it, "between Protestant innovations on the one hand and Papal superstitions on the other."

All that is required at first is plain, straightforward teaching as to what this Church's position is; what her ceremonial forms are, and what her methods of conducting public services. Until this is done we shall have the present extraordinary variations which we see around us. "Why is it," a prominent physician once asked "that in our Church there are so many

differences of usage? You go into one church and it's what we call 'low'; into another and it's 'high'; into a third and it's so nondescript in character that you can't classify it. Why can't we have the same type of service in all our churches? Why are not our services standardized? We medical men have a standard of practice. I can't go into a hospital and conduct an operation, we will say, without gloves. If I did—and refused to wear them—it would not be possible for me to conduct another operation in that hospital."

"Doctor," I replied, "we also have a standard as you have. There is an important rubric in the forefront of the English Prayerbook which I believe governs us. It is quite true that this rubric was removed from our American Prayer Book, but since this was apparently due to political rather than to liturgical considerations, its removal can hardly be considered as having any other than a political significance. Had that rubric not mentioned the King and Parliament of Great Britain, which were not then particularly popular, I doubt not that it would be there still. And this is the rubric:—

"'And here is to be noted that such Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof, at all Times of their Ministration, shall be retained, and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the Authority of Parliament in the Second Year of the Reign of King Edward the Sixth.'

"Now this rubric requires the use by the clergy of the chasuble, the cope, and other vestments, inasmuch as these were the 'ornaments of the ministers' that were ordinarily then in use in the English Church and are no more peculiarly to be identified with Roman use than are hats, coats, and shoes. At any rate when the American Church began housekeeping on her own account she emphatically stated that she did not intend

to depart from the use of the Church of England in matters of doctrine and ceremony. Witness this statement in the Preface of our Prayer Book.

"'It seems unnecessary to enumerate all the different alterations and amendments. They will appear, and it is to be hoped, the reasons of them also, upon a comparison of this with the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, in which it will also appear that this Church is far from intending to depart from the Church of England *in any essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship, or further than local circumstances require.*' (The italics our own.)

"Without the authority which this statement confers upon the clergy, there seems to be no authority for a priest to officiate even in a surplice or vestment of any kind. And I might also have added that whether the Ornaments Rubric can be considered as binding on the American Church or not, the force of custom with what may be called the common law of the Church is undoubtedly sufficient authorization for the use of all those vestments which were in the English Church in colonial days."

Then I went on to tell my medical friend that if any question of legality were involved that it was not the men who wore chasubles and used lights or even burned incense and spoke of the Holy Eucharist as the Mass who were the law-breakers, but the men who did none of these things.

"Then why," he exclaimed, "are not the directions of this rubric followed in our churches?"

I answered: "Simply because many of the clergy and laity don't like them."

"But that's not the question," came the swift and loyal reply; "the law should be obeyed!"

"Precisely," I said, "and some day it will be"; and I might have added that his own attitude as then re-

vealed was an abundant proof that that day was not far distant. For he himself was a low Churchman and a member of a low Church parish, a parish which someone once wittingly described to me as "a denominational Church with a leaning to the Episcopal." His father before him was a low Churchman; but they were fairminded men and they both well knew that no Church can afford to ignore its own fundamental principles.

What claiming to be both Catholic and Protestant leads to we have, unhappily, a serious and tragic demonstration in the case of Ireland's Church. Here is an explanation of a pitiful state of things existing in that Church, the weakest branch of the Anglo-Catholic Church, given by no less an authority than the eloquent Bishop Alexander, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, to the Synod of Derry and Raphoe, October 21, 1890. Beginning with the statement that in Ireland they were living in a land of ruins, he proceeded to ask whether the Irish Church worthily represented her sacred mission, and thus answered his own question:

"Bear with me while I attempt a summary answer to a melancholy question. We had for long generations, so far as externals were concerned, bald services and ugly churches. We had too often private opulence and public penury. Ecclesiastically we did not make a favorable impression, either in Ireland or elsewhere. Not elsewhere, for English Churchmen complained of our isolation, of our sectarianism, of our want of light and sweetness. Nor even in Ireland did we make a favorable impression. The imaginative Celt found no spiritual home in the system which we presented to him for his awe, the mystery, the yearning tenderness, the quivering emotionalism of his nature. The Celt, if deficient in a refined sense of beauty, as his ecclesiastical history proves, is at least repelled by the presence of its opposite. An imaginative nature could scarcely take an instinctive delight in the style of archi-

tecture invented by the staff of the late Ecclesiastical Commissioners. On the other hand, the more matter-of-fact Scotch colonist found little attraction in us from his point of view. He preferred (very sensibly) Presbyterianism concentrated and undiluted in his own place of worship to Presbyterianism-and-water in the parish church of the Establishment. Thus the ship of the Irish Church, like that which carried the great Apostle, was hopelessly run aground in a place where two seas met. It was too Puritan in practice for the Catholic, too Catholic in theory for the Puritan."

On the other hand a glance—also across the seas—will show us a Church now bent on being true to her own standards and ideals and therefore growing rapidly. The future of the Church of England is in the hands of the Anglo-Catholic party. But who could have predicted this as late as twenty or thirty years ago?

About twenty-five years ago I was accompanying Bishop Paret as his chaplain to the Pan-Anglican Conference in London. The late Bishop of Michigan City, Bishop White, travelled on the same ship, and he asked me about the condition of the Anglican Church. Were not the services of a very advanced character? Were not the "ritualists" in complete control? "Not at all," I replied. "You will find here and there a church with what are called ritualistic services, but almost everywhere else you will find the services of a decidedly Protestant character."

The Bishop looked dubious; my description was so different from what he expected. Afterwards, as it happened, we both returned on the same boat, and I inquired about his experiences. "Why," he said, "it was exactly as you said. I never even saw a ritualistic church. In my own diocese and around it we have scores of rectors who could give those English clergymen points every time."

Even as late as the beginning of the War, when I had another opportunity of seeing England and of learning something first-hand of the condition of the Church, I saw little to indicate that she was on the eve of great changes. But when I was again there a year ago, the changes had come—almost, as it were, overnight. I had no difficulty in finding churches where the full Catholic ritual was observed. Rather had I difficulty in finding those churches where it was not. And what was infinitely better and a cause of very great thankfulness, was this; that whereas unhappily the Protestant-minded churches were empty, the Catholic churches were full. One Sunday evening I was at All Saints', Margaret Street. There was no distinguished preacher—just the evening service, yet I had difficulty in getting into the church. When the service was over, one with me said, "I don't like that type of service." I replied that that might be, but it was evident that the people did like it, and I added: "Come round the corner with me to St. Andrew's Church (which is but a short stone's throw from All Saints') and get an object lesson."

The last service at St. Andrew's begins half an hour later than at All Saints'. The church is somewhat larger, the neighborhood precisely the same, but I think I counted seventeen people present exclusive of the small choir. The service was thoroughly Protestant in character. The rector, clad in a voluminous surplice and draped with a funereal black stole of ample proportions, carried my mind back to boyhood days when the spectacle I was then looking upon was well nigh universal.

And the world is still talking of the opening service of the Anglo-Catholic Congress held in 1923 in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Notwithstanding the

unusual tropical heat, there were almost as many thousands outside that great Cathedral as there were in it.

All the sessions of the Congress were held in Albert Hall, which seats 16,000 people. As I was not aware that it was necessary to have a ticket, I went to the Conference without one. Doing so I found that I needed a ticket. To the door keeper I said that I had none, but could I not buy one? No, there was none for sale. Well, could I not pay for admission? Unfortunately no; all the seats had been sold and there was not room for more people. One of the secretaries, noting my disappointment, offered me the loan of a ticket for a couple of hours or so, and I got in. Then I listened to some excellent addresses, all on a very high level, dealing with doctrinal subjects, and it was easy to note from the faces around me that the thousands present were deeply interested in all that was being said.

The closing service in St. Martin-in-the-Field's provided a sight that had never been witnessed before in that great church in the very heart of the city of London. A thousand clergymen, four deep, entered the building; laymen packed all the available spaces left; an overflow almost filled Trafalgar Square, where an impromptu service was conducted with an Anglican bishop as the preacher. But what struck me most of all was the reverent behavior of those who passed by in the great square, whose business did not permit them to remain. Uncovering their heads, and kneeling for a while in the street, they gave abundant testimony as to how they felt towards all that was going on.

When one recalls the bitterness and antagonism displayed against the men of an earlier day whose teaching and practices had brought about so great a

reformation, one cannot but exclaim, "What has God wrought!"

Nor are we without the same encouragement here. Great changes have come also upon us within the last ten years. Only last November seven hundred priests met in an Anglo-Catholic Conference in Philadelphia, an event utterly impossible at the beginning of this century. They were welcomed by the Bishop of the diocese and the Presiding Bishop of the Church. Eight bishops and many rectors were on the platform at one time.

Another feature, also significant, was the attitude of the Rev. Dr. Floyd Tomkins, one of the foremost champions of Protestant Churchmanship, and one of its finest representatives, who not only tendered the use of his parish for the Conference but himself appeared on the platform. Doubtless many more of the Philadelphia clergy would like to have been present but were "unavoidably" prevented. With so kindly a spirit as this pervading our beloved Church, Judah will no more vex Ephraim nor Ephraim Judah, but all will work together the harder that the earth may become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

One does not ordinarily look to novelists for any clear understanding of the Church's problems and helpful suggestions as to the best way of meeting them, but in Sheila Kaye-Smith's book, *The End of the House of Alard*, there is an illuminating conversation between the Rev. George Alard, the rector of Leasan Parish, and a neighboring rector, Father Luce, the Anglo-Catholic vicar of Vinehall Parish.

"As the rector of Leasan talked with the tall, white-faced, red-headed young man, who spoke with a slight stutter, and altogether, in his seedy cassock which the unkind sun showed less black than green, he seemed to George an uninspiring

figure, whose power it was difficult to account for. How was it that people thought and talked of Luce as a priest, consulted him in the affairs of their souls, and resorted to him for the sacraments—whereas they thought of George only as a parson, paid him subscriptions, and asked him to tea?"

He was still wondering when they came to the cottage where the vicar lived.

"'Are your people—er—responsive?' asked George.

"'Responsive to what?'

"'Well—er—to you.'

"'Oh, not at all.'

"'Then how do you get them to come to church?'

"'I don't—Our Lord does.'

"George coughed.

"'They come to church because they know they'll always find Him there—in spite of me.'

George could not keep back the remark that Reservation was theologically indefensible.

"'Is it?' Luce did not seem much interested. 'But I don't keep the Blessed Sacrament in my church for purposes of theology, but for practical use. Suppose you were to die tonight—where would you get your last Communion from if not from my tabernacle?'

"'But why do you reserve publicly?' he asked; 'that's not primitive or Catholic—to reserve for purposes of worship.'

"'I don't reserve for purposes of worship—I reserve for Communion. But I can't prevent people from worshipping Our Lord. Nobody could—not all the deans of all the cathedrals in England.'"

This of course is not all, by any means. As to other matters there must be systematic teaching of the children, diligent pastoral work in the parishes, faithful preaching of the Gospel with all that it implies, a careful avoidance of all that semi-secular preaching which has been far too common among us and for the most part utterly superficial, consisting mainly of platitudes; above all, the full presentation of the sacramental system. Then, and not till then, shall we have

a Church like an army with banners, going forward conquering and to conquer. Meanwhile:

"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation therof as a lamp that burneth."

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